

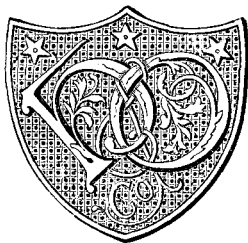
THE

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THIRTY-SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT.

IN THREE PARTS. PART II.

III.

THE wonderment of the farm hands employed by Thomas, and especially of Caleb, on seeing the blackened ruins of the great boulder the next day was very comical. Thomas had the amusement he foretold for himself in their comments and guesses, until they nearly made him laugh aloud. Caleb came up to him, looking very earnest, and said, "Did n't your father buy High Rock when he bought the farm?"

"I suppose so," said Thomas. "I imagine that was not omitted by name in the deed."

"Well," replied Caleb, "if it had been left out I should n't have thought 't was any great matter, bein' nothin' but a rock. I should n't have expected the other owner would come and steal it nights. But the fact is," and here he looked very mysterious, "I can't find that rock, — 'tain't there. There ain't nothin' there but a heap of ashes. Well enough kind of ashes, and good for manure, I reckon; but where's the rock?"

"The ashes are worth more than the rock was, are they not?" said Thomas, with a little quizzical look, which Caleb noticed, but could not understand.

The question touched his knowledge

as an economist and a good farmer. "I guess likely 't is. Ashes is always good for a grass crop, and there's a pretty likely pile there. But where's the rock?"

Thomas put him off with an inconsequent answer, and then said, "We shall mow the nine acres to-morrow, I suppose."

"Yes, 'n I wish you was goin' to drive the machine. Them horses always seem to get aggravated in that lot more 'n in any other. I dunno, but I guess it's them pesky rocks. They are so thick I have to keep stoppin' to turn out just as I git well a-goin', and it plagues 'em awfully. That Jim just wants to tear round the lot and git it mowed in less than no time."

"We will see if we cannot make it easier for them this year," said Thomas. "Do you want to see a little fun this evening, Caleb?"

Caleb caught the tone in the voice of Thomas, and answered, with a twinkle and a beaming of his wrinkled face and solemn gray eyes much like a rock with a sudden burst of sunlight shooting over its surface, "I reckon I ain't so old yet but that I like fun. I used to be a master hand for it when I was a boy. When the geese come clankin'

round the old red school-house, and two on 'em got hold of corn grains strung on a string, so 't each had one, and then went to pullin' and fightin', the master always knew I had strung 'em and laid 'em there ready."

"All right. I only hope he made you go and cut the corn apart," said Thomas. "But you come round to my house to-night, after supper, -- there is daylight, you know, long after six o'clock, -- and I will show you something that will make your old hair curl with delight."

"What there is left of it," said Caleb, taking off his hat, and affectionately rubbing the few gray locks time had not snatched from his pate.

If Thomas were never to reap any benefit from his discovery, he at least had some pure pleasure that evening. Caleb appeared at the back door about half past six, and helped Thomas carry the mysterious bottle and a couple of spades down to the nine-acre lot, a quarter of a mile from the house. This lot was broken in every foot of its thick green sod by the elbows and outcrops of a great underlying ledge. The soil between the protrusions was rich, but by reason of them the work of cutting the grass was great. Thomas looked around the field, as they set down the bottle, with an almost fiendish glee, and said in a deep, energetic tone, "Every one of these rocks to me looks like a great sore. I rather think that to-night we will heal them once for all. Dig, old man! Throw back the turf, and we will teach these saucy ledges to keep their noses and knees out of our lots."

Caleb, rather startled by this unusual style of address, did as he was told; and as he threw away the soil down to the surface of the ledge, Thomas poured in some of the contents of the bottle. The dampness of the rock increased the action of the compound, and such a gnashing and grating and smoke arose that Caleb started back, and looked aghast

at his master. Thomas only said, "How many feet deep shall I burn to get a good depth of soil, so that the crops shall grow handsomely?" This cool question restored Caleb's composure.

"I should say five, for certain, and six would not hurt anybody."

"Six it shall be, then. We control this thing now;" and he poured in yet more from the bottle, making such a roaring and such a smoke that they had to keep well to the windward.

"It appears like the bottomless pit," said Caleb, looking half timidly over the edge, "but I s'pose it ain't."

"Not any more than *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*. It has this advantage: that every inch it burns down is so much gain for us. Stay here long enough with me to-night, and I will make this lot as smooth as a lawn; not a rock shall be above the surface anywhere, and Jim and Cherry shall have a mowing that will do their hearts good."

The value of the discovery began to dawn upon Caleb.

"He-ah!" said he, suddenly lifting his head and gazing at Thomas. "I see it: you've done a great thing! With this you can make the whole farm as smooth as a Western prairie."

"That I can, and that I will before we are many years older. This soil is good, only it is cursed with rocks, like a leprosy. Get them out, and what can we not do!"

Caleb gave a wild pirouette of delight -- regarding not a certain stiff-jointedness which had crept upon him with the years -- so near the edge of the burning rock that Thomas caught hold of him and dragged him back.

"Somebody always gets killed for every new discovery, but you need not be the one, Caleb."

"Hurrah!" shouted the old man in a creaky voice. "And you will sell it round to the other farmers, and we will have this part of the county, which is so near a market, like a garden. It always

has kind o' riled me that we could not raise more, along of these plaguy rocks," and he skipped a loose stone which lay near him into the burning hole. "There! go down into the pit, and come up again good, black soil. It will be our turn now to show the Western farmer some tall crops. Hurrah! I say, this is better than Fourth of July."

His joy was so hearty and of so good a kind that it opened the heart of Thomas. He shook Caleb by the hand, and performed a step or two in the minuet that Caleb was having to himself, saying, "We may see easy days yet as the result of this; and if I can perfect it by finding out one more thing, we will have such prosperous times that no fear of going to the poor-house in our old age shall hang over our heads."

Their mutual enthusiasm thus kindled, the two men went about the lot, and Thomas fulfilled his promise of making it as smooth as a lawn. Each protruding rock met its fate at their hands that night. There was but one drawback; on coming away, they turned for another look. The green sward was dotted with smoking black spots, and Thomas said, "After all, Jim and Cherry will not have a joyful mowing to-morrow."

"Why not?" quoth Caleb.

"All those piles of ashes will make mischief with the knives of the machine. The grit would turn the edge of every blade. This year we must mow it by hand. That is the price we pay even for improvements."

But Caleb retorted bravely, "It will be even then the best piece of work this summer, and the fun 'll be all the better for looking forward to next summer. I hain't ever done a better day's work than I have this evenin'," and he adhered to that declaration, talking about it all the way home, and his parting words to Thomas were a repetition of the bull he was unconscious of having perpetrated.

There was great excitement throughout the country-side for the next few months. Crowds of men came from every direction to see Thomas burn his rocks. Break-Neck Ledge ceased to be a blot on the fairest portion of the Osborn farm. The place that had known it ever since the geological crisis that formed it ages before, now knew it no more. Its towering faces of granite, moss-grown and waving with ferns and knotty birch-trees, were all gone. The chasm was smoothed over, and Mr. Osborn was preparing to sow it with wheat, to test the quality of the ashes made, Jack having suggested that a great deal of the goodness of the ashes must go off in the smoke. It was astonishing how easily Jack seemed to find a weak point, without even looking for it. On the evening of their experiment with the rock-burner he had made Thomas remember with bitterness that the invention was of no use if the rains did not fall, and had jocularly reminded him that to complete it his great discovery must be made. Now he offered this suggestion in the same easy, unconscious way, making Thomas feel uncomfortable without knowing why, and without ascribing the reason to Jack. Thomas did not wish to be turned from his other and greater object to add anything more to this accidental discovery. With the carelessness of one absorbed by another subject, he even did not seek pay for the rock-burning he did on farms adjoining his own.

Janet interested herself greatly in the rock-burning, and could not bear that the chance it offered of making a little money should be neglected. She and Jack came nearer a quarrel than ever before in their lives. As Thomas was so easy about it, she tried to make her cousin take some steps toward procuring a patent; but for once she found him unsympathetic and then rebellious.

"Oh, Janet, what is the use? You cannot make Thomas attend to it himself, and why should I do it?"

"Why? Because you are his true friend, and mine. He has his great farm and his laboratory on his hands, and is trying to do his duty by them both. I will pay your expenses to Washington, if you will only go and secure the services of a good patent lawyer."

"Tom would not let you do that if he knew it, and he would have to know it. I could not take any active steps without him. There would have to be a description of his work and the chemical arrangements that produce the combination, which nobody could give but himself, and papers which he would have to sign. I assure you, Janet, I can do nothing."

She looked at him with mingled entreaty and surprise. She was not used to such treatment from him. He could scarcely bear it, and began to be pathetic.

"Pray do not look injured," said he. "I have done my best with Thomas. The very evening we went out first to make a trial of the compound I foresaw its value, and told him he must get a patent on it. But he did not appear to see the necessity of it then."

"Yet he has a practical side to his character," for a subtle accent in Jack's words conveyed the idea that this was the conduct to be expected from a dreamer, — a man who had no knowledge of business.

Jack chose to bristle a little at this. "I never said he had not."

"No, you did not; nevertheless you suggested the idea to me by your tone."

At this keen reading of his feelings Jack curled up like a leaf in a blaze.

"Let's not quarrel about him, Janet."

"No, we will not. The fact is his mind is so taken up with other and greater researches that he has no time to spend on this, which he says he found by a half accident, and so values little."

Jack knew this perfectly well, but did not choose to admit it.

"But I cannot make him do what he will not, and — Why do you not argue with him yourself? Your influence would have weight, if any one's could," broke in Jack.

"I wish I were a man!" she exclaimed, with sudden energy.

Jack laughed. "If you were, you know, you might not feel the intense interest in him that you do now."

She colored up brightly, to his mingled wrath and admiration, and her answer increased the first sensation, it was so steady, like the clear, sweet eyes that met his dark glance.

"I have talked with him, and that is the way I know that his mind is full of something else. He is simply so absorbed in other things that he cannot feel the force of my arguments. I cannot influence him if I cannot make him see from my point of view. I might tease and tire him into it, but that I will not do."

There was a chance here for conciliation, and Jack was not slow to improve it. He gave her one of his soft glances, full of yearning admiration, while his face relaxed into its fairest mood as he said, "Some women would tease a man to death for a pair of new bonnet strings. You are of loftier mold, my sweet cousin."

Flesh and blood could not withstand Jack when he looked and spoke like that. Janet's face lost the troubled expression he hated to see on it when he was with her, and he did not leave her until they were on the old footing again, and her generous soul had forgotten that he had been either ungracious or severe. Nevertheless, he did not go to Washington, and Janet did.

Caleb was alternately scandalized and delighted with his master. On the day when they mowed the nine-acre lot, he swung his scythe with youthful vigor, keeping up with men whose fathers he had held in his lap; and every time the

line stopped and the rifles rung against the blades, he had a joke and a laugh ready. The sight of the burning rocks filled him with the profoundest satisfaction, and he would go home from work round by the Osborn farm for the sake of gloating over the remains of Break-Neck Ledge and of watching the wheat-sowing over the spot where it had been. But the neglect of Thomas to follow up his discovery and try to make money from it troubled him greatly. He had been at work mowing the aftermath early in September, and he and the other hired men were lying under a tree during the hour between twelve and one, when a pause from work is allowed. Each man had a tin pail near him, in whose cool depths piles of bread and butter and the "pie of North America" had lain during the morning hours. To these were added, in one or two instances, the luxury of cold coffee. Yankee ingenuity having invented a pail with a double bottom, a sort of cellar to be filled with the fluid, when the upper stratum of food was removed and the false bottom taken up, the coffee could be drunk from the pail edge to the satisfaction of the owner. The sight of Thomas going along the road to another part of the farm caused Caleb suddenly to give words to his feelings.

"Where could a man find a better chance for makin' money than he's got now? Everybody is crazy about the new rock-burnin'. Nineteen men came twenty miles, each of 'em, to see it the last time he burned, and there has been seven knockin' at his door this week to git him to come over and burn out their ledges. The thing is a-movin', but he don't seem to care about it. I expected he would n't care for nothin' else. But he hain't lost his interest in the farm nor the critters, a mite. He likes handlin' the animals and trainin' 'em as well as ever. There's that Zeke; he's as hefty a beast to manage as I ever laid eyes on. But Thomas has got the right kind o'

notion: as long as a critter's green, and blunders from not knowin' any better, he is as gentle as a girl. But if they are ugly and chock full of malice, then he shows 'em who is master. And it's merciful in the long run. There ain't no kind o' sense in lettin' a horse get the upper hand of you. That ere Zeke got an awful poundin' last night; but he deserved every knock he got, and he's the better for it this morning. Thomas went to put the saddle on him, and the critter bit him. Thomas whipped him until he was kind o' peaceable, but the old cat wa'n't out of him, by no means. When he got on to him, Zeke tried to rub him off ag'in' everything that was in the yard, not exceptin' the corner of the hen-roost. Thomas was too many for him, and he found it was more comfortin' to his skin to git along in the road at a pretty good trot. But he was even full of wickedness, and pretty soon he fell down, and flung Thomas over his head. For once, Thomas was not quick enough, or else he was a little dizzy from the tumble, and let go of the bridle. Quicker'n lightnin' the horse got up, — he was n't hurt, bless you, not he, — and whirled round, and set out for home lickity-split; and there Thomas found him bitin' and kickin' the other horses that was tied up and couldn't help themselves, and a-squealin' and thinkin' it was fun. Thomas took a stick as big as his wrist, pretty nigh, and went into Mr. Zeke. I tell you, it was a regular tamin' he got that time, and no mistake; he made him beg before he got through. But it done him a sight of good. He's the placidest kind of a beast this mornin', and he hain't nipped me once when I give him his regular oats. There ain't no knowin' but he'll be a cherubim yet. But as I was sayin', he ought to be interested in his rock-burnin' too." Caleb, having thus given himself rest of mind by speaking out what was in it, turned to his pail, with the calm confidence of the righteous, for a refreshing draught.

Two years passed away, and the traces of time are best shown by the characters themselves.

Jack Osborn alternately seemed the laziest and most indifferent of beings, and then the most active, energetic, and fiery. The lazy moments were the times when his fervent, moody nature gave him a little rest; then he was as careless as he seemed, — as if the ardent spirit had burned itself down and was covered with the white ashes of inaction. But it never burned out. His hatred for Thomas, his love for Janet, his determination to win her for himself, were there ready, and streamed and flashed up into life with greater vigor after one of these quiet periods than before. Then he was Janet's most devoted slave; then he encircled her with little cares and attentions, tokens of regard each slight in itself, but each warm with the fire that burned in him, until it seemed as if he must melt the slight frosty line which always lay between them. Yet he never did. Then, too, he hung round Thomas, stayed with him in his laboratory, and watched his experiments, occasionally giving a really useful hint, but more often being the first to express a fear of failure which Thomas would have begun only dimly to feel.

Jack would say, with his long lashes veiling his great, soft eyes, "Tom, you know more than I do theoretically, but practically you will find yourself wrong there," and he would go on to show the difficulty. Thomas wondered sometimes if he were really only a dreamer, and Jack a practical person. Being so much with Thomas, Jack occasionally fell in with Caleb; but the latter had no prejudices in his favor, and always regarded him with great coolness. Caleb could not have told his reasons for disliking Jack, — he was not philosopher enough for that; but if they could have been dragged to the surface and laid in a line, each would have linked into the other and made a logical chain.

Jack, with his capacity for entering into and understanding the feelings of other men, expressed it to Thomas one day: —

"Your man Friday," said he, "looks upon me as half fish, half flesh. He cannot understand that a man may have two or three contradictory turns and twists in his make-up. I can work faster than most men, and do in six hours what takes them ten. While I am at work, he sees that I do it well and with my whole soul, — so far he understands. But how, when I have done, I can go down to the pine grove and lie there utterly lazy the rest of the time he cannot comprehend. Then he hears the easy way in which I talk with the doctor or the parson, and beat them sometimes in an argument. Then perhaps I flirt with some fool of a girl without an atom of brains, and he cannot see why I should do that when I might use my time to so much better purpose. And so he considers me as a kind of nondescript, at ease in any element, but staying in none."

Thomas looked up half admiringly from a paper of calculations over which he was bending, and said, "You hit it off about right, Jack. You are full of deep depths and high heights. I don't understand you myself half the time. Caleb is so square and straightforward that he cannot see round your corners, and he does n't like a thing he cannot see. Perhaps, too, he has the same feeling I have sometimes, — as if you were not making as much of yourself as you ought. You know he quite considers himself the father of all the young men around here."

"Not make enough of myself!" answered Jack, with sudden vehemence. "If I made any more of myself I should be too much for — the face of the earth. You had better not urge me to strengthen any of my characteristics."

Thomas looked up in amazement at the tone and words; but without meeting his glance, Jack threw himself out

of the room and went down to the pine grove, where he spent some very unimproving hours.

He saw better than Thomas did the success the latter would one day have, and he knew that the moment which crowned his search would forever take Janet from him, and hate for Thomas became stronger, only as yet it had no visible shape. It was there in his heart, and any strong temptation might give it solidity and shape, as water cooled below the freezing-point is all ready to solidify into ice from a sudden vibration.

Thomas looked back over the years with mingled despondency and joy. "They have been full of hard work," thought he, "with some success. Thanks to the dry weather, the Colorado beetle, the early and late frosts, my farm has given me a living, but no more. I have not paid the losses of the two previous years, and am only just keeping my head above water. I have had enough to eat, clothes enough to be warm, if not stylish, and Janet has been true to me through everything, and full of tender courage and hope. My one success has been the discovery of the rock-burner, — an achievement I was not working for, yet it is the only thing that has put any money in my pocket. I am still at work seeking to discover the 'balancings of the clouds,' and the treasures of the rain and the hail. I have not had half the success I crave, yet I have not been entirely unsuccessful. Janet would say that that is as it should be; if a man's life were crowned with success at every turn, he would cease to struggle; and that a kind providence metes out to him only just so much as shall be a bait to lead him on and on. It may be so, though I do not quite agree with her. Ambition is dyed into the grain of our human nature. Men would always work for something. My only thought is that success may be gained after such an agonizing struggle that the prize may not seem worth the wrestle. Still, I shall not care

for my discovery unless I work hard enough to win it."

Janet looked back with some sadness. On the morning of her twenty-sixth birthday she met herself in the glass, and talked to her reflection as if it had been another self. "I am twenty-six," said she, looking steadily at the full blue eyes that met hers, "and I have been engaged two years. I am quietly happy, and yet I feel an aggressive longing to do more with my life. I have books, flowers, my mother, and my lover; all make me happy, but it is a kind of drifting. I am full of these active longings, but I live on passively. I rose once in my might, and surprised Thomas and Jack, and everybody else except Mrs. Green. She was enough of a man, or rather so much of a woman, that she could understand. I insisted that there should be a patent obtained for the rock-burner, and went to Washington myself about it, after beseeching Thomas in vain, and harassing Jack within an inch of his patience — or his impatience. I did it myself, finally, and never have been sorry. Now when Thomas destroys rocks he is paid, and he has acknowledged that all the money he has had during the last year was got in that way. He has been able to buy many new things for his laboratory, and if, some day, he makes his great discovery I shall please myself with thinking that I helped him in a rational and sensible way. It is all well enough to wile him out of his depression when he is down-hearted over some defeat in his laboratory, and I act on that 'always-meet-your-husband-with-a-smile' principle, which used to make me so angry in the old sentimental books of advice to wives. But I want to be actively useful. Well — perhaps I can do nothing better than take just as wide a view of my opportunities as I can. Besides meeting him with a smile, I keep him posted in political matters, until he says I ought to vote instead of him, as being the more

intelligent person ; and he admits that if it were not for me he should be, like so many men, completely absorbed in his profession, his farm, his laboratory, and know nothing beyond. I must not let myself lose interest in the things which lie outside of my life, for his sake as much as my own. But we cannot be married yet, and I am growing very old !”

This last statement about growing old was said with such pathos that it reacted immediately, and she smiled at herself, and then stopped and looked searchingly at her reflection, remembering she had heard it said that a woman begins to fade at twenty-five. But the keenest glance could detect no sign of the sere and yellow leaf on that fair face. For the inexperienced look of seventeen there was the deeper, sweeter, more varied expression which comes of a broader range of thought, a greater interest in life. The slight figure was rounded and filled out, but had lost none of its grace, and she turned away from the glass with the half-formed thought that if she had fallen off at all in her beauty, Jack Osborn’s manner would have told her even before she had seen it herself. But this thought had to be kept in the background, as being a possible injustice to an absent friend. She would not have admitted it if any one had told her, but nevertheless it was getting to be a fact that nearly all her thoughts of Jack had to be pushed into the background. She felt the faults and inconsistencies of his character more and more, yet she would not allow them voice or place, for fear she should be disloyal to the friend of Thomas and herself.

Mrs. Green also had her opinion about the work of the two years, during which Thomas had been engaged to Janet and at work in his laboratory. She had a great respect for her son, because he was a man, — the respect rising out of that feeling of self-inferiority which has been carefully educated into women, —

and its effect was to make her lean on her son in a dependent way one moment, and in the next assert her independent character without any reference to him. In fact, it was having inherited her self-centred, practical nature with his father’s thoughtfulness and turn for study that made him the sort of man he was. She approved of Janet’s plan of going to Washington about the patent for Thomas, but could not understand why he was not to be told. What would have seemed to most people the bold step — the journey and meeting the lawyer — was only what she would have done herself. She could not see that for Thomas to learn it when too late either for his approval or disapproval would save his pride, and that he would take it as a proof of Janet’s willingness to do something to bring about their marriage. She had a high sense of truth and honor, so that she kept a secret in the best way, — by not appearing to have one ; but she had great difficulty with this, because she could not make herself see its necessity. Once she forgot herself so far as actually to open her mouth to speak of it, when the cat at that critical moment knocked something down in the pantry ; and Mrs. Green, with quick housekeeper’s ears, heard, and rushed to investigate. It was in the act of picking up the pieces of a broken dish that she remembered, with something of a shock, how near she had come to breaking her promise.

“Am I growing old and foolish and forgetful,” said she, “that I must thank a cat for saving me from a falsehood !” and the cat escaped without even a sharp word.

Looking back over the two years, she would have said, “Thomas has done less with his farm than I expected, and more with his chemicals than I dreamed possible. He says he has not found out what he most wants, but he has done something else that is quite as good. The weather ! He can’t ever find out

about it. The Lord made it, and there's no use in doing anything more than just taking it. He says the Lord made the rocks, and if it is not sinful to change the face of the earth by melting them, it is not to alter the weather. Change it from wet to dry, from cold to warm? How, I should like to know! He can reason as if he had been through college, because he is a thinker, like his father; but he may reason all day, and he never will find out about the weather. It is not made anywhere round here, so that he can get hold of it. He talks about the strength of cold winds being stored up and changed from motion to heat, and says light, heat, and motion are only different displays of the same force. Well, I have read about it in his books, but 'you can't make a silken purse out of a sow's ear.' And it stands to reason that you can't take a wild, roaring northeast snow-storm in December and store up its strength and turn it into warmth, because cold is not warmth. So he need not talk to me. But if he will earn money with his rock-burner, and not let the farm run down, he'll be more likely to get on in the world than he will with all his weather gauges and cocked hats for catching the wind that he has on the top of the house. It is scandalous, now I think of it, — the number of rattle-traps and whirligigs he has rigged on the roof; and the rattling they make when the wind blows is enough to make one think the roof is coming in. But it is no use talking to him. I tell him sometimes that people will think a madman lives here, or I complain about the rattling; then he says he is sorry, and the wind blew last night at the rate of seventy miles an hour, but it will not do so to-night, and that is all the consolation I get. He does not get up such awful smells as he did a year ago in his laboratory, and he does not talk so much about ozone and hydrogen; so that is one comfort. I said to Janet one day, Which is the worst, to rattle like a fanning-mill,

or smell like a cheese factory? She smiled, and said she did not know. Then I told her she would have to choose if she were going to marry my son, for it had been one thing or the other ever so many years. She said, 'Thomas does not rattle, nor smell like old cheese.' No, said I, but the house does both, and it is almost as bad. I suppose she thinks she will marry him, and not the house. But she will find that the old proverb is right: 'If you love a man you must love his dog.' Wherever Thomas is, there will be a laboratory, too. The fact is, she feels as if he belonged to her now more than he does to me. I remember, when my brothers were married, it amused me to see how they were swallowed by their wives. The women could not realize that before they had even heard of their husbands they were my brothers, to rail at or play with, and with all their weak points known to me. So when I laughed at them, after they were married, for some foible, just as I always had and just as they had at me, the wives would bristle up, and the first I knew I would find they thought I was trespassing on private property. I did not mind it. It was because they loved the men so much, and I dare say I should have done likewise; but it always amused me. My daughter-in-law will do just as my sisters-in-law did. Perhaps it is because women have so few strong interests in life that they hold on so tightly to what they have."

During these two years that Thomas worked hard in his laboratory, as has been said, he by no means forgot other things. His farm and his stock were as well kept up as ever. He lost none of his fondness for animals, and none of his skill in training them. Caleb had occasion to chuckle more than once at the clever way in which Thomas led a refractory steer or colt in the paths of wisdom, until he became a gentle, well-trained animal. Sometimes the process

was comical, in one case almost tragical. He sat with Janet, one evening, on the broad piazza of her house, and watched the stars climb out of the sea and burn in the clear depths of sky above. While Thomas seemed to be suitably impressed with the beauty of the evening, he two or three times gave little laughs which had no apparent cause, and was full of an inward merriment. Janet fell upon him at last with vigor and demanded the cause, averring that she hated a man who went round hiding fun from her.

"Certainly you shall hear," said Thomas. "You may be a farmer's wife some day, and you ought to learn to see what little fun there is in that life. My two-year-old steers, then, are the cause of the indecent mirth to which you object. This morning we wanted them to draw a boat loaded with sea-weed up the beach above high-water mark; so they were fastened on, and I gave the word. They pulled, but did not move it. I did not think it was too heavy, but as they were young and green I was willing to be easy with them. So we threw out part of the load. This we did twice, and then they failed to draw. There was so little left the third time that I was sure the young rascals were 'sogerin,' as they call it. I knew I must be even with them in some way, so I had them fastened on again. This time I stationed a man armed with one of those wooden scoop shovels used in the fish net behind each steer, and told them that when I spoke to the steers it was to be the signal for them. So I spoke, and laid the whip about their shoulders pretty smartly, and the men at the same time gave unearthly yells and administered resounding spanks with the shovels. You can imagine the surprise of the unruly little scamps. They had not expected me to be so smart. With our spanking and shouting and laughing, they danced up the beach and half across the next lot before we could stop them. But it had the desired effect in toning up their morals, so that they did not soger

any more. They were wildly desirous to draw everything all the rest of the day, and if we had hitched them on to the town hall they would have given it a good tug."

An incident of the other kind occurred the next morning after he told the story of the steers to Janet.

He had bought a cow, — a nervous, high-strung creature, whose first owners had abused her instead of treating her with kindness and care. She had a calf, and seemed for a while to respond to the new style of treatment Thomas gave her, and lost much of the savage, nervous unrest she showed at first. The calf when two or three weeks old was taken away from her, as is the custom on grazing and dairy farms. The calf allowed itself to be led away quietly at first, but as it got outside the door commenced bleating. Its cries, although it was hurried out of hearing, drove the cow into a frenzy. She tore at her rope, a new one, until the strands actually gave way, and bursting the latch of her stable-door she came into the open yard, where there were two or three men and some cows. In five seconds, the men had to flee for their lives, and the cows were crowded into a corner of their stables, some of them bleeding from the contact of her sharp horns. Then she raged up and down like a mad thing, foaming and bellowing in low, dreadful tones. Thomas decided to leave her for a few hours, thinking she would quiet down if allowed to remain without interference. But the same state of things prevailed at noon, and the huddling cows had not been suffered to stir from their corner for food or drink. The mere sight of anything human brought on fits of frenzy, in which she drove at the high board fence surrounding the yard in a way that made it tremble. Thomas reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of his men, and decided to shoot her. The gun was brought, and he was taking aim through a crevice in the fence, when Jack Os-

born strolled up, and inquired what was going on.

"She will never keep still long enough for you to aim. Let me manage her, Tom. Put your gun down, and see what I can do."

He leaped the fence lightly, and stood at the end of the inclosure opposite to the animal, in a quiet position, and seemed perfectly defenseless. She saw him instantly, and came toward him, bellowing, with red, fiery eyes, her short, straight horns now tearing up the earth, now tossed in the air. As she lowered her head and increased her pace to make the final rush, for the first time they perceived a knife in his hand. He waited until he felt the wind of her rushing upon his face; then he sprang to one side, and, before she could turn, with another spring was on her back. There was a blue quiver of light upon the long, narrow blade of the knife, as it flashed for a second in the air, and then, with unerring aim, it was sheathed in the vital spot at the back of the neck where brain and spinal cord meet. The raging animal plunged forward, to fall on her knees and roll over in the agonies of death.

Thomas and the men were loud in their praise of Jack's skill and activity, all of which he took very coolly, as he wiped his knife and returned it to a sheath-pocket over his hip.

"It is a Spanish knife that a fellow I knew in New York gave me. He said it had been used by a 'matador' in a bull-fight in just this way, and it occurred to me that I should like to try the experiment myself."

"No one but you could have done it," said Thomas, — "a fellow all whalebone and spring steel as you are! You take a five-board fence and kill a mad cow as if you had always been accustomed to that sort of amusement. How did it feel, I should like to know, when she was so near you that you could look into her eyes and feel her breath?"

Jack's eyes gave a flash and his teeth set together as he answered, "I felt that I was not going to let her kill me, and that I should sweep her out of my path."

"The poor thing!" said Thomas, turning to the prostrate beast and touching her smooth side, hardly yet still. "She really went mad, I suppose, and was not responsible for what she did."

"Hear him talk about her as if she had been human!" cried Jack.

Thomas looked up half reproachfully. "There is a great deal of human nature in them, — or of a nature that we share with them, whether it is beast or human. They grow fond of the person who bestows food and favor on them, or they will strike one of their own kind when he is down as quickly as men do; and they are fond of their young in a good deal the same unreasonable, tremendous way that fathers and mothers are."

Jack laughed a little. "I never saw a dog or a baby that was n't devoted to you, Tom, in five minutes after it had seen you. The dog would hang at your heels and the baby in your arms, and forsake their own masters and mothers with calmness."

"I am glad of it. I hope my own children some day will be fond of me."

At this remark the faces of the two men exchanged expressions, as they had once before. Thomas's took a sweet, hopeful look; Jack's smile died out, his brows knit, he gave Thomas a glance almost as keen as the flash on his knife-blade had been a few moments before, and walked away as Caleb came up with ropes to drag off the dead cow. Caleb noticed the look, and thought, "What's the matter with Mr. Cow-Sticker? He looks as if he would like to stick somebody else. Wonder what's the matter with him now."

As long as Jack could see Thomas at work, and yet see that work drawing to

no definite result, his hate lay in his heart, and did nothing but exaggerate his moods of mind. And the work of Thomas went on over a period of two years more, in which research found only failure, and renewed courage, renewed labor, met no apparent result. It was the beginning of the fourth summer, and yet he had labored in vain.

Jack came to Janet's one afternoon, as she sat under the blossoming boughs of the cherry-trees, and lay at her feet pretending to put her work-basket in order while she sewed. He was in one of his worst moods, showing it by the gleam of his eyes, by the way his lips quivered. As he listened to her praise of her lover, his patience under the long trial of waiting, and her belief that he would one day succeed, Jack's eyes fixed on her face with such a fierce look that she involuntarily stopped and gazed at him inquiringly.

"Jack, what is the matter? You look positively dangerous, — like a tiger in a trap. Your eyes look as I fancy the fire does down through the lava cracks in a volcano. Are you going to break out and hurt anybody?"

It was an unexpected thing, this abrupt question. When there was a selfish, personal reason for controlling his conduct he could do it perfectly, and in a second she found him looking up at her with the usual soft, half-veiled look of his dark eyes. He said, laughingly, "It must be biliousness, Janet. I am not equal to any work, and have not been for two days. I need to be fed for a season with calomel, and then I shall lose the volcano aspect. I suppose I am in rather of a mood. Never mind it; let me go on, unless I get actually disagreeable, and then you may roll me down the bank with your pretty foot, and leave me."

"No; I will put a pillow under your head, and give you blue mass with a spoon, from a box my mother keeps on a shelf in her medicine closet."

"You are truly kind," he laughed back; "cold 'pizen' and death at your hands would be a pleasure. Janet, do you suppose the love of life was as strong among the old savage nations as it is with later and more civilized people?"

"What an abrupt change of subject! Wait a moment, until I put the idea into my head." She pressed her forefinger on her forehead and shut her eyes. "It is possible that the added luxuries and pleasures of civilized life may make us feel that we want to live as long as we can to enjoy them. The old Romans were fairly civilized, yet they did not hesitate to commit suicide. Life seemed to lose its charm for them easily, and they evidently had little fear of death."

"That is a fair argument; that would show that their love of pleasure or of what the future might have for them did not incline them to live any longer. But has not the love of life increased because we have been taught to respect it in each other? We are brought up to think that each man has a right to his life, that it is a precious possession; and has not that increased the love for it?"

"I have never arranged my thoughts, but — but I suppose the love of life to be one of the strong instincts originally planted in our natures, — not an outgrowth of any improvement in living."

"It may be so, — one of those blind instincts implanted in us by an unknown power; an instinct that makes the unhappiest wretch put out his hand to save himself, although reason says to him, Death cannot be worse than life. I had better die, now that I have a good chance."

Before he had finished this remark Janet had adjusted herself to his mood, and full of sympathy, though she did not know the feeling that prompted him, would not allow herself to express the dislike she felt at this unnatural and morbid way of talking. Said she, "It

is the old question, whether it is nobler to 'suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' or die and end them. To me it seems nobler to bear than to end them, even if we had not the dread of something after death to make us hesitate about ending them prematurely."

"Then you think that for a man to help himself out of life is cowardly? Yet it must require a high kind of courage to do that,—to rush from known to unknown evils."

"Jack, you make my blood run cold, you talk in such a heathenish way. Do you want to commit suicide, or get somebody else to do it on your account?"

"N-n-no." He stammered for a moment. "But I am rather struck with your suggestion of persuading somebody else to do it. I like the idea; it grows upon me. How nice it would be to persuade people to get out of your path in that way!"

She began to smile, willing to change his cynical tone.

"You are a captivating fellow, Jack; perhaps you could do it. But I did not dream that any one stood in your path. It must be a man. Don't let it make you conceited, Jack, but I cannot imagine any woman hardening her heart against you, and standing in your way."

He could not raise his eyes to her face. Her words went through him like a delicious agony. They told him that he might have power with other women, but none with her. She could not read him so clearly, speak of the situation so calmly, if there were the slightest chance of his ever coming any nearer her than he already had as cousin and friend. He rose suddenly, saying, "One of the features of biliousness is a strong disposition to be abrupt,—in subjects of conversation, and in greetings and farewells. I feel like departing, so I go now without any formal leave-taking, because I may with equal suddenness feel like returning."

He went away, leaving Janet somewhat confounded by his unusual behavior; but her mind had not occasion to dwell on him long. An hour after, as she still sat under the blossoming boughs, with the white petals blowing down on her head and her work, she saw the figure of Thomas coming along the road, and went to meet him. As they came near each other, her observant eye saw an unusual look in his face, ordinarily full of quiet power. There was a little pallor under the large gray eyes; a wrinkle, which was like a fold between his strongly-marked eyebrows, was deeper than ever; the square, firm jaw, with a dimple in the chin, exhibited a greater expression of firmness than usual; yet his face was not that of one who brings bad news. He came close to her, and held out both hands, saying, "Would you like to know how 'the light is parted which scatters the east wind upon the earth,' and the 'secret of the hoarfrost and the snow'?"

She knew instantly what he meant.

"I have wrung from my facts at last," said he, "the secret they held in their hearts, and I came to tell you first of any one."

"Thomas, have you done it at last?"

Then he let the repressed triumph shine out in his face, until he looked like a being who had never known a sorrow or a care.

"I must either cry or laugh," said Janet, looking up at him, with several contending expressions quivering on her lips and beaming from her eyes.

"Laugh, then,—laugh," said he, taking her in his arms. "Have you never heard that men dislike crying?"

She smothered the half-risen sob in an instant, and said archly, "How shall we celebrate the occasion? Go home and burn our umbrellas, with dancings emblematical of our joy at having no more bad weather?"

"That is right,—be your natural, saucy self. You and I feel this thing

so deeply there is simply no use in trying to express ourselves in any known language, and as we will not cry, we had better laugh. Now come back with me, and let me tell my mother; she must know it next," and he drew her along the road with him.

"What, sir, without my hat, and with no gloves?"

"Never mind the conventionalities; it is a warm evening, and if you want a shawl when you come back, my mother will lend you one."

She allowed herself to be swept along by his joyful will.

"Perhaps it would really be more consistent not to heed the conventionalities, as you have been hugging me for half an hour (more or less) right out by the roadside. Do you suppose any one has seen us?"

"This is a country road and rather lonely. Let us believe that none but friendly eyes from your house could have seen us. But I confess that Niagara Falls might have flowed past us within the last twenty minutes, and I should not have known it."

He hurried her along, and she, knowing the kindly promptings of his heart which made him feel that his mother's claims were to be waived only for herself, willingly adopted his pace.

"Your good mother," said she, "how she will feel rewarded for having let you smell up the house in the way you have, and for all her worryings about you when you were sitting up late, studying hard after working all day; and for her little mortifications at the rattletaps and brass spoons on the top of the house!"

"She was not really mortified at those," said Thomas, with a man's wonderment that anything done in the cause of science could be received otherwise than with the profoundest respect; "she has too much sense for that."

"Not really deeply mortified; but she spoke about them to me once. Perhaps

she was afraid I would be annoyed at seeing such odd things on the top of your house."

"You, too? You did not mind it, Janet?"

"Certainly not. You may put cocked hats on every inch of the ridge-pole, and hang brass kettles from all the windows, if you like. I will agree not to dust them, or even disturb them at house-cleaning time."

Mrs. Green received the news with a little dash of incredulity at first, which acted healthily upon Thomas, bringing him out, and making him explain his theories and the workings of his plans until she was presently brought to a state of belief and consequent delight. Then they settled down into that mood which comes when a long-desired object is at last attained, and before any of the numerous drawbacks upon the perfect enjoyment of it have transpired. They amused themselves planning the life they would have under the changed circumstances which the discovery of Thomas would bring about.

"We shall live under serene skies," said he, "and after a few years, when we find that all we labor for will not be wrested from us, we too shall learn a serenity, a calmness, to which we are strangers now. There will be enough of the ills of life still left to keep up necessary discipline; but much of the gnawing care which now so undermines our peace will be taken away."

"How strange it will be to live in an even-tempered climate! What will people do, when they are making calls, if they have not the weather to talk about?" said Janet.

"Truly," replied Thomas, "I forgot that. How very inconsiderate of me!"

"What is the custom in Egypt?" said Mrs. Green. "The weather there, I am told, is the same day after day. We shall have to find out what they do. But I have no doubt, Thomas, that some people will object, and pretend to growl at

your even climate. How cold will it have to be?"

"Not below forty during the winter months, and not above eighty in the summer; and the other six months ranging between these two limits."

"What perfection!" cried Janet. "Then there cannot be those fearfully sudden changes which are enough to try the constitution of a steam-engine."

"Oh, a steam-engine cannot stand it!" said Thomas, quickly. "It takes something as strong and fine as the human constitution. Nothing oxidizes quicker under the east wind, or breaks quicker in severe cold, than iron. But I presume, as mother says, there are people who will pretend to regret the loss of our awful winters. They will talk about bracing weather, and go into hygienic fits over the salutary effects on the human system of a thermometer below zero. The Esquimaux are put through a system of bracing that, according to that theory, ought to make very fine people; but I don't see as it has. Everybody in their sneaking, secret hearts prefers the bright October weather, and none any colder."

"Thomas, how it will surprise the plants! The perennials are so used to having their noses bitten off by Jack Frost that they will expect him at the usual time in the fall. Then he will not come, and they will think, 'Dear me, they must have made a mistake in the almanac!' Then they will blossom a month longer, and look round again for the frost. Finally, they will get tired waiting, and conclude they might as well rest without any nipping. But I am afraid the annuals will blossom until they have the backache, and never give up until they are fairly worn out."

"The change may introduce new habits among plants," said Thomas, thoughtfully, "and the continued mildness of the climate may bring us new semi-tropical growths such as we have never seen. It will be interesting to watch for these."

"How strange the whole thing will

be," said Mrs. Green, "and how it will affect our manner of living! I am afraid I shall have to wrestle all the year round with ants and flies and other pernicious insects."

"Which will not be any worse," said Thomas, "than fighting to keep warm, and to prevent your food and your house-plants from freezing."

"Yes!" cried Janet. "Think how the water-pipes in city houses will not freeze up and split! Last winter, when we were in town, there was a month of fearful, brandy-freezing weather. And what a time we had with the pipes! My mother sat down one night in despair, and exclaimed, 'Well, really, on such nights one thinks with longing of that kind of plumbing which consists of a well and a wooden trough in the back yard!'"

"As to its affecting us physically, it will begin to do that very soon. It must. We shall live out-doors eight months of the year instead of three, and shall not be shut into our houses during the other months, reversing the present style. You young ladies will begin to show a little healthy brown in your faces, and it will become fashionable to be tanned and rosy. More light and more fresh air will tell on our physiques to our advantage. Oh, this question of the weather runs deeper than careless people think!"

And so on, and so on, until it grew late, and Janet said her mother would be alarmed if she did not go home; and then the door opened, and Mrs. Wareham and Jack walked in, declaring that they feared Thomas and Janet might have eloped. Then the story had to be told to them, and all the suppositions and consequences gone over with again; many new ones being added by Jack, who was so brilliant, notwithstanding the black rings under his eyes, that Janet became quite easy about him and the disturbing bilious element in his constitution.

If Thomas had been dilatory about making arrangements for the prompt recognition and use of his rock-burner, he made up for it now by the energy he displayed in bringing his new discovery into notice. No man of the world could have been more earnest in securing attention than he. Scientific men were invited from the neighboring university town, and Thomas entertained them at table hospitably, and in his laboratory scientifically.

It was a new side to the character of Thomas, this capacity to mingle easily and freely with men who had received the advantages of a regular education, although it was in truth a logical result of the forces at work in him, and it did not surprise Janet, who was a good judge of character. Thomas had by nature all gentle and manly instincts; what he needed was a consciousness of success to bring out his fine points and make him a genial, charming companion, and he backed it by his New England hospitality. He had come from a good old line of Puritan ancestors, — men of self-contained and steadfast natures, and women whose refinement never degenerated into weakness, and whose strong love of culture made them powers in their households. Perhaps this is as good an ancestry as a race can have, and as generation succeeds generation the brain and sinew are gradually matured which ripen at last in a man who is a king among men, — not only the patient seeker, the earnest worker, but a charming gentleman. Jack was astonished, not only at the ease of manner Thomas showed, but when the conversation began to be technical and scientific, so as very soon to leave him far behind, to see Thomas going on in good order, and even leading the van.

Mrs. Green seconded Thomas nobly, and sustained a revolution in her domestic affairs which showed skill and executive ability of no ordinary kind. From a household managed only for Thomas

and herself, with meals at regular hours, she became liable to predatory incursions from parties of hungry professors at any time of the day. Thomas would appear an hour after the usual dinner time with ten unexpected gentlemen, and repeat the same performance at supper with a fresh set, and whisper to his mother, "Can't you get something extra to-night, as most of these people have had no dinner?" She delighted their eyes presently with a supper table laden with delicious hot rolls, thin slices of cold ham and salt beef, and coffee, followed by preserved fruit and hot gingerbread; doing it with a serene air, as if it had always been her custom. She endured a servant in her spotless kitchen with a smile, although she knew the soup kettle would be set away unwashed, the tumbler towel used to wipe the platter, and that the hireling would in two days give the really pleasant, old-fashioned room the look which a hireling always does. All this she did without appearing to realize that she was henceforward to administer affairs on a new basis. In some families such a change could not have been accomplished without riotings and disturbances; but where Mrs. Green was prime minister, all things were done decently and in order.

"It seems as impossible to start, to-night," muttered Thomas to himself, "as if I were going on an unlucky errand," and he got out of the wagon for the third time, and went back after the whip. "How could Caleb have harnessed and left everything undone as he did, — no cushion, no whip, no check-rein; and I have made a separate errand back to the carriage-house for each one! I shall only just manage to catch the train, if I drive fast. Go on, Cherry, — zi-i-i-p."

The little mare, well trained by her master, knew that this meant business, and stepped off at once in a square, quick trot, which devoured the road and left a

cloud of dust behind. Thomas was on the way to meet a patent-office lawyer from Washington. This person had signified that he would arrive by a train which reached Northam at midnight.

Thomas was in the best of spirits, and as he drove by Janet's house gave a call well known to her, — two or three sweet notes of a bugle call; he had used it before when he must drive by without stopping. She knew the errand on which he was bound, and answered by flashing a lamp up and down in the window. Her cheeks flushed with the knowledge of his proximity, and her eyes, bright with pleasant thoughts, as she held the lamp above her head, made a picture for the unseen but seeing lover in the darkness outside. An hour or two later she would hear the returning wheels of his wagon, and the little scene would be repeated. If a stranger were with him, a word would explain, and she was not ashamed to show interest and sympathy.

Jack Osborn entered a moment later, in so merry a mood that it seemed like mirth carried over to recklessness, and Janet looked at him once or twice, feeling that he was becoming more and more incomprehensible. For ten or fifteen minutes he kept her and Mrs. Wareham both laughing, and then ran out of the door as unceremoniously as he came in. One thing he did in going out which overstepped the bounds meted out to him by reticent Janet. As he passed her, and she raised her head to say good-night, he bent forward and kissed her swiftly on the lips. His movements were lightning-like, as they often were; she had no second in which to draw back. The passion that inspired him brought the blood to her cheeks, but there was no answering warmth from those sweet lips. He felt it, and as he turned from her his face settled into a white look of resolve, and he whispered to himself, "Only a mile to the pine grove!" She did not see the look or hear the whisper. She heard the door

close and a quick step or two outside, as if he were bounding away at race-horse speed.

Travel on, stout little mare; do your fleet best! If you thread the gorge and the sighing pines with flying steps, you shall save the life of a good friend, a kind master. Put your trim fetlocks each before the other in haste, and make no false step. Alas, alas! as they entered the steep banks of the pine grove, fearing to meet some one in the darkness of the narrow way, Thomas checked her quick feet, and she paced slowly along.

Suddenly, swiftly, as if shot through the thick darkness, something struck the floor of the wagon in the back. There was a confused sound or two, a groan; the mare felt the reins slacken in her hands, and as if she knew something was wrong, as if she smelled blood in the air, she started at a wild pace, and thundered down the road unchecked. Faster and faster; the wagon swayed and rattled, bounded over the ruts and roughnesses, as the animal, growing momentarily wilder, flew on, her nostrils distended and foam flying from her bit. Few teams are abroad on a country road so late; she met no one to stop her, and if she had not been on an accustomed route the frightened beast might have held her course much longer. But she had been often driven to the station, and by a sort of instinct she went there now. The train rolled away from the end of the platform as the little mare tore up and stopped with her feet on the second step of the flight that led from the sidewalk to the platform. One or two belated travelers, natives of the village, the station-master, and the Washington lawyer were the only people there, and the only light a lantern swung by the station-master. All heard the excited rush and rattle of the wagon, and noticed the way the mare stopped herself.

"It's Thomas Green's little mare," announced one of the villagers, coming forward and looking curiously at the

panting animal. "I should think she had been frightened and run away."

"Green?" said the Washingtonian. "That is the name of the man who was to meet me here to-night."

"I guess he stopped to see Janet Wareham a minute, and the horse got away while he was in there," suggested another.

"Likely as not," chorused the others, glad to have a reasonable explanation for a feeling of dread which had crept over them.

"I live pretty near Janet Wareham's," said the first speaker, "and if you are a mind, I'll just drive you along on the road. I think it's more'n likely we shall meet him somewhere this side o' there."

He patted Cherry's neck and soothed her a moment; then gathering up the reins stepped into the wagon. His foot touched something soft. He could see nothing, but he recoiled with an involuntary shiver, and said in a hoarse tone, "Bring that lantern here!"

DO YOU REMEMBER?

"UN BACIO DATO NON È MAI PERDUTO."

BECAUSE we once drove together

In the moonlight over the snow,
With the sharp bells ringing their tinkling chime,
So many a year ago,

So, now, as I hear them jingle,

The winter comes back again,
Though the summer stirs in the heavy trees,
And the wild rose scents the lane.

We gather our furs around us,

Our faces the keen air stings,
And noiseless we fly o'er the snow-hushed world
Almost as if we had wings.

Enough is the joy of mere living,

Enough is the blood's quick thrill;
We are simply happy, — I care not why, —
We are happy beyond our will.

The trees are with icicles jeweled,

The walls are o'er-surfed with snow;
The houses with marble whiteness are roofed,
In their windows the home-lights glow.

Through the tense, clear sky above us

The keen stars flash and gleam,
And wrapped in their silent shroud of snow
The broad fields lie and dream.

And jingling with low, sweet clashing
 Ring the bells as our good horse goes,
 And tossing his head, from his nostrils red
 His frosty breath he blows.

And closely you nestle against me,
 While around your waist my arm
 I have slipped — 't is so bitter, bitter cold —
 It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent;
 And suddenly — you know why —
 I stooped — could I help it? You lifted your face —
 We kissed — there was nobody nigh.

And no one was ever the wiser,
 And no one was ever the worse;
 The skies did not fall, — as perhaps they ought, —
 And we heard no paternal curse.

I never told it — did you, dear? —
 From that day unto this;
 But my memory keeps in its inmost recess,
 Like a perfume, that innocent kiss.

I dare say you have forgotten,
 'T was so many a year ago;
 Or you may not choose to remember it,
 Time may have changed you so.

The world so chills us and kills us,
 Perhaps you may scorn to recall
 That night, with its innocent impulse, —
 Perhaps you'll deny it all.

But if of that fresh, sweet nature
 The veriest vestige survive,
 You remember that moment's madness, —
 You remember that moonlight drive.

W. W. Story.

"EQUALITY."

IN accordance with the advice of Diogenes of Apollonia in the beginning of his treatise on Natural Philosophy, — one who commences any sort of philosophical treatise to lay down some undeniable principle to start with," — we offer this: —

All men are created unequal.

It would be a most interesting study to trace the growth in the world of the doctrine of “equality.” That is not the purpose of this essay, any farther than is necessary for definition. We use the term in its popular sense, in the meaning, somewhat vague it is true, which it has had since the middle of the eighteenth century. In the popular apprehension it is apt to be confounded with uniformity; and this not without reason, since in many applications of the theory the tendency is to produce likeness or uniformity. Nature, with equal laws, tends always to diversity; and doubtless the just notion of equality in human affairs consists with unlikeness. Our purpose is to note some of the tendencies of the dogma as it is at present understood by a considerable portion of mankind.

We regard the formulated doctrine as modern. It would be too much to say that some notion of the “equality of men” did not underlie the socialistic and communistic ideas which prevailed from time to time in the ancient world, and broke out with volcanic violence in the Grecian and Roman communities. But those popular movements seem to us rather blind struggles against physical evils, and to be distinguished from those more intelligent actions based upon the theory which began to stir Europe prior to the Reformation.

It is sufficient for our purpose to take the well-defined theory of modern times. Whether the ideal republic of Plato was merely a convenient form for philosophical speculation, or whether, as the greatest authority on political economy in Germany, Dr. William Roscher, thinks, it “was no mere fancy;” whether Plato’s notion of the identity of man and the state is compatible with the theory of equality, or whether it is, as many communists say, indispensable to it, we need not here discuss. It is true that in his Republic almost all the social

theories which have been deduced from the modern proclamation of equality are elaborated. There was to be a community of property, and also a community of wives and children. The equality of the sexes was insisted on to the extent of living in common, identical education and pursuits, equal share in all labors, in occupations, and in government. Between the sexes there was allowed only one ultimate difference. The Greeks, as Professor Jowett says, had noble conceptions of womanhood; but Plato’s ideal for the sexes had no counterpart in their actual life, nor could they have understood the sort of equality upon which he insisted. The same is true of the Romans throughout their history.

More than any other Oriental peoples the Egyptians of the Ancient Empire entertained the idea of the equality of the sexes; but the equality of man was not conceived by them. Still less did any notion of it exist in the Jewish state. It was the fashion with the socialists of 1793, as it has been with the international assemblages at Geneva in our own day, to trace the genesis of their notions back to the first Christian age. The far-reaching influence of the new gospel in the liberation of the human mind and in promoting just and divinely ordered relations among men is admitted; its origination of the social and political dogma we are considering is denied. We do not find that Christ himself anywhere expressed it or acted on it. He associated with the lowly, the vile, the outcast; he taught that all men, irrespective of rank or possessions, are sinners, and in equal need of help. But he attempted no change in the conditions of society. The “communism” of the early Christians was the temporary relation of a persecuted and isolated sect, drawn together by common necessities and dangers, and by the new enthusiasm of self-surrender.¹ Paul an-

¹ “The community of goods of the first Christians at Jerusalem, so frequently cited and ex-

nounced the universal brotherhood of man, but he as clearly recognized the subordination of society, in the duties of ruler and subject, master and slave, and in all the domestic relations; and although his gospel may be interpreted to contain the elements of revolution, it is not probable that he undertook to inculcate, by the proclamation of “universal brotherhood,” anything more than the duty of universal sympathy between all peoples and classes as society then existed.

If Christianity has been and is the force in promoting and shaping civilization that we regard it, we may be sure that it is not as a political agent, or an annuler of the inequalities of life, that we are to expect aid from it. Its office, or rather one of its chief offices on earth, is to diffuse through the world, regardless of condition, or possessions, or talent, or opportunity, sympathy and a recognition of the value of manhood underlying every lot and every diversity, — a value not measured by earthly accidents, but by heavenly standards. This we understand to be “Christian equality.” Of course it consists with inequalities of condition, with subordination, discipline, obedience; to obey and serve is as honorable as to command and to be served.

If the religion of Christ should ever be acclimated on earth, the result would not be the removal of hardships and suffering, or of the necessity of self-sacrifice; but the bitterness and discontent at unequal conditions would measurably disappear. At the bar of Christianity the poor man is the equal of the rich, and the learned of the unlearned, since intellectual acquisition is no guarantee tolled, was only a community of use, not of ownership (Acts iv. 32), and throughout a voluntary act of love, not a duty (v. 4); least of all, a *right* which the poorer might assert. Spite of all this, that community of goods produced a chronic state of poverty in the church of Jerusalem.” (Principles of Political Economy. By William Roscher. Note to Section LXXXI. English translation. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.)

of moral worth. The content that Christianity would bring to our perturbed society would come from the practical recognition of the truth that all conditions may be equally honorable. The assertion of the dignity of man and of labor is, we imagine, the sum and substance of the equality and communism of the New Testament. But we are to remember that this is not merely a “gospel for the poor.”

Whatever the theories of the ancient world were, the development of democratic ideas is sufficiently marked in the fifteenth century, and even in the fourteenth, to rob the eighteenth of the credit of originating the doctrine of equality. To mention only one of the early writers,¹ Marsilio, a physician of Padua, in 1324, said that the laws ought to be made by all the citizens; and he based this sovereignty of the people upon the greater likelihood of laws being better obeyed, and also being good laws, when they were made by the whole body of the persons affected.

In 1750 and 1753, J. J. Rousseau published his two Discourses on questions proposed by the Academy of Dijon: “Has the restoration of sciences contributed to purify or to corrupt manners?” and, “What is the origin of inequality among men, and is it authorized by natural law?” These questions show the direction and the advance of thinking on social topics in the middle of the eighteenth century. Rousseau’s *Contrat-Social* and the novel *Emile* were published in 1761.

But almost three quarters of a century before, in 1690, John Locke published his two *Treatises on Government*. Rousseau was familiar with them. Mr. John

¹ For copious references to authorities on the spread of communistic and socialistic ideas and libertine community of goods and women, in four periods of the world’s history, namely, at the time of the decline of Greece, in the degeneration of the Roman republic, among the moderns in the age of the Reformation, and again in our own day, see Roscher’s *Political Economy*, notes to Section LXXIX., *et seq.*

Morley, in his admirable study of Rousseau,¹ fully discusses the latter's obligation to Locke; and the exposition leaves Rousseau little credit for originality, but considerable for illogical misconception. He was, in fact, the most illogical of great men, and the most inconsistent even of geniuses. The Contrat-Social is a reaction in many things from the Discourses, and Emile is almost an entire reaction, especially in the theory of education, from both.

His central doctrine of popular sovereignty was taken from Locke. The English philosopher said, in his second Treatise, "To understand political power aright and derive it from its original, we must consider what state all men are naturally in; and that is a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their persons and possessions as they think fit, within the bounds of the law of nature, without asking leave or depending upon the will of any other man, — a state also of equality, wherein all the power and jurisdiction is reciprocal, no one having more than another; there being nothing more evident than that creatures of the same species and rank, promiscuously born to all the advantages of nature and the use of the same faculties, should also be equal one amongst another, without subordination or subjection, unless the Lord and Master of them all should by any manifest declaration of his will set one above another, and confer on him by an evident and clear appointment an undoubted right to dominion and sovereignty." But a state of liberty is not a state of license. We cannot exceed our own rights without assailing the rights of others. There is no such subordination as authorizes us to destroy one another. As every one is bound to preserve himself, so he is bound to preserve the rest of mankind, and except to do justice

upon an offender we may not impair the life, liberty, health, or goods of another. Here Locke deduces the power that one man may have over another; community could not exist if transgressors were not punished. Every wrong-doer places himself in "a state of war." Here is the difference between the state of nature and the state of war, which men, says Locke, have confounded, — alluding probably to Hobbes's notion of the lawlessness of human society in the original condition.

The portion of Locke's Treatise which was not accepted by the French theorists was that relating to property. Property in lands or goods is due wholly and only to the labor man has put into it. By labor he has removed it from the common state in which nature has placed it, and annexed something to it that excludes the common rights of other men.

Rousseau borrowed from Hobbes as well as from Locke in his conception of popular sovereignty; but this was not his only lack of originality. His discourse on primitive society, his unscientific and unhistoric notions about the original condition of man, were those common in the middle of the eighteenth century. All the thinkers and philosophers and fine ladies and gentlemen assumed a certain state of nature, and built upon it, out of words and phrases, an airy and easy reconstruction of society, without a thought of investigating the past, or inquiring into the development of mankind. Every one talked of "the state of nature" as if he knew all about it. "The conditions of primitive man," says Mr. Morley, "were discussed by very incompetent ladies and gentlemen at convivial supper parties, and settled with complete assurance." That was the age when solitary Frenchmen plunged into the wilderness of North America, confidently expecting to recover the golden age under the shelter of a wigwam and in the society of a squaw.

¹ Rousseau. By John Morley. London: Chapman and Hall. 1873. I have used it freely in the glance at this period.

The state of nature of Rousseau was a state in which inequality did not exist, and with a fervid rhetoric he tried to persuade his readers that it was the happier state. He recognized inequality, it is true, as a word of two different meanings: first, physical inequality, difference of age, strength, health, and of intelligence and character; second, moral and political inequality, difference of privileges which some enjoy to the detriment of others, — such as riches, honor, power. The first difference is established by nature, the second by man. So long, however, as the state of nature endures, no disadvantages flow from the natural inequalities.

In Rousseau's account of the means by which equality was lost, the incomming of the ideas of property is prominent. From property arose civil society. With property came in inequality. His exposition of inequality is confused, and it is not possible always to tell whether he means inequality of possessions or of political rights. His contemporary, Morelly, who published the *Basileade* in 1753, was troubled by no such ambiguity. He accepts the doctrine that men are formed by laws, but holds that they are by nature good, and that laws, by establishing a division of the products of nature, broke up the sociability of men, and that all political and moral evils are the result of private property. Political inequality is an accident of inequality of possessions, and the renovation of the latter lies in the abolition of the former.

The opening sentence of the *Contrat-Social* is, "Man is born free, and everywhere he is a slave," a statement which it is difficult to reconcile with the fact that every human being is born helpless, dependent, and into conditions of subjection, conditions that we have no reason to suppose were ever absent from the race. But Rousseau never said, "All men are born equal." He recognized, as we have seen, natural inequality. What he held was that the artificial dif-

ferences springing from the social union were disproportionate to the capacities springing from the original constitution; and that society, as now organized, tends to make the gulf wider between those who have privileges and those who have none.

The well-known theory upon which Rousseau's superstructure rests is that society is the result of a compact, a partnership between men. They have not made an agreement to submit their individual sovereignty to some superior power, but they have made a covenant of brotherhood. It is a contract of association. Men were, and ought to be, equal coöperators, not only in politics, but in industries and all the affairs of life. All the citizens are participants in the sovereign authority. Their sovereignty is inalienable; power may be transmitted, but not will; if the people promise to obey, it dissolves itself by the very act, — if there is a master, there is no longer a people. Sovereignty is also indivisible; it cannot be split up into legislative, judiciary, and executive power.

Society being the result of a compact made by men, it followed that the partners could at any time re-make it, their sovereignty being inalienable. And this the French socialists, misled by *a priori* notions, attempted to do, on the theory of the *Contrat-Social*, as if they had a *tabula rasa*; without regarding the existing constituents of society, or traditions, or historical growths.

Equality, as a phrase, having done duty as a dissolvent, was pressed into service as a constructor. As this is not so much an essay on the nature of equality, as an attempt to indicate some of the modern tendencies to carry out what is illusory in the dogma, perhaps enough has been said of this period. Mr. Morley very well remarks that the doctrine of equality as a demand for a fair chance in the world is unanswerable; but that it is false when it puts him who uses his

chance well on the same level with him who uses it ill. There is no doubt that when Condorcet said, “Not only equality of right, but equality of fact, is the goal of the social art,” he uttered the sentiments of the socialists of the Revolution.

The next authoritative announcement of equality, to which it is necessary to refer, is in the American Declaration of Independence, in these words: “We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed.” And the Declaration goes on, in temperate and guarded language, to assert the right of a people to change their form of government when it becomes destructive of the ends named.

Although the genesis of these sentiments seems to be French rather than English, and equality is not defined, and critics have differed as to whether the equality clause is independent or qualified by what follows, it is not necessary to suppose that Thomas Jefferson meant anything inconsistent with the admitted facts of nature and of history. It is important to bear in mind that the statesmen of our Revolution were inaugurating a political and not a social revolution, and that the gravamen of their protest was against the authority of a distant crown. Nevertheless, these dogmas, independent of the circumstances in which they were uttered, have exercised and do exercise a very powerful influence upon the thinking of mankind on social and political topics, and are being applied without limitations, and without recognition of the fact that if they are true, in the sense meant by their originators, they are not the whole truth. It is to be noticed that rights are mentioned, but not duties, and that if politic-

al rights only are meant, political duties are not inculcated as of equal moment. It is not announced that political power is a function to be discharged for the good of the whole body, and not a mere right to be enjoyed for the advantage of the possessor; and it is to be noted also that this idea did not enter into the conception of Rousseau.

The dogma that “government derives its just power from the consent of the governed” is entirely consonant with the book theories of the eighteenth century, and needs to be confronted, and practically is confronted, with the equally good dogma that “governments derive their just power from conformity with the principles of justice.” We are not to imagine, for instance, that the framers of the Declaration really contemplated the exclusion from political organization of all higher law than that in the “consent of the governed,” or the application of the theory, let us say, to a colony composed for the most part of outcasts, murderers, thieves, and prostitutes, or to such states as to-day exist in the Orient. The Declaration was framed for a highly intelligent and virtuous society.

Many writers, and some of them English, have expressed curiosity, if not wonder, at the different fortunes which attended the doctrine of equality in America and in France. The explanation is on the surface, and need not be sought in the fact of a difference of social and political level in the two countries at the start, nor even in the further fact that the colonies were already accustomed to self-government. The simple truth is that the dogmas of the Declaration were not put into the fundamental law. The constitution is the most practical state document ever made. It announces no dogmas, proclaims no theories. It accepted society as it was, with its habits and traditions, raising no abstract questions whether men are born free or equal, or how society ought to be organized. It is simply a working

compact, made by "the people," to promote union, establish justice, and secure the blessings of liberty; and the equality is in the assumption of the right of "the people of the United States," to do this. And yet, in a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a writer makes the amusing statement, "I have never met an American who could deny that, while firmly maintaining that the theory was sound which, in the beautiful language of the constitution, proclaims that all men were born equal, he was," etc.

An enlightening commentary on the meaning of the Declaration, in the minds of the American statesmen of the period, is furnished by the opinions which some of them expressed upon the French Revolution while it was in progress. Gouverneur Morris, minister to France in 1789, was a conservative republican; Thomas Jefferson was a radical democrat. Both of them had a warm sympathy with the French "people" in the Revolution; both hoped for a republic; both recognized, we may reasonably infer, the sufficient cause of the Revolution in the long-continued corruption of court and nobility, and the intolerable sufferings of the lower orders; and both, we have equal reason to believe, thought that a fair accommodation, short of a dissolution of society, was defeated by the imbecility of the king and the treachery and malignity of a considerable portion of the nobility. The Revolution was not caused by theories, however much it may have been excited or guided by them. But both Morris and Jefferson saw the futility of the application of the abstract dogma of equality and the theories of the Social Contract to the reconstruction of government and the reorganization of society in France.

If the aristocracy were malignant, — though numbers of them were far from being so, — there was also a malignant prejudice aroused against them, and M. Taine is not far wrong when he says of

this prejudice, "Its hard, dry kernel consists of the abstract idea of equality."¹ Taine's French Revolution is cynical, and, with all its accumulation of material, omits some facts necessary to a philosophical history; but a passage following that quoted is worth reproducing in this connection: "The treatment of the nobles of the Assembly is the same as the treatment of the Protestants by Louis XIV. . . . One hundred thousand Frenchmen driven out at the end of the seventeenth century, and one hundred thousand driven out at the end of the eighteenth! Mark how an intolerant democracy completes the work of an intolerant monarchy! The moral aristocracy was mowed down in the name of uniformity; the social aristocracy is mowed down in the name of equality. For the second time, an abstract principle, and with the same effect, buries its blade in the heart of a living society."

Notwithstanding the world-wide advertisement of the French experiment, it has taken almost a century for the dogma of equality, at least outside of France, to filter down from the speculative thinkers into a general popular acceptance, as an active principle to be used in the shaping of affairs, and to become more potent in the popular mind than tradition or habit. The attempt is made to apply it to society with a brutal logic; and we might despair as to the result, if we did not know that the world is not ruled by logic. Nothing is so fascinating in the hands of the half informed as a neat dogma; it seems the perfect key to all difficulties. The formula is applied in contempt and ignorance of the past, as if building up were as easy as pulling down, and as if society were a machine to be moved by mechanical appliances, and not a living organism composed of distinct and sensitive beings.

¹ The French Revolution. By H. A. Taine. Vol. i. B. II. chap. ii. sec. iii. Translation. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Along with the spread of a belief in the uniformity of natural law has unfortunately gone a suggestion of parallelism of the moral law to it, and a notion that if we can discover the right formula, human society and government can be organized with a mathematical justice to all the parts. By many the dogma of equality is held to be that formula, and relief from the greater evils of the social state is expected from its logical extension.

Let us now consider some of the present movements and tendencies that are related, more or less, to this belief:—

I. Absolute equality is seen to depend upon absolute supremacy of the state. Prof. Henry Fawcett says, “Excessive dependence on the state is the most prominent characteristic of modern socialism.” “These proposals to prohibit inheritance, to abolish private property, and to make the state the owner of all the capital and the administrator of the entire industry of the country are put forward as representing socialism in its ultimate and highest development.”¹

Society and government should be recast till they conform to the theory, or, let us say, to its exaggerations. Men can unmake what they have made. There is no higher authority anywhere than the will of the majority, no matter what the majority is in intellect and morals. Fifty-one ignorant men have a natural right to legislate for the one hundred, as against forty-nine intelligent men.

All men being equal, one man is as fit to legislate and execute as another. A recently elected Congressman from Maine vehemently repudiated, in a public address, as a slander the accusation that he was educated. The theory was that, uneducated, he was the proper representative of the average ignorance of his district, and that ignorance ought to

be represented in the legislature in kind. The ignorant know better what they want than the educated know for them. “Their education [that of college men] destroys natural perception and judgment; so that cultivated people are one-sided, and their judgment is often inferior to that of the working people.” “Cultured people have made up their minds, and are hard to move.” “No lawyer should be elected to a place in any legislative body.”²

Experience is of no account, neither is history, nor tradition, nor the accumulated wisdom of ages. On all questions of political economy, finance, morals, the ignorant man stands on a par with the best informed as a legislator. We might cite any number of the results of these illusions. A member of the present house of representatives declared that we “can repair the losses of the war by the issue of a sufficient amount of paper money.” An intelligent mechanic of our acquaintance, a leader among the nationals, urging the theory of his party, that banks should be destroyed, and that the government should issue to the people as much “paper money” as they need, denied the right of banks or of any individuals to charge interest on money. Yet he would take rent for the house he owns.

Laws must be the direct expression of the will of the majority, and be altered solely on its will. It would be well, therefore, to have a continuous election, so that, any day, the electors can change their representative for a new man. “If my *caprice* be the source of law, then my *enjoyment* may be the source of the division of the nation’s resources.”³

Property is the creator of inequality, and this factor in our artificial state can be eliminated only by absorption. It is the duty of the government to provide

¹ Socialism in Germany and the United States, Fortnightly Review, November, 1878.

² Opinions of workmen, reported in The

Nationals, their Origin and their Aims, The Atlantic Monthly, November, 1878.

³ Stahl’s Rechtsphilosophie, quoted by Roscher.

for all the people, and the sovereign people will see to it that it does. The election franchise is a natural right,—a man’s weapon to protect himself. It may be asked, If it is just this, and not a sacred trust accorded to be exercised for the benefit of society, why may not a man sell it, if it is for his interest to do so?

What is there illogical in these positions from the premise given? “Communism,” says Roscher,¹ “is the logically not inconsistent exaggeration of the principle of equality. Men who hear themselves designated as ‘the sovereign people,’ and their welfare as the supreme law of the state, are more apt than others to feel more keenly the distance which separates their own misery from the superabundance of others. And, indeed, to what an extent our physical wants are determined by our intellectual mould!”

The tendency of the exaggeration of man’s will as the foundation of government is distinctly materialistic; it is a self-sufficiency that shuts out God and the higher law.² We need to remember that the Creator of man, and not man himself, formed society and instituted government; that God is always behind human society, and sustains it; that marriage and the family and all social relations are divinely established; that man’s duty, coinciding with his right, is, by the light of history, by experience, by observation of men, and by the aid of revelation, to find out and make operative, as well as he can, the divine law in human affairs. And it may be added that the sovereignty of the people, as a

divine trust, may be as logically deduced from the divine institution of government as the old divine right of kings. Government, by whatever name it is called, is a matter of experience and expediency. If we submit to the will of the majority, it is because it is more convenient to do so; and if the republic or the democracy vindicate itself, it is because it works best on the whole for a particular people. But it needs no prophet to say that it will not work long if God is shut out from it, and man, in a full-blown socialism, is considered the ultimate authority.

II. Equality of education. In our American system there is, not only theoretically, but practically, an equality of opportunity in the public schools, which are free to all children, and rise by gradations from the primaries to the high schools, in which the curriculum in most respects equals, and in variety exceeds, that of many third-class “colleges.” In these schools nearly the whole round of learning, in languages, science, and art, is touched. The system has seemed to be the best that could be devised for a free society, where all take part in the government, and where so much depends upon the intelligence of the electors. Certain objections, however, have been made to it. As this essay is intended only to be tentative, we shall state some of them, without indulging in lengthy comments.

(1.) The first charge is superficiality,—a necessary consequence of attempting too much,—and a want of adequate preparation for special pursuits in life.

(2.) A uniformity in mediocrity is

¹ Political Economy, B. I. chap. v. sec. lxxviii.

² And, indeed, if the will of man is all-powerful, if states are to be distinguished from one another only by their boundaries, if everything may be changed like the scenery in a play by a flourish of the magic wand of a system, if man may arbitrarily make the right, if nations can be put through evolutions like regiments of troops, what a field would the world present for attempts at the realizations of the wildest dreams, and what a temptation would be offered to take possession, by

main force, of the government of human affairs, to destroy the rights of property and the rights of capital, to gratify ardent longings without trouble, and to provide the much-coveted means of enjoyment! The Titans have tried to scale the heavens, and have fallen into the most degrading materialism. Purely speculative dogmatism sinks into materialism. (M. Wolowski’s Essay on the Historical Method, prefixed to his translation of Roscher’s Political Economy.)

alleged from the use of the same textbooks and methods in all schools, for all grades and capacities. This is one of the most common criticisms on our social state by a certain class of writers in England, who take an unflagging interest in our development. One answer to it is this: There is more reason to expect variety of development and character in a generally educated than in an ignorant community; there is no such uniformity as the dull level of ignorance.

(3.) It is said that secular education — and the general schools open to all in a community of mixed religions must be secular — is training the rising generation to be materialists and socialists.

(4.) Perhaps a better founded charge is that a system of equal education, with its superficiality, creates discontent with the condition in which a majority of men must be, — that of labor, — a distaste for trades and for hand-work, an idea that what is called intellectual labor (let us say, casting up accounts in a shop, or writing trashy stories for a sensational newspaper) is more honorable than physical labor; and encourages the false notion that “the elevation of the working classes” implies the removal of men and women from those classes.

We should hesitate to draw adverse conclusions in regard to a system yet so young that its results cannot be fairly estimated. Only after two or three generations can its effects upon the character of a great people be measured. Observations differ, and testimony is difficult to obtain. We think it safe to say that those states are most prosperous which have the best free schools. But if the philosopher inquires as to the general effect upon the national character in respect to the objections named, he must wait for a reply.

III. The pursuit of the chimera of social equality, from the belief that it should logically follow political equality; resulting in extravagance, misap-

plication of natural capacities, a notion that physical labor is dishonorable, or that the state should compel all to labor alike, and in efforts to remove inequalities of condition by legislation.

IV. The equality of the sexes. The stir in the middle of the eighteenth century gave a great impetus to the emancipation of woman; though, curiously enough, Rousseau, in unfolding his plan of education for Sophie in *Emile*, inculcates an almost Oriental subjection of woman, — her education simply that she may please man. The true enfranchisement of woman, that is the recognition (by herself as well as by man) of her real place in the economy of the world, in the full development of her capacities, is the greatest gain to civilization since the Christian era. The movement has its excesses, and the gain has not been without loss. “When we turn to modern literature,” writes Mr. Morley, “from the pages in which Fénélon speaks of the education of girls, who does not feel that the world has lost a sacred accent, — that some ineffable essence has passed out from our hearts?”

How far the expectation has been realized that women, in fiction, for instance, would be more accurately described, better understood, and appear as nobler and lovelier beings when women wrote the novels, this is not the place to inquire. The movement has results which are unavoidable in a period of transition, and probably only temporary. The education of woman and the development of her powers hold the greatest promise for the regeneration of society. But this development, yet in its infancy, and pursued with much crudeness and misconception of the end, is not enough. Woman would not only be equal with man, but would be like him; that is, perform in society the functions he now performs. Here, again, the notion of equality is pushed towards uniformity. The reformers admit structural differences in the sexes, though

these, they say, are greatly exaggerated by subjection ; but the functional differences are mainly to be eliminated. Women ought to mingle in all the occupations of men, as if the physical differences did not exist. The movement goes to obliterate, as far as possible, the distinction between sexes. Nature is, no doubt, amused at this attempt. A recent writer¹ says, "The *femme libre* [free woman] of the new social order may, indeed, escape the charge of neglecting her family and her household by contending that it is not her vocation to become a wife and a mother ! Why, then, we ask, is she constituted a woman at all ? Merely that she may become a sort of second-rate man ?"

The truth is that this movement, based always upon a misconception of equality, so far as it would change the duties of the sexes, is a retrograde.² One of the most striking features in our progress from barbarism to civilization is the proper adjustment of the work for men and women. One test of a civilization is the difference of this work. This is a question not merely of division of labor, but of differentiation with regard to sex. It not only takes into account structural differences and physiological disadvantages, but it recognizes the finer and higher use of woman in society.

The attainable, not to say the ideal, society requires an increase rather than a decrease of the differences between the

sexes. The differences may be due to physical organization, but the structural divergence is but a faint type of deeper separation in mental and spiritual constitution. That which makes the charm and power of woman, that for which she is created, is as distinctly feminine as that which makes the charm and power of men is masculine. Progress requires constant differentiation, and the line of this is the development of each sex in its special functions, each being true to the highest ideal for itself, which is not that the woman should be a man, or the man a woman. The enjoyment of social life rests very largely upon the encounter and play of the subtle peculiarities which mark the two sexes ; and society, in the limited sense of the word, not less than the whole structure of our civilization, requires the development of these peculiarities. It is in diversity, and not in an equality tending to uniformity, that we are to expect the best results from the race.

V. Equality of races ; or rather a removal of the inequalities, social and political, arising in the contact of different races by intermarriage.

Perhaps equality is hardly the word to use here, since uniformity is the thing aimed at ; but the root of the proposal is in the dogma we are considering. The tendency of the age is to uniformity. The facilities of travel and communication, the new inventions and the use of machinery in manufacturing, bring men

tween the two sexes nothing but an actual superiority should decide, it is to be feared that woman would soon be relegated to a condition as hard as that in which she is found among all barbarous nations. It is precisely family life and higher civilization that have emancipated woman. Those theorists who, led astray by the dark side of higher civilization, preach a community of goods generally contemplate in their simultaneous recommendation of the emancipation of woman a more or less developed form of a community of wives. The grounds of the two institutions are very similar. (Roscher's Political Economy, Section ccl.) Note also that difference in costumes of the sexes is least apparent among lowly civilized peoples.

¹ Biology and Woman's Rights, Quarterly Journal of Science, November, 1878.

² It has been frequently observed that among declining nations the social differences between the two sexes are first obliterated, and afterwards even the intellectual differences. The more masculine the women become, the more effeminate become the men. It is no good symptom when there are almost as many female writers and female rulers as there are male. Such was the case, for instance, in the Hellenistic kingdoms, and in the age of the Cæsars. What to-day is called by many the emancipation of woman would ultimately end in the dissolution of the family, and, if carried out, render poor service to the majority of women. If man and woman were placed entirely on the same level, and if in the competition be-

into close and uniform relations, and induce the disappearance of national characteristics and of race peculiarities. Men, the world over, are getting to dress alike, eat alike, and disbelieve in the same things. It is the sentimental complaint of the traveler that his search for the picturesque is ever more difficult, that race distinctions and habits are in a way to be improved off the face of the earth, and that a most uninteresting monotony is supervening. The complaint is not wholly sentimental, and has a deeper philosophical reason than the mere pleasure in variety on this planet.

We find a striking illustration of the equalizing, not to say leveling, tendency of the age in an able paper by Canon George Rawlinson, of the university of Oxford, contributed recently to an American periodical of a high class and conservative character.¹ This paper proposes, as a remedy for the social and political evils caused by the negro element in our population, the miscegenation of the white and black races, to the end that the black race may be wholly absorbed in the white,—an absorption of four millions by thirty-six millions, which he thinks might reasonably be expected in about a century, when the lower type would disappear altogether.

Perhaps the pleasure of being absorbed is not equal to the pleasure of absorbing, and we cannot say how this proposal will commend itself to the victims of the euthanasia. The results of miscegenation on this continent,—black with red, and white with black,—the results morally, intellectually, and physically, are not such as to make it attractive to the American people.

It is not, however, upon sentimental grounds that we oppose this extension of the exaggerated dogma of equality. Our objection is deeper. Race distinctions ought to be maintained for the

sake of the best development of the race, and for the continuance of that mutual reaction and play of peculiar forces between races which promise the highest development for the whole. It is not for nothing, we may suppose, that differentiation has gone on in the world; and we doubt that either benevolence or self-interest requires this age to attempt to restore an assumed lost uniformity, and fuse the race traits in a tiresome homogeneity.

Life consists in an exchange of relations, and the more varied the relations interchanged, the higher the life. We want not only different races, but different civilizations in different parts of the globe.

A much more philosophical view of the African problem and the proper destiny of the negro race than that of Canon Rawlinson is given by a recent colored writer,² an official in the government of Liberia. We are mistaken, says this excellent observer, in regarding Africa as a land of a homogeneous population, and in confounding the tribes in a promiscuous manner. There are negroes and negroes. “The numerous tribes inhabiting the vast continent of Africa can no more be regarded as in every respect equal than the numerous peoples of Asia or Europe can be so regarded;” and we are not to expect the civilization of Africa to be under one government, but in a great variety of states, developed according to tribal and race affinities. A still greater mistake is this:—

“The mistake which Europeans often make in considering questions of negro improvement and the future of Africa is in supposing that the negro is the European in embryo, in the undeveloped stage, and that when, by and by, he shall enjoy the advantages of civilization and culture, he will become like the Euro-

¹ Duties of Higher towards Lower Races. By George Rawlinson. Princeton Review. November, 1878. New York.

² Africa and the Africans. By Edmund W. Blyden. Fraser's Magazine, August, 1878.

pean ; in other words, that the negro is on the same line of progress, in the same groove, with the European, but infinitely in the rear. . . . This view proceeds upon the assumption that the two races are called to the same work, and are alike in potentiality and ultimate development, the negro only needing the element of time, under certain circumstances, to become European. But to our mind it is not a question between the two races of inferiority or superiority. There is no absolute or essential superiority on the one side, or absolute or essential inferiority on the other side. It is a question of difference of endowment and difference of destiny. No amount of training or culture will make the negro a European. On the other hand, no lack of training or deficiency of culture will make the European a negro. The two races are not moving in the same groove, with an immeasurable distance between them, but on parallel lines. They will never meet in the plane of their activities so as to coincide in capacity or performance. They are not *identical*, as some think, but *unequal* ; they are *distinct*, but *equal*, — an idea that is in no way incompatible with the scripture truth that God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

The writer goes on, in a strain that is not mere fancy, but that involves one of the truths of inequality, to say that each race is endowed with peculiar talents ; that the negro has aptitudes and capacities which the world needs, and will lack until he is normally trained. In the grand symphony of the universe, "there are several sounds not yet brought out, and the feeblest of all is that hitherto produced by the negro ; but he alone can furnish it." "When the African shall come forward with his peculiar gifts, they will fill a place never before occupied." In short, the African must be civilized in the line of his capacities. "The present practice of the friends of Africa is to frame laws according to

their own notions for the government and improvement of this people, whereas God has already enacted the laws for the government of their affairs, which laws should be carefully ascertained, interpreted, and applied ; for until they are found out and conformed to, all labor will be ineffective and resultless."

We have thus passed in review some of the tendencies of the age. We have only touched the edges of a vast subject, and shall be quite satisfied if we have suggested thought in the direction indicated. But in this limited view of our complex human problem, it is time to ask if we have not pushed the dogma of equality far enough. Is it not time to look the facts squarely in the face, and conform to them in our efforts for social and political amelioration ?

Inequality appears to be the divine order ; it always has existed ; undoubtedly it will continue ; all our theories and *a priori* speculations will not change the nature of things. Even inequality of condition is the basis of progress, the incentive to exertion. Fortunately, if to-day we could make every man white, every woman as like man as nature permits, give to every human being the same opportunity of education, and divide equally among all the accumulated wealth of the world, to-morrow differences, unequal possession, and differentiation would begin again. We are attempting the regeneration of society with a misleading phase ; we are wasting our time with a theory that does not fit the facts.

There is an equality, but it is not of outward show ; it is independent of condition ; it does not destroy property, nor ignore the difference of sex, nor obliterate race traits. It is the equality of men before God, of men before the law ; it is the equal honor of all honorable labor. No more pernicious notion ever obtained lodgment in society than the common one that to "rise in the world" is necessarily to change the "condition."

Let there be content with condition ; discontent with individual ignorance and imperfection. "We want," says Emerson, "not a farmer, but a man on a farm." What a mischievous idea is that which has grown, even in the United States, that manual labor is discreditable ! There is surely some defect in the theory of equality in our society, which makes domestic service to be shunned as if it were a disgrace.

It must be observed, further, that the dogma of equality is not satisfied by the usual admission that one is in favor of an equality of rights and opportunities, but is against the sweeping application of the theory made by the socialists and communists. The obvious reply is that equal rights and a fair chance are not possible without equality of condition, and that property and the whole

artificial constitution of society necessitate inequality of condition. The damage from the current exaggeration of equality is that the attempt to realize the dogma in fact — and the attempt is everywhere on foot — can lead only to mischief and disappointment.

It would be considered a humorous suggestion to advocate inequality as a theory or as a working dogma. Let us recognize it, however, as a fact, and shape the efforts for the improvement of the race in accordance with it, encouraging it in some directions, restraining it from injustice in others. Working by this recognition, we shall save the race from many failures and bitter disappointments, and spare the world the spectacle of republics ending in despotism and experiments in government ending in anarchy.

. INTERMEZZO.

SHEER below us, as we stand to-night
 Leaning on the balustrade, the river
 Flows in such still darkness that the stars,
 Painted on its bosom, scarcely quiver.

Far above us, through the violet depths,
 All those silent stars sweep in their places ;
 What a solemn shining flight they soar,
 From court to court of the eternal spaces !

Oh, how beautiful you are, my love !
 How your heart bounds with its tender yearning !
 How upon your lips, your cheeks, your eyes,
 The fragrant flame of your full life is burning !

Yet alas, alas, the flame shall fall,
 Love and lover shall be dust and ashes,
 While those stars move mercilessly on,
 And the tide still paints their awful flashes !

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE BONANZA FARMS OF THE WEST.

WITHIN the past year or two a new development in agriculture, in the great Northwest, has forced itself upon the public attention, that would seem destined to exercise a most potent influence on the production of all food products, and work a revolution in the great economies of the farm. But not enough was known of this new movement to enable one to form any just estimate of either its force or extent. For the purpose of obtaining the data necessary to a more correct understanding of the operations of what are known as the "bonanza farms," and their present and probable future effects, the writer went upon the ground to make them a study.

On reaching St. Paul I visited the land office of the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad to gather some facts in regard to Southern Minnesota. The land commissioner, James H. Drake, Esq., learning the purpose of my tour in the Northwest, expressed a strong desire that I should go over their road, visit some of the great farms in its neighborhood, and see the country for myself. He spoke enthusiastically of the country, and particularly of the rare opportunities there presented for the investment of capital in agriculture as a first-class financial operation; also of the general and particular attention that great capitalists were giving to the matter, especially on the line of that road, and mentioned a large number who had already embarked in the business, and others who had purchased lands with that object. I desired him to give me a list of some of the names, to which he at once responded with the following memorandum:—

"Thompson and Kendall farm, about 7000 acres; the Rock County farm, near Luverne, Thompson and Warner, 50,000 acres, of which about 6000 acres are

under cultivation; President Drake, of St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad has numerous farms with tenants working on shares; General Bishop, manager of railroad, has 3200 acres under cultivation; George T. Siney, president Metropolitan Bank, New York, has 2000 acres under cultivation, near Sheldon, Iowa; A. E. Orr, of David Dows & Co., New York, has a large farm on the line, and Goldsmidt, the great German banker, Frankfort-on-the-Main, has several large farms; President Drake's son and Horace Thompson's son are each managing large farms, and every director in the organization has his large farms, with tenants cultivating the soil."

The commissioner also placed in my hands a circular, in which he endeavors to prove to the capitalist that investments made in the lands of that road at current prices, and cultivated in wheat and other crops, will pay twenty per cent. upon the whole investment the first year, and fifty-five per cent. the second.

I gladly accepted his invitation, and traveled upon that road to the points he designated, and some others. After running about seventy-five miles upon the borders of a well-wooded stream, we emerged upon an open, treeless, rolling prairie, not unlike the prairies of Kansas; thence to Windom, seventy-two miles further, was a succession of prairie billows, with an occasional lakelet and some dozen apparently flourishing towns.

The morning after my arrival I visited the farm of Richard Barden, Esq., about six miles to the eastward of Windom. Mr. Barden, whom I had the good fortune to meet on the place, is a well-known and prominent grain dealer, residing in St. Paul. He has 2100 acres of land, 1200 of which is in wheat, with a small amount in oats and corn. The work of the farm is done by monthly labor, under

the direction of a superintendent. On the place is a small, neat one-story house, the residence of the superintendent, with two large barns and a long shed. The farm is stocked with a small herd of about twenty-five very fine short-horned cows and two bulls, and a stud of about twenty high-bred mares and horses. There is but a small amount of fencing on the place; the law in Minnesota, as in most of Kansas, allowing the fence question to be decided by the various districts.

About three miles to the south of Mr. Barden's place is the farm of Messrs. Thompson and Shummier, of 1300 acres, with 300 acres in wheat. On the place is a fine two-story double house of wood, occupied by the proprietors. They are young men without families, and sons of well-known capitalists in St. Paul. The place is well stocked and has a small number of sheep. A good part of the work is done by the owners, assisted by other labor in the busier seasons.

We next visited the farm of Thompson and Kendall, about eight miles west of Windom, where we were received by Mr. Kendall, who is a practical farmer and directs the operations. The farm contains 4400 acres, of which 1600 are in wheat, 245 in oats, 265 in barley, 235 in flax, 150 in buckwheat, 40 in turnips, and 40 in sundries; total, 2575 acres.

On the place is a neat one-story white cottage house, the residence of Mr. Kendall and family; also, a large two-story wooden house, for boarding the farm hands, offices, etc.; two large barns; an ice-house with ninety tons of ice; four tenement houses of one story on portions of the farm that had been leased on shares; a corn crib, twenty by one hundred feet, with piggery underneath; two vegetable houses, to contain 3000 bushels; with other large barns, smaller buildings, sheds, and sheep-pens in process of construction. The farm is stocked with 84 head of cattle, a part being good

short-horns; 62 horses, mostly mares; 140 hogs, and 240 sheep, to be increased before winter to 2000, and about 1000 fowls.

At the time of our visit, July 9th, fifteen men were employed; during harvest it was expected that the number would be increased to about eighty. The average number employed during the year is some thirty-five, at a cost of about \$17 per month, their board costing \$4.50 per month.

The yield of wheat, in good seasons, is generally not less than twenty bushels to the acre; this year twelve bushels only are expected. Last year the number one wheat was worth, on the farm, seventy cents; number four, forty cents. (Owing to heavy and unseasonable rains, alternating with hot days, much of the wheat was blasted in Southern Minnesota, and graded as number four.) The oats and barley promised well. Some of the fields of oats were estimated as high as seventy bushels, and barley fifty bushels, to the acre. All but the wheat looked remarkably well. The large amount of flax here growing, as well as in other places, was solely for the oil from the seed. The fibre, which appeared to be long and excellent, was put to no use.

In harvesting the grain fourteen self-binders are used, cutting each a swath of six and a quarter feet, and fifteen acres per day.

Mr. Kendall gave me the following copy of a carefully made up detail statement of the cost per acre of wheat growing:—

ESTIMATE FOR RAISING WHEAT, FURNISHING EVERYTHING.		\$ cts. m.
Plowing $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres per day, \$20 per month wages,		
77 cents per day. Per acre		31
Interest on team \$375, harness \$25, plow \$50, —		
\$450. Per acre		02 2
Wear and tear, 25 per cent. on outfit. Per acre		11 2
Board, man per day, 20 cents; team, 45 cents.		
Per acre		26
Stable men's labor and board. Per acre . . .		20
(Stable men, wear and tear and interest on team and harness for one year included.)		
Sowing 35 acres per day, wages \$20 per month,		
77 cents per day. Per acre		02 2
Board, man 20 cents, team 45 cents per day. Per		
acre		01 9

Wear and tear on seeder \$55, 25 per cent. Per acre	03 9
Interest at 10 per cent. Per acre	2
Harvesting (wire or cord binder) for wire or cord. Per acre	50
15 acres per day, wages \$20 per month, 77 cents per day. Per acre	05 1
Board of man 25 cents, team 50 cents, per day. Per acre	05
Interest on reaper, \$250, at 10 per cent., 150 acres per machine. Per acre	18
Wear and tear on reaper, \$250, at 25 per cent., \$62.50, 150 acres per machine. Per acre	41 6
Shocking man, 77 cents per day, 10 acres per day, and board at 25 cents. Per acre	10 2
Threshing, 25 men at \$2 per day, 40 acres. Per acre	1 25
Board, 25 men at 25 cents per day, 40 acres. Per acre	15 6
Interest and wear and tear on thresher and engine. Per acre	10
Marketing man, 77 cents; board, 20 cents; board of team, 45 cents; 4 acres. Per acre	32 5
Freight, 13 cents per 20 bush. Per acre	2 60
Incidentals, including interest and wear and tear on permanent investment. Per acre	2 00
Total cost per acre	\$8 69 6

This estimate makes the cost of an acre of wheat, yielding twenty bushels, placed in Chicago, with an allowance of ten per cent. interest on the whole investment for land, improvements, machinery, tools, and stock, and also of twenty-five per cent. for wear and tear of tools, machinery, and stock, to be \$8.69 6, not including seed. Allowing \$1 for the seed will make the cost of one acre of wheat, yielding twenty bushels, laid down in Chicago, and paying an ordinary interest, or profit, of ten per cent. on the entire investment, \$9.70, or forty-eight cents a bushel. With wheat at eighty-five cents a bushel in Chicago, this would give an additional profit of thirty-seven cents a bushel, or \$7.40 per acre over and above the ten per cent. of ordinary profit included in the \$9.70 of cost. At this rate, the extraordinary profit of \$7.40 per acre on the 1600 acres of wheat on that farm, on the entire investment, would be \$11,840.

But given the entire outfit of farm, stock, and tools, and putting the cost for wages and board for all work, except threshing, at \$20 a month, with threshing at \$2 per day, the cost of plowing per acre was thirty-one cents; of

sowing, three cents; harvesting, sixty-five cents; and threshing, \$1.25; total, \$2.24 per acre. Adding seed at \$1 per acre would give the total cost of wheat growing at \$3.24 per acre, or a little less than twenty-one cents per bushel on sixteen bushels to the acre, which is the general average for the State. Valuing the wheat at seventy cents per bushel on the farm would give a profit of forty-nine cents per bushel, or \$7.84 per acre, or \$12,544 for the 1600 acres of wheat. By either calculation it is seen that Commissioner Drake's estimate of fifty-five per cent. profit per annum is largely within the figure, as the appreciation in the value of the land would much more than repay the expenditures for improvement upon it. With twenty bushels to the acre the profit would be \$17,216, and with twelve bushels to the acre, the amount expected this year, the profit would be \$8256. The total value of 1600 acres of wheat, at seventy cents per bushel and sixteen bushels to the acre, is \$17,920.

These being the results of actual operations, Commissioner Drake's enthusiasm appears to be fully justified.

From Windom to Sioux Falls, ninety-two miles, was through a country of remarkable beauty, with the land rolling in long and gentle swells, covered with fine grasses, and dotted in wide distances with the improvements and shanties of the small farmers. Occasionally were seen the broad fields and large improvements of the great agricultural adventurers, with numbers of small towns upon the line of the road. On my return I stopped at Luverne, 211 miles from St. Paul, and made my way to the bluff to the north, which proved to be about three miles distant. From the edge of the bluff was presented a magnificent stretch of beautiful country, which, from my point of view, appeared to be without swell or billow of any kind, except upon the opposite side of the valley, where there was a gentle rise to an

apparently interminable plain. In this vast stretch the sparsity of the population was very noticeable. About five miles to the southeast were distinctly seen the farm buildings of the Rock County farm, one of my objective points.

The next morning I drove to the farm of the Rock County Farming Company. The company is incorporated, the owners being Messrs. Thompson, Blakely, and Warner, well-known capitalists of St. Paul. I was received by the superintendent, who drove me over the place, and gave such information as was desired. The farm contains 21,000 acres, of which 4625 are now under cultivation, with a large amount of land newly broken, that will be seeded for next year's crop. Of this amount, 3251 acres are in wheat; 312 acres in barley; 550 acres in oats; 312 acres in flax; and 200 in corn. There are ninety-six horses and mules; twenty-six harvesters; three straw-burning steam threshers; and other farming implements, of the total value of \$15,000. On the place are two stations, about two miles apart, each having one house and two large barns, with other necessary buildings for the care of tools, stock, etc. The house at station one is of wood, two stories high, double, painted white, lathed and plastered, containing the office of the superintendent and boarding accommodation for a large number of men. At station two the house is smaller, of one and a half stories, painted brown, without lath or plaster, and fitted up specially for a boarding-house for the farm hands. The farm is immediately on the line of the railroad, and has two railroad station houses. The number of men employed is, for the month of March, twenty; April and May, fifty-six; June to July 20th, forty; July 20th to August 20th, one hundred and fifteen; August 20th to November 15th, seventy; November 15th to the end of February, twelve. The average wages are \$18 per month.

In going over the farm I had an excellent opportunity to observe the difference between good and bad cultivation. In some of the fields a portion of the wheat looked well, and would in all probability yield eighteen to twenty-two bushels to the acre; whilst the other portion was short, thin, choked with weeds, and would not yield more than ten bushels. One part had been well plowed, harrowed, and seeded, showing wheat without weeds, of better growth and good stand. There can be no doubt that much of the partial as well as total failure that I observed might have been very much lessened, if not altogether averted, by better cultivation. Here, as in other places, the corn, oats, and barley gave better promise than the wheat, though some of the fields of wheat had a very good appearance. In a number of places there were gangs of a dozen or more plows engaged in breaking new ground for next year. Each plow was of the sulky pattern, with disk coulter, drawn by three mules or horses, the driver occupying a seat between the wheels. One of the plows was of a new pattern, being without a land side, and cutting a sixteen-inch-wide furrow, four and a half inches deep, which it turned beautifully.

On this farm, and at other points on this road, grasshoppers were doing some damage. Earlier in the season the superintendent had made a raid upon them, and he showed me some black heaps, which he said contained fifty-six bushels of that insect plague, and which he had caught in a tar machine from the side of one quarter section.

Everywhere fruit-growing appeared to be altogether neglected, and vegetable gardens and poultry were scarce.

I was informed that the large farmers on the road obtained "special rates" for their transportation, and that these rates were fifty per cent. below the rates charged to the small farmers; and that their farming implements and machin-

ery were obtained at thirty-three and one third per cent. discount from published prices.

The buildings of some of the small farmers who have been located here for four or five years, or more, had a comfortable appearance; but the new settlers were generally without a sign of comfort. So far as I could learn, in conversation with them and upon inquiry, there was the same distress that I had found in Kansas and other places. In speaking of this matter with the superintendent of the Rock County farm, he told me of an incident in his farm business that illustrated their poverty. Having occasion to find board for some of his men who were at work at a distance too far from either station to be boarded there, he made application to one of the small farmers in the neighborhood. Yes, he would be glad to do it; but before he took them he must get some wood, as he had none; and he had not more than enough flour for one day, and he had no groceries, and the store-keeper would not give him credit. The superintendent then applied to another farmer, who had wood and flour enough to last for a few days, but neither coffee, tea, sugar, lard, nor other groceries, and the grocer would not credit him. The superintendent supplied the farmer with what he needed, and sent the men to him. In town I was told that generally the small farmers were hopelessly in debt, and so I was informed by some of the farmers themselves.

Flour was selling in the towns at \$7 a barrel. I did not anywhere notice any flouring mills.

The valley of the Red River of the North, in the northern part of Dakota and the southern portion of Manitoba, is about three hundred and fifty miles in length, north and south, and sixty miles wide, east and west, of unsurpassed fertility and beauty, the timber being confined to the immediate margins of the streams. The surface is nearly

level, with hardly sufficient dip to afford to all parts a thorough drainage; but much the larger part is well drained by the smaller water-courses that empty into the Red River, giving large bodies of rich vegetable and alluvial loam, well adapted to the growth of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and the vegetables grown in the Northern States. It is too far north for corn. The wetter portions of the valley afford abundant grass, which is used for feeding and cut for hay. It is claimed that the capabilities of this valley are equal to the present wheat production of the whole United States. The Northern Pacific road crosses the valley at Fargo, which lies on the west side of the river, about fifty miles above its southern end, and holds a land grant of forty miles on each side of its track. The St. Paul and Manitoba road traverses the valley from south to north, about ten miles to the east of the river.

The failure of Jay Cooke & Co., in 1873, had the effect of throwing large bodies of the lands belonging to the Northern Pacific road into the hands of the holders of its securities. Among them were the owners of some of the farms hereafter described.

Oliver Dalrymple, of St. Paul, the pioneer in the great farm operations in this country in the Northwest, began fourteen years ago, in Minnesota, near St. Paul, where for a number of years he successfully cultivated a farm of 2500 acres. At the time he commenced his operations near St. Paul, in 1866, he paid \$2 a bushel for his seed wheat, and sold his crop for \$1.83 per bushel; from his first crop paying for the whole investment, and leaving a large surplus.

After the Northern Pacific lands had passed into individual hands, as above referred to, Mr. Dalrymple entered into an arrangement with some of the holders, by which he was to undertake the management of their lands in the growing of wheat and other products,—the

proprietors of the lands to furnish land, stock, and tools, and the capital required for seed, labor, and improvements, — upon condition that when the products of the farms had repaid all the expenditures, with an agreed interest, he was to receive a clear title of one half of each farm with its stock and improvements.

In the spring of 1876 he commenced his operations near Castleton, upon what are known as the Cass farm, of 6355 acres, and the Cheney farm, of 5200 acres. The following year work was begun on the Grandin farm, at Grandin, of 40,000 acres. Subsequently, Mr. Dalrymple obtained in his own right the Alton farm, of 4000 acres, adjoining the Cass farm.

On arriving at Fargo, July 12th, I attempted to find Mr. Dalrymple at his office in that town, but did not succeed, he being at Castleton. Most fortunately, I encountered Mr. J. L. Grandin, who at once cordially invited me to his farm at Grandin, thirty-six miles to the north of Fargo.

That portion of the farm known as the Grandin, in which Mr. Dalrymple has an interest and which he manages, lies on the west side of the Red River, about six miles to the north of Elm River, a tributary. It has a frontage on Red River of four miles, and contains 28,000 acres. A portion, only, is in a solid body; on the western side the alternate government sections being held by other parties. Some six miles farther to the north, on Goose River, another tributary of the Red, is another body of 12,000 acres, which make up the 40,000 acres of the Grandin farm. Twenty-four miles to the west the Grandin brothers, J. L., W. J., and E. B. Grandin, bankers of Tidioute, Pennsylvania, have a farm of nearly 30,000 acres, known as the Mayville farm, in which Mr. Dalrymple has no interest. This last farm is designed for stock raising, being well supplied with water from the heads of the Elm and Goose rivers, and

has at present 250 head of cattle. About 200 acres are in oats and barley, with some wheat, and 600 to 800 tons of hay are cut.

J. L. Grandin is the principal owner of the 40,000 acre, or Grandin farm. At present there are on the farm three stations, or points where are located the farm buildings necessary for the operations in their sections. Station one is in the northeastern part of the 28,000 acre tract, about 250 yards distant from the river. At this station are two dwellings, both of two stories and good size, one being the residence of the local superintendent and the foreman at that station; the other is fitted up specially as a boarding-house for the farm hands. There are also two large barns, the general farm office, a large building for the storage and care of the farm tools, known as machinery hall, a steam feed-mill, blacksmith shop, granary, vegetable store-houses, piggery, sheds, etc., — in all thirteen good, substantial, well-painted buildings, having the appearance, at a short distance, of a considerable village. At this station are two large windmills, one near the superintendent's residence; the other on the bank of the river, about 300 yards distant, that forces water into a tank at the station. On the bank of the river is a store-house for the shipment of grain, with two cars to run on a double wooden tramway, so arranged that the loaded car in descending to the boat will draw up the empty one. Station two is two and one half miles to the south of station one, containing the dwelling of the foreman at that station and a boarding-house, both smaller than at station one, a machinery hall, a large barn, and a blacksmith shop, with other buildings, eight in all, substantial and well painted. At this station is a large water tank, filled by a windmill on the bank of the river, one half mile to the east. On the river-bank at that point is another store-house like that at station one, and for

the same purpose. Station three, one half mile south and one mile west of station two, has one dwelling of one and a half stories for the foreman there located, and cooking arrangements for the men there employed, who find sleeping room in the loft over the machinery hall; beside which is a large barn and other smaller buildings. At this station there was being erected a granary of the capacity of 50,000 bushels. The buildings of this station are of the same substantial character as the others upon the farm. The three stations are connected by telegraph and telephone, and with the general office at station one.

The numbers employed on the place are, from April 1st to May 1st, 150 men; from May 1st to July 15th, twenty men, but if breaking new ground, fifty men; from July 15th to July 30th, 100 men; from August 1st to September 15th, 250 men; from September 15th to November 1st, seventy-five men; from November 1st to April 1st, ten men.

The wages are, from November 1st to April 1st, \$15 per month; from April 1st to May 1st, \$18; from May 1st to August 1st, \$16; from August 1st to August 15th, \$2 per day; from August 15th to September 15th, \$1.50 per day; from September 15th to November 1st, \$18 per month.

The tools, machinery, and animals employed are, sixty-seven plows, of which eleven are gangs of two plows each; sixty-four harrows; thirty-two seeders of eight feet; six mowers; thirty-four self-binding harvesters; seven steam-engines and threshers, adapted to burning straw for fuel; fifty wagons; and 125 head of horses and mules. For thirty days thirty teams of two horses are hired. There are on the place 100 hogs and pigs and thirty head of cattle, but no poultry. This year there are 5300 acres in cultivation, of which 4855 acres are in wheat, 304 acres in oats, 127 acres in barley, and nine acres in potatoes. Amount of hay cut, about 1000 tons.

The men are called up at four o'clock in the morning, breakfast, and get to work at a little after five, and continued till seven P. M., with one hour at noon for dinner, making nearly thirteen hours of work per day.

Every facility was afforded for the fullest observation, and it would be difficult to find a finer sight than was presented by those magnificent fields of grain, standing breast-high, and taking on the golden yellow that precedes the harvest, the top, as far as the eye could reach, as level and smooth as a great table, and when fanned by the wind moving in ripples like a great sea.

It was believed that the yield of wheat would be at least twenty bushels to the acre. Some portions, it was said, would give more than thirty bushels. It certainly was very fine.

The grain grown upon that farm and others near the river was shipped to Fargo by way of the Grandin line of steamers; the river, although narrow and tortuous, affording plenty of water for boats of light draught, the current appearing to run about two and a half or three miles an hour.

On my return to Fargo, by stage, I had for companions two gentlemen from Iowa, who had been examining the valley up to near the British line. They told me that farther to the north the wheat appeared to be even better than at Grandin or nearer Fargo. My attention was again particularly attracted by the numerous and large fields of wheat and oats, some of them a mile square, all along the road, and away from it as far as could be seen from the top of the stage. Inquiry of the driver gave me the information that much the larger portion belonged to men doing business in Fargo, or its neighborhood. It was Dr. A, or Lawyer B, or some merchant, or trader, or speculator, who owned this or that field. There, as elsewhere, everybody had turned wheat grower, or farmer of some kind.

Two miles east of Castleton, and eighteen west of Fargo, is the station of Dalrymple and the site of the Cass, Cheney, and Alton farms, forming one compact body of land upon the two sides of the road, six miles in length north and south, and four miles in width east and west; this being one wheat field for the six miles north and south, and three miles upon the road, except a few small fields of oats and barley.

The Cass farm, owned by Charles W. Cass, of New York city, has 6355 acres, of which 4327 acres are in wheat, and 350 acres in oats and barley; newly broken ground for next year's seeding, 320 acres. The Cheney farm, of 5200, acres owned by Benjamin P. Cheney, Boston, Massachusetts, has 3480 acres in wheat and 320 acres in oats and barley. No new land broken. The Alton farm, of 4000 acres, the exclusive property of Mr. Dalrymple, has about 2000 acres in grain (I have not the exact figures), and 1200 acres of newly broken land.

The Cass and Cheney farms will employ, during harvest and threshing, 235 men; the Alton farm in the same ratio, or about fifty-five men. During the winter season each farm will require two or three men to take care of the stock and look after the machinery and buildings, — say seven men. Where no new land is broken, not more than ten men are needed on either farm between seed time and harvest, — say twenty-five men for the three farms. During seed time the three farms employ about 125 men.

The four farms, being under one management and conducted on the same principle, require the same number of men, animals, and tools for every hundred acres under cultivation, and are under substantially the same rate of expense; so that the report for the Grandin farm will closely indicate the working force and methods of the others. The accounts of each farm are kept altogether separate and distinct. Every-

where was observed the same evidence of good husbandry, substantial and well-kept buildings and improvements, tools and stock, as on the Grandin farm. In none of the fields were weeds to be seen. There are no field fences. The face of the country is one broad, unbroken field, except for an occasional station of the large farms or small farm buildings.

Most persons in reading of fields described by hundreds and thousands of acres can form but little idea of their actual or comparative extent. To assist to a better understanding of the size of these fields and farms, I will state that Manhattan Island, the site of the city of New York, has an area of about twenty-two square miles or 14,000 acres. The fields of grain of the three farms lying together, near Castleton, contain an area of 10,477 acres, or about three fourths of the area of the city of New York. The Grandin farm of 40,000 acres has space enough for three cities like New York. The whole farm property of the Grandins would furnish sites for five such cities. Whatever else may be said of these operations, they certainly are not wanting in grandeur.

It was claimed that the yield of wheat on these three farms would not be less than twenty-two bushels to the acre. Some portions of the fields on the Alton farm were the finest that I had ever seen.

A careful estimate of the cost of wheat growing on the four farms under Mr. Dalrymple's management would show a cost materially less than that given by Mr. Kendall on the Thompson and Kendall farm, which was \$3.24 per acre, the land, stock, and tools being furnished. But on the Thompson and Kendall basis of \$3.24 per acre of cost, with twenty bushels per acre of yield, at seventy cents per bushel, there would be a cost of a little more than sixteen cents a bushel, and a profit of \$10.76 per acre. This would give a profit on the crop of wheat on the four farms of \$157,763,

or for the Grandin farm alone of \$52,239. The total value of the whole amount of wheat at seventy cents would be \$205,268, or for the Grandin farm, \$67,970. But the proprietors confidently expect to realize not less than ninety cents a bushel for their wheat, on account of its superiority and the facilities they can command for transportation and storage. They, also, have "special railroad rates."

Between Fargo and Bismarck, a distance of 194 miles, are many farms of the size of thousands of acres, that are already under partial cultivation, or are being prepared for immediate cultivation under similar conditions. Among those farthest west may be mentioned one at the eighth siding, eighty-three miles from Fargo, the farm of Adams and Russell, with 700 acres in grain; at the thirteenth siding, 143 miles west, the Troy farm, owned by Van Deusen, of Troy, New York, with 1400 acres now broken for next year; at the fourteenth siding, 151 miles west, the farm owned by Steele, of Milwaukee, of 5120 acres, with 750 acres in grain and 1200 acres of new land broken; and at the seventeenth siding, 181 miles west, the Clark farm, owned by capitalists in Philadelphia, who are said to hold vast tracts on both sides of the road, with 500 acres in grain and 1000 of new land broken. These farms I saw from the cars, and I learned that for miles upon either side of the road similar farms and work were to be seen.

The small farmers and their shanties in that region were not numerous; but so far as I could learn, their condition was not relatively better nor worse than in other sections.

In Minnesota, as in Dakota and Kansas, a large portion of the residents of the towns, especially on the lines of the railroads, with the officers, conductors, engineers, and other employees of the roads, were generally adventurers in agriculture, holding and cultivating by

contract, shares, or otherwise, such lands as they could obtain and work.

I found that in most places, from Brainard, Minnesota, to Bismarck, Dakota, in all the great region where wheat is grown so abundantly and cheaply, first-class flour, such as was made from the quality of grain there grown, was selling at about \$7 a barrel. I did not observe any flouring mills upon the lines of the roads.

I particularly noticed the conspicuous absence of women and children on the large farms. In no case was the permanent residence of a family to be found upon them, nor anything that could be called a home, with a possible exception in the case of Mr. Kendall, on the Thompson and Kendall farm. The idea of home does not pertain to them; they are simply business ventures.

Naturally, this will save all expense of schools or churches in their neighborhood, and the school-master and clergyman will there have a perpetual holiday. But I was pleased to see that a Sunday service was held on the Grandin farm, conducted by the book-keeper.

Throughout my tour it was noticed that there was a great abundance of unemployed labor. The morning I left the Grandin farm there were at one time thirteen men at the office door soliciting work, a portion only obtaining it, the others tramping onwards in further search. On one of the farms I inquired of one man what pay he was receiving. He said, eight dollars; but he was promised more during harvest. I then asked him where he expected to get work after the harvest was over. He said he did not expect to be able to find any before the next spring's work commenced.

To weigh well the economic effects of the developments here considered, it must be remembered that they are yet in their infancy; that they are mainly the growth of the last half of the present decade; and we must make some effort to estimate the probable future develop-

ment of the same forces and effects under the present rate of acceleration. All parties engaged in these operations concurred in the statement that great numbers of capitalists who are already large holders of agricultural lands, as well as others who have not yet obtained any, are only waiting the favorable result of the present harvest before they also enter into the business. The amount of new land broken, in all directions, for future seeding is very great.

The two great facts shown by these observations are that those who have gone into wheat growing upon a large scale, making use of the most improved machinery and cheap labor, are making colossal fortunes at seventy cents per bushel for wheat, limited only by the number of acres cultivated and the skill with which the work is done, and that wheat may be grown at large profit for less than forty cents per bushel; but that, on the other hand, the small farmers, depending mainly on their own labor, with limited capital and less machinery, are not making a comfortable subsistence, but are running behindhand, and must go under, and that a further reduction in the market price for food products must hasten their end.

The development of the large farm interest is by no means confined to Kansas, Minnesota, and Dakota. The sections covered in my tour are but three points where these developments have been the most recent as well as of great extent. In Texas there has been a movement in the same direction of perhaps unparalleled magnitude.

California is noted for its great farms of tens of thousands of acres, and the great extent of its area cultivated by tenantry. Throughout the whole region of that portion of our Western country which was not cursed by the existence of slavery there has, within the present decade, been an alarming increase in the number of great land-holders, who, with all the power of capital and cheap labor,

have entered into deadly competition with the small farmer. Before the census of 1870 had been taken, the movement had already begun throughout all the free States, as shown by the following table: in which are presented first, the number of farms of 1000 acres and upwards in the non-slaveholding States west of Ohio, in the years 1860 and 1870; and, second, the number of farms of the same character in the non-slaveholding States east of Ohio, and including that State, as shown by the census reports for 1870.

	1860	1870		1860	1870
California	262	713	Connecticut	4	1
Illinois	194	302	Maine	2	0
Indiana	74	76	Massachusetts	0	3
Iowa	10	88	New Hamp-		
Kansas	1	13	shire	4	6
Michigan	3	5	New Jersey	6	8
Minnesota	0	2	New York	21	36
Nebraska	1	0	Ohio	112	69
Nevada	2	3	Pennsylvania	15	78
Oregon	47	88	Rhode Island	0	2
Utah	0	2	Vermont	11	15
Washington	1	12			
Wisconsin	11	32			
	606	1286		175	216

In the Northwestern States, between 1860 and 1870, the number had more than doubled, and in the northeastern section, the very oldest portion of the agricultural region of our country, the increase had been nineteen per cent.

Of the movement in the present decade enough has been shown to demonstrate that within the last twenty years we have taken immense strides in placing our country in the position in which Europe is found after a thousand years of feudal robbery and tyranny of wealth, — with the lands concentrated in large tracts in the hands of the few, and cultivated by a people who are dependent upon the rich.

Under the operations of what capitalistic economists declare to be a "beneficent competition" and the present great division of labor, the small farmer cannot successfully compete with his gigantic neighbor who commands unlimited resources of capital and cheap labor.

Before the present great division of labor, the farmer and his family, when not employed in planting and reaping, were engaged in spinning and weaving, and the other manufacturing operations of the farm household which provided the family with the food, clothing, and shelter necessary for a comfortable and often luxurious subsistence. But now, through the changes that have been wrought by machinery and new forces, the domestic manufacturing industries have been irretrievably destroyed, or developed under other forms and conditions in the towns and cities, leaving to the farm only the work of producing the raw products of bread and meat. Even these raw products must go into the market for manufacture, under the conditions described in the milling operations in Kansas, before the farmer can use any portion of them for his own food, as must the raw products of cotton and wool before their growers can use them for clothing. But bread and meat do not form more than one fourth part of the subsistence of society, nor of any of the members of society,—not even of the farmers. Therefore the farmer must have such a market for his raw food products as will supply him with all the necessities of life, or he will starve as surely as the manufacturers of cloth, or the makers of boots and shoes. But the imperative laws of the seasons have limited the time for the effective industry of the farmer to about one fourth part of the year, during which time the small farmer must make provision for all his force for the full year, and from the fruit of the labor of himself and his own family solely, during seed time and harvest, must provide for all their wants and comforts until the return of those seasons.

But with the capitalistic farmer it is very different. The facts that I have gathered show that upon the Grandin farm, for example, during the four weeks of seed time, from April 1st to May 1st, there were 150 men employed; and for

the six weeks of harvest, from August 1st to September 15th, there were 250 men, at wages that would barely support the workers during the time they worked; for the five months from November 1st to April 1st, there would be only ten men, as estimated, but in fact only five were employed during that period of the past season, with neither woman nor child at any time. While the small farmer is compelled to feed, clothe, shelter, and altogether provide for the same number of persons for the whole year, the capitalist feeds, clothes, and shelters only about one fourth of the number, in proportion to the amount of work done, and that for less than one fourth of the year. In doing this the capitalist brings to his assistance the most improved and highly developed machinery, such as the small farmer can utilize to but a comparatively slight degree.

Against the unlimited use of this combination of capital, machinery, and cheap labor the individual farmer, either singly or in communities, cannot successfully contend, and must go under. It is a combination of the most powerful social and economic forces known to man, and all efforts for competition must and will fail so long as the three remain united.

The development of the large farm interest has the direct and immediate effect of impoverishing the sections in which the farms exist, and skinning the lands without any compensating benefits. Not one dollar of the gross amount or net profit received from the products of the soil is returned and placed upon the land from which it is taken, except in the construction of the fewest buildings necessary to shelter and protect the laborers in the working season, and for the care of the work stock and the tools. On the whole 5300 cultivated acres of the Grandin farm there was not one family finding a permanent home by virtue of title in the soil, where there should have been at least one to every fifty

acres of plow land, or 106 families. This would give 106 houses in place of the five there at present, and 106 barns in place of three, with other buildings in like proportion; and a population of at least 500, where there is not now one fixed inhabitant, with all the accessories of household comforts and home improvements that do not now exist in the smallest degree.

The large development of the tenant system of farming is an evil of the greatest magnitude. The effects of the system have been too apparent in Europe to require any discussion in these pages. But with us it has features worse than any ever known in Europe. The tenants in England hold leases and occupa-

tions that practically run for life, and often are kept in families for generations, which give encouragement for great improvements, and the farms are practically homesteads. But with us the leases are uniformly for short terms, with no encouragement for improvements, and the farms are never homes. In England the rent has rarely reached, and never exceeded, one quarter the gross product; but in the United States it is commonly one half. Under the English tenant system the land is thoroughly cultivated and improved; with us it is impoverished. There is not one redeeming feature in the whole system in America, and it is in every way worse than in Europe.

OLD CREOLE DAYS AND OTHER NOVELS.

THE fugitive sketches of George Cable, collected under the attractive title of *Old Creole Days*,¹ are as fresh in matter, as vivacious in treatment, and as full of wit as were *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and its audacious fellows when they came, while they are much more humane and delicate in feeling. The scene of all these seven sketches is laid in New Orleans; and certainly no other city on this continent ever began to exhibit such bizarre conjunctions of race and lively clashings of race prejudice as did the Gulf city during the earlier half of the present century, — for a generation or so after the cession of Louisiana. Mr. Cable has availed himself specially of these contrasts to give animation to his legends and reminiscences. French and Spanish creoles, negroes, half-breed Indians, and *Américains* of every grade circulate gayly through his pages, meet and part with immense evo-

lution of electricity; and “we hear them speak each in his own tongue,” for the author’s mastery over mongrel dialects is something marvelous. Surely never before were such novel and varied vocal effects represented by the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet and a few italics and apostrophes. Mr. Cable draws powerfully upon his readers’ emotions also, touching rapidly and surely the stops of laughter and of tears. Some of his plots are better made than others, and occasionally he is almost over-dramatic, relying solely upon the action of his puppets, and hardly pausing or condescending to explain sufficiently, in his own person, to make his motive intelligible. But again, as in the smiling tale of *Madame Delicieuse*, the construction is perfect, — airy as gossamer, and yet firm as steel. *The Belles Demoiselles Plantation* is the most pathetic of the seven legends. *Jean-ah Paquelin* is darker and grimmer in its tragedy, but singularly impressive. *Posson Jone*’ is

¹ *Old Creole Days*. By GEORGE CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1879.

exquisitely droll. One and all have an ardor, a spontaneity, a grace of movement, a touch of fire, which are severally present as elements, and summed up in that rarest of endowments, an original and delightful *style*. Mr. Cable's dialogues are so concise and complete that quotation cannot illustrate them. Each one is a dramatic whole, which to break is to mutilate. A short extract may, however, convey some slight notion of the energy and effectiveness of his descriptive style:—

"The count's grant had once been a long point, round which the Mississippi used to whirl and seethe and foam so that it was horrid to behold. Big whirlpools would open and wheel about in the savage eddies under the low bank, and close up again, and others open and spin and disappear. Great circles of muddy surface would boil up from hundreds of feet below, and gloss over, and seem to float away,—sink, come back again under water, and, with only a soft hiss, surge up again, and again drift off and vanish. Every few minutes the loamy bank would tip down a great load of earth upon its besieger, and fall back a foot,—sometimes a yard,—and the writhing river would press after, until at last the Pointe was quite swallowed up, and the great river glided by in a majestic curve, and asked no more. The bank stood fast, the 'caving' became a forgotten misfortune, and the diminished grant was a long, sweeping, willowy bend, rustling with miles of sugar-cane."

Not even Mr. Cable, however, can be held to have won his double-first until he has acquitted himself of a long romance, and shown that he can suspend his reader's attention, and sustain through at least three hundred pages the same sort of exhilarating interest with which he has so easily invested his detached pieces. Short of his high possibilities, there is a variety of gifts and methods, any one of which faithfully and skillfully employed is worthy of respect, and may

succeed in producing even upon sophisticated minds a genuine, if transient, effect of novelty. The first and most legitimate of these methods preposse is an old and too much discredited one,—the resolute and patient search, namely, for an ingenious plot. This need not even be matter of invention, but only of watchfulness and memory. The permutations and combinations of actual human life are infinite. All the grimy circulating libraries in this land of common schools would not suffice to contain them. Any person who should have taken notes of all the "owere true" tales he ever heard—of all on which he ever felt impelled to make the new and striking commentary, "Truth is stranger than fiction"—would possess plots enough, in the rough, to furnish a Dumas and all his workmen for a life-time. It is not every one, however, who can work up a provided plot, but almost any one can learn to do so. It is mechanical dexterity that is needed here,—the fruit of hard practice backed by dogged determination. There are books, indeed, whose materials are excellent, which are made worthless and woful simply by the indolence of their writers; but there are a great many more in which the author naïvely relies on his own fancied fascinations, on the indirect revelation of a personality which is supremely self-interesting, to render attractive themes altogether too slight and trite. Just now, to be sure, the *roman intime* is not specially in fashion, and it had better, perhaps, be resigned to the Latins who invented it. But when a writer who has already won the affections of the public, and who has given abundant proof upon other occasions of some dramatic ability, is willing to lay self aside, and hunt the humble by-places of unrecorded fact for strange characters and fates perturbed and implicated by sinister and incalculable events, we have the second-best reason possible for expecting an engrossing result.

And this is precisely what Miss Ingelow has done in her latest prose romance, *Sarah de Berenger*.¹ Her first, *Off the Skelligs*, was a novel of conversation and character purely; the incidents, for the most part, simple and domestic, the sentiment mild. In *Fated to be Free*, still working with the same commonplace materials, she sought to heighten their effect by introducing a mystery, — a family secret, which the author herself respected so profoundly that she could not quite make up her mind to disclose it even at the end, and so its importance to the story was never made perfectly clear. In her third attempt, she has proceeded in a much more workman-like manner. She has discovered, or devised, a situation at once extremely new and curious, and not absolutely improbable. An English peasant woman, with an education somewhat above her rank in life, and a soul very much so, marries an exceedingly bad man, a lame cobbler, with a delicate, handsome face, who, after committing almost every crime in the decalogue, is convicted of burglary and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years. The woman — Hannah Dill by name — has an infant girl born after the father's conviction, and another not quite two years old, and is left, of course, in abject poverty. But before she has regained her strength after her confinement, she falls heir to a little fortune from a far-away relative, — a thriving tradesman in a distant town. It is enough to place herself and her children beyond the reach of want, and she resolves that, at the cost of any sacrifice to herself, she will so use this money as to place them, at least, beyond the reach of shame. She therefore changes her own name and that of the children, taking a homely one herself, and adopting for the little girls, almost at random, the aristocratic *De Berenger*. She then quits the region where her husband's story was known,

and appears at a quiet watering-place on a distant part of the coast in the character of the children's nurse. She dresses and treats them in all respects like the children of gentlefolks, who have been placed in her charge by parents in some foreign land, — presumably India; and her extremely respectable appearance and unremitting devotion to her little charges go far to justify the extraordinary confidence which seems to have been reposed in her. As time goes on, everything favors the success of her self-abnegating stratagem. She falls in with *bona fide* *De Berengers*, who are led by a singular succession of accidents to accept, and in some sort adopt, the little waifs as connections of their family. The rich and eccentric spinster for whom the book (mistakenly, we think) is named having resolved, with a characteristic contempt of evidence, that these are the children of a certain favorite nephew of her own, a scapegrace who died under a cloud in India, proceeds to prefer them to all her authentic heirs-at-law, and in the end bequeaths them her wealth. The plot is really so very skillfully and up to a certain point strongly made that, like an ingenious machine, it seems for a while to go of itself, and to evolve strange incidents and complications without the perceptible interference of the author's hand. The children, who have inherited the delicate personal beauty of their worthless father, grow up, in the refined atmosphere of the rural rectory which becomes their home, sweet-tempered, high-minded, and thorough-bred. The mother, having first managed legally to transfer her little competence to her girls, takes service in the same house, feeds her eyes upon their ripening loveliness, her heart by humble cares for them, and never once betrays her consanguinity. Just as they are blooming into early womanhood, the father is released from prison, having served out his full term. The wife tries for a time to keep herself hidden, but is

¹ *Sarah de Berenger*. A novel. By JEAN INGELow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

at last seen and recognized by her husband. He is apparently a reformed man. The woman for whom he once forsook his wife is dead. He has heard, and fully believes, that his legitimate children are also dead, and his wife's little legacy lost by an unfortunate investment; and she tacitly allows these impressions, but considers it a matter both of conscience and prudence to return to her husband, — quitting abruptly the happy place of service where she had her darlings constantly under her eye, and leaving there no clue to her whereabouts. From this point the story moves faster, and constantly gains in power and pathos. The tale of the cobbler's conversion in prison, the strange explanation and agreement between husband and wife, the sad and stern reconciliation of the injured woman, the curious association in her simple soul of a mystical faith in the criminal's "forgiveness" with an instinctive shrinking, which deepens into intense aversion, whenever he inclines to publish or parade his repentance, — all these are wonderfully well studied and poetically portrayed. The pathos of the story, which becomes extreme at its close, is very finely reserved. It is all in situation, as it should be, — never in phraseology. The mother sees her daughters, whom she had lifted up by her own self-annihilation, only once again before she leaves them in the lot to which they were not born. It is on the morning of the marriage of the elder and of her own death, and even then she is recognized only as the fond old servant, and her true story is never known.

There are some artistic faults in Miss Ingelow's romance. Sarah de Berenger herself must be pronounced a failure. She may very well have existed, or even have been selected from life, but she is not well "taken." There are plenty of absurd people in the world, and no end of inconsequent talk, but hers has not the ring of reality. The right note is never quite reached. Miss

Ingelow seems to have reasoned that we have all known people queer and perverse enough to have assisted, out of their mere wrong-headedness, the unnatural consummation of her story; and so we have. But queer characters are like extraordinary effects in nature, — it is extremely difficult to represent them artistically. When a particularly quaint or glaring object is introduced the whole picture must be toned up to it, or it remains a helpless monstrosity. Miss Austen may possibly not have known this, but she did it perfectly, in Mr. Collins, in Miss Bates, in all her preëminently delightful fools, whose effect she subdued by such fine gradations of folly in the minor characters. The other De Berengers do not so subdue Sarah, and her crowning freak, whereby the poor mother is enabled to complete and confirm her self-sacrifice, appears like a preposterous invention. The story is also marred by much fragmentary and futile discussion of the temperance question. It is not proven that a novel with a purpose can be, under any circumstances, a first-rate novel, but it is quite certain that he who would present his theories in a dramatic form must have the one-sidedness of absolute conviction and be impelled by overmastering zeal. Idle and impartial considerations are only so much rubbish impeding the movement of the play. Just so the question of pauper emigration was dragged into *Off the Skelligs*, and dragged out again. It had no vital connection with the tale, and no more had temperance with the tragedy of *Hannah Dill*.

And still Sarah de Berenger is a marked book, more than ordinarily symmetrical and impressive. Indirectly, moreover, and quite independently of the temperance tirades, it suggests thought — as the work of so thoughtful and philanthropic a spirit could hardly fail to do — on more than one doubtful problem of morals and sociology: whether deception is ever justified by beneficent re-

sults,—for of course the first and last word of any honorable man of affairs on such a performance as poor Hannah's would be that it was both virtually impossible and unpardonably wrong; and again, is breeding really so much more than birth that the Dill children could possibly, even under circumstances happy as theirs became, have grown up into the dainty, tender, delicate-minded De Berengers?

Miss Ingelow's answer to the latter query is radically democratic, and contrasts oddly with the depth and strength and deliberateness of proletarian conviction expressed in the work of a new American writer, bearing the significant if somewhat hackneyed title, *A Man's a Man for a' That*.¹ The plot is as threadbare as the name is familiar, yet the book secures attention. Two young Americans travel in Europe and fall in love. Can the reader count the number of American tales of the last five years which may be thus epitomized? The novelty in this case is to be found in a sort of inherent intensity, not to say animosity, of temper, which raises the power of quite ordinary feelings and experiences till they loom up almost epic. *A man's a man for a' that* here means a man's a gentleman for a' that, and the "a' that" of vulgar origin, sordid fortunes, and a hideous environment is realized and set forth with a certain fierce ability and keen, caustic, bitter appreciation of the ludicrous. On this grim background is limned the figure of a hero;—a little too unnaturally knightly and perfect to be wholly attractive, and yet a breathing man, who interests us, and whom, on the whole, we admire. He is masterful, and yet gentle; honorable and sincere. His one great weakness—that of being unduly sensitive about his social disadvantages—seems hardly to have been regarded as a blem-

ish by his eulogistic biographer, while it is enough to make him possible in a fallen world. He is rather inconsequently and defiantly called Edel Schuyler,—a Knickerbocker name being just as cheap as another in a book,—and his development is traced with a species of fervor and unreserve, and there is a blending of pedantry and passion in the language of many parts of the narrative, which would once have been thought unfeminine, but which rather suffices, under the new régime, to render superfluous the author's distinct profession of unfranchised sex. There is at least nothing weak or slow, and much which is truly and in the best sense of the word romantic, about the loves of Sir Edel and Agnes Condolet, the high-born damsel whom he wins to share his obscurity, but whose immense and abrupt social descent is surely overdrawn. Agnes was too distinguished to have parted with every atom of her prestige, even in lands of primogeniture and technical misalliance, while the utmost difference between gentility and humility of position in any known *Lindenhurst* could hardly have been great enough to involve tragic consequences. Nevertheless there are some plain truths racily told in the latter part of the book, and an artistic fitness, greater perhaps than the writer herself intended, in the final adjustment, whereby the hero shakes from his feet the dust of an ungrateful and *uninviting* country, offers the use of his wife's money and his own unappreciated talents to the safest side of the least chivalric of causes, and ends his days in literature comfortably and congenially, as a pampered exile and the pet of the most bourgeois of living European monarchs.

The title, *Moondyne*; or, *A Tale of the Under-World*,² is in itself so peculiar and grewsome that it seems fit to forestall any shock of surprise which might

¹ *A Man's a Man for a' That*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

² *Moondyne*. A Story from the Under-World. By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. Boston: Pilot Publishing Company. 1879.

be received from the contents of the book. It is some relief to find that the under-world means Australia, and not either Hades or Skitzland; and when we have learned so much our inarticulate amaze at once begins to shape itself by memories of Geoffrey Hamlin, the Hilliards and Burtons, and *It is Never too Late to Mend*. There is evidently something about the life and landscape of Australia which powerfully stimulates the imagination. Fifteen or more years have not quite sufficed to bury in oblivion those fresh, early romances of the eccentric Henry Kingsley and the so greatly mutated Reade, and Mr. Boyle O'Reilly's novel is wilder and more wonderful even than they. It is, in fact, furiously improbable, yet it wins the reader's interest and a sort of provisional faith. It is a fable of Titans, having the consistency in absurdity of an exalted dream. A great and generous, if somewhat vague, idea gives it unity, — an idea thoroughly interfused, in this case, with the substance of the story, — that of the complete rehabilitation of condemned criminals by humane treatment. The hero, whose unearthly sobriquet gives the book its name, is a belated demi-god, a convict, unjustly sentenced of course, who escapes from penal slavery and finds an asylum in the heart of the gold-bearing mountains of Australia, among savages as gentle and ideal as the Indians of Mr. Schurz's perpetual dream. These are the true lords of the land and its incalculable treasure, and are living on in their golden fastness, defended by their position from the encroachments of penal civilization. How, precisely, the Moondyne was made free of that hoarded gold — compared with which the treasure of the *Niebelungen* was but a twopenny prize — is not explained; but it is certain that when he reappears in the world he has full command of literally unlimited wealth, which he uses very beneficially. He shapes to his large and merciful views the policy, not of the

convict colony merely, but of the home government. He unravels plots, navigates convict ships, quells mutinies, vindicates the oppressed; himself superior to the tender passion, he favors virtuous attachments, and rewards them by bestowing palaces and principalities with a slight, grave smile; and he perishes in the burning bush in a vain attempt to save the life of his bitterest enemy. Mr. O'Reilly's forte is all dramatic. He excels in the management of exciting incident, of which his tale is prolific, and death in the desert is twice portrayed with a sombre power which equals Blackmore and recalls Browning. In reflective and argumentative writing, on the contrary, he fails almost ludicrously, and his animated narrative is incessantly interrupted and marred by asides wonderful for weak sentiment and bad writing.

Moondyne has a certain careless merit, but it is an uncomfortably *loud* book, and *The Felmeres*¹ is also loud and startling, though differing as widely as possible in pitch and quality of tone from the other. The former is a lusty bass roar, the latter a piercing cry. One wonders at the temerity of the Christian believer who should dare tell at all, much less dream of telling for edification, a story like the following: A girl of the rarest personal and mental gifts is carefully educated by a father whom she passionately reveres in complete scientific atheism. The father is a recluse, driven by great wrongs and sorrows from the world of men, and thus enabled the more triumphantly to carry out the stern and sorry plan of education which he has devised for his child; and the author has succeeded only too well for what we may suppose to have been her own purpose in depicting a noble character, upright, loyal, affectionate, and transparently true, from which every trace of Christian motive and association has been eliminated. From a merely critical point of view,

¹ *The Felmeres*. A Novel. By S. B. ELLIOTT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

the fine and, as one may say, unsullied paganism of Helen Felmore is astonishingly well realized, and we respect the power and intrepidity of the artist who has done it. But over and above this lavish endowment of her creature with every endearing and commanding charm, the author proceeds to contrast her with persecutors of high religious pretensions and honor in the churches, whom she makes cruel, sordid, hypocritical, revengeful, — all which the high-minded heathen whom they rob of joy in life, and finally drive to suicide, is not. And yet the reader is asked — hurriedly and incidentally, indeed, but as if his assent were expected, — to revere the truth which these inquisitors dishonor, and condemn the error which their victim glorifies. It is too much. We pity the tragedy of the tale; we are constrained to approve its execution, but we utterly repudiate its practical application. We cannot help fancying that the author herself lost her bearings a little under the stress of an uncommonly potent story, and was swept aside from her intended course by her own overmastering sympathy with the consistent and heroic spirit whom she had conjured up. It is in vain that she endeavors to right herself by bringing in, near the painful end of the story, a long-lost brother of the heroine, whom she makes a sincere Christian, — a humble and devoted priest. His imperious pleadings, his agonized rehearsal of points of doctrine, have as little effect upon the reader as they had upon the extraordinary woman, foredoomed by the very grandeur of her nature, whom he could by no means shake in her adhesion to the terrible vow once made to stand firm in life and in death by the dearly beloved father who had begotten her fearless spirit, and trained her to such unflinching austerities of mind. The whole conception is at once exceptionally strong and mournfully futile. The book is a failure, — yet not by any means in the way of belittling or insulting the awful

mysteries with which it assumes to deal. It is a failure on so high a level and on so nearly sublime a scale that it recalls irresistibly some of the greatest achievements of the human imagination, and sets the thought wandering in those dim arcana of our nature out of which came the heroic Satan of Milton and the Prometheus of a far elder day.

Miss Elliott, the unquestionably accomplished author of *The Felmeres*, is said to be a daughter of the Bishop of Georgia, and it may be in part the clerical traditions and familiarities which she reveals, as well as her high susceptibility to tragic emotion, which cause her to remind us of Miss Phelps. But she is a far more collected writer than Miss Phelps, though a less practiced one, and the commonplaces which must needs make the fitting of her romance, the talk, the concatenation of events, and the movement from day to day, are managed with an ease and sobriety by which Miss Phelps might well take pattern. We have an opportunity for fresh comparison afforded by the republication, under the title of *Sealed Orders*,¹ of seventeen fugitive sketches by the author of *The Gates Ajar*. Thus collected, they fairly represent the entire range of her power. There is something of her worst in this book, in the way of morbidness of temper and grievous affectations in language, but more of her very best, of impassioned human sympathy, of a noble familiarity with the sorrows and speech of the lowly, of pure pathos and native humor. Miss Phelps excels in short stories and occasional — very occasional — poems. A single thought, or, more correctly, a single emotion, animates every sketch. seizes her mightily as it would seem, and tyrannizes over her until she has dramatized and proclaimed it, when she is ready to receive and transmit another impulse. It is of the nature of inspirations of this order that they come and are spent

¹ *Sealed Orders*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

quickly, and strike one fully where they strike one first. They will not bear being detained, examined, analyzed, tortured, and drawn out into a protracted agony, like that of Avis. In these short pieces, as in her more elaborate works, we have to lament a something faulty, unnatural, — shall we say at once, — unsound, in all Miss Phelps's treatment of the important themes of love and marriage, and also, or perhaps, as the Germans say, *thereby*, an obstinate preference for the gloomy side of life. Here are a few specimen themes: a hunted creature, the victim of cruel chance and his own meek goodness, driven to hard exile and feigned death, that those who have most hurt him might tranquilly enjoy his place and his goods; a vessel drifting rudderless almost within cannon range of its port, week after week, unseen and unspoken, till the crew are starved or hopelessly stricken and aged, and watchers for their coming die of grief upon the shore; another wrecked in full view of home; the soul of one dead trying distressfully, but to no purpose, to make its promised presence felt by a distracted mourner; a Puritan maid withheld by the savage proprieties of her town and time from ministering to her lover while he dies a lingering death. Surely the ability which Miss Phelps undeniably has to win and hold our softened attention to themes so monotonously dreary and uncanny must more than border upon genius.

Nevertheless, the writers who make our hearts bleed, and those others who make our nerves quiver, though these are mostly they who now succeed in fiction, and their effect is quite *en règle*, are alike wearing if we hearken to them too long; and it is in the sad and jaded mood which an overdose of such pungent stuff is well fitted to induce that we are apt wistfully to recall certain slow and dulcet words of the great master of modern criticism: "What we lack is calm and freshness, — a little pure cold

water with which to cool our burning palates. This quality of freshness and delicacy, this limpidity in emotion and sobriety in speech, this soft and quiet shading, as they disappear on all hands from actual life and the works of imagination now produced, become all the more precious when we encounter them in obscurity and in those pleasing compositions where they were last reflected. It would be a mistake to suppose that there is aught of weakness or degeneracy in regretting these vanished charms, these flowers which apparently could only blow in the very last days of an order of society now passed away. . . . In stirring times, in moments of incoherent and confused imagination like the present, it is natural to make for the most important point, to busy one's self with the general working, and everywhere, even in literature, to strike boldly, aim high, and shout through trumpets and speaking-tubes. The modest graces will perhaps come back after a while, — and come with an expression appropriate to their new surroundings. I would fain believe it; but while hoping for the best, I feel sure that it will not be to-morrow that their sentiments and their speech will once more prevail."

Many a to-morrow has come and gone since these patient words were written, and the "modest graces" are as slow in their coming up this way as the Northern spring; and yet, at long intervals, a swallow sings, — a book may be distinguished amid the keen-voiced, gaudily-clad crowd of claimants which Sainte-Beuve himself might possibly have considered hopeful. We think he would so have considered *Delicia*¹ for its delicate truthfulness, its moderation and simplicity, its occasional wit, naïve and irresistible, and thoroughly refined above all; for a certain quaint but high-bred plainness of manner, a blending of perfect polish with utter absence of parade. It

¹ *Delicia*. By B. M. BUTT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

is an English novel, the scene of which is laid in the almost unvisited middle class, and it shows as conclusively as ten of Mr. Matthew Arnold's most persuasive essays could do that the middle class in England are not all Philistines. It has neither a duke nor a navy; the scene is laid in London, yet it never trespasses either upon Belgravia or Tom-all-alone's. The characters are very deftly balanced and discriminated, their destinies most naturally intertwined. There is not a melodramatic situation in the whole book, hardly, one would say, a dramatic one, until it is remembered how seldom the retiring author speaks in her own person, how entirely and with what entire clearness the tale is told by the *dramatis personæ*.

Beside the simplicity, the shapeliness, and the excellent workmanship of *Delicia*, the almost inevitable faults of a first book like the *Earnest Trifler*¹ are especially conspicuous. To say of a young man and woman having a *tête-à-tête* that "he looked at his boots, and his averted attention seemed to relieve her from words that were suggested and vocalized only through his appealing amiability;" to describe an arm-chair as "a comfortable and reverie-breeding receptacle for the person;" to confuse *would* and *should* and *will* and *shall*,—these are things which the apt and clever new writer under discussion will not do in her next book (perhaps), which, in fact, she often amiably forgets to do in the latter half of this one. The new writer is all of clever, and needs, we think, only experience and a more assured and independent command of her capabilities to be highly agreeable. She prepares her entertainment upon a tiny stage, and with a company consisting of two young men of leisure and one young woman in suspense. She has achieved the art of making these three actors converse together at wondrous length, all in the same

light, allusive, ingeniously suggestive, and mysteriously facetious manner, breathing many jokes which they do not stay to point, and potential epigrams which they seem too languid to elaborate. But there cannot be a constant smoke of wit without some little fire; and accordingly, on various occasions, each one of these interlocutors, the earnest trifler himself, and the trifling censor, and the capricious being with whom they trifle or are stern, emit very pretty flashes, as when one says that a certain person was "as homely as if Thomas Nast had made and presented him to his parents." The scenery of the piece is new, and effectively painted. Of the old grave-yard, where one of the most graceful scenes of the little drama passes, it is picturesquely said, "It was dearly old. Time was over and eternity had set in. The grave-stones had ceased to be painstaking and elegant, and had fallen into shiftless attitudes. The very ghosts were taking their ease, and the grief, the anguish, the joy, the sense which afflict mankind seemed distilled into mellow humor and overhanging sunshine. Its manifest disuse; its sunny neglect; its evident desire to bury its own remains under the sods and creepers; its tottering monuments, once upright and firm as the low-lying Christians; its baby-stones, sunken like mumble-the-pegs, all gave the impression that death itself was so old and so obsolete as to have lost its sting." And again:—

"He listened to the swallows and tree-toads; he looked at the pines on the mountains. How sweet the hay was! And a cloud on the horizon had a wonderful complexion! Yet in the gray depths of the evening, and in the blankness of space, an equilibrium like death." (There is a touch of vertigo here; but notice the fine poetic truth of what follows.) "How patient the hills were! What were they waiting for? How breathless the valley! What suspension! What great, what divine indifference!

¹ *An Earnest Trifler*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

What negation, what sleep! It depressed him; it had in it a species of anguish. If the world were made out of nothing, there seemed plenty of material left, around, above, within him, for another effort, — something better yet."

More and more, certainly, as the tale unfolds, the author drops her docile mannerisms, and yields to an impulse from within. Her young men are differentiated. Her heroine arises out of the haze of piquant inconsistencies in which she has been conventionally smothered,

becomes a free agent, and acts spiritedly and well. We like the author none the less, for this time at least, that she swerves from the point at which her tale might have become more intense and sensational, and would probably have done so had her early studies been less guileless. She moves with an accelerating but always circumspect pace to an end which we recognize as both morally fit and poetically just, and we lay her book aside full of the candid wish to meet her again at no very distant day.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

THE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ADMINISTRATION, 1825-1829.

I CANNOT begin my reminiscences by saying, as did the author of *Waverley*, "Tis sixty years since" I first became a sojourner in the District of Columbia, but more than half a century has elapsed since I first saw the federal capital, during the administration of John Quincy Adams. In those days it was no easy task to reach Washington from distant parts of the country, and the members of Congress from those localities used often to leave their homes three or four weeks before the opening of a session. A few performed the journey in their own carriages, and others rode saddle-horses, which they retained for their use during the session, and then sold. But a large majority of the senators, representatives, correspondents, and claimants who came to Washington traveled in the stage-coaches, and there was always a great demand for seats, just before the commencement of a session, on all the lines which centered at the metropolis.

Traveling by stage-coach, although tedious, especially when the roads were

bad, was not without its attractions. Those who were fellow passengers, even if strangers to one another, gradually entered into conversation, and there was generally some one of them who was acquainted with the route, and was able to impart interesting information concerning the localities through which it passed. There was a sense of freedom, an abundant enjoyment of the surroundings, and commonly a disposition to be obliging and considerate by giving up the best seats to ladies, by consenting to the admission or the exclusion of fresh air, or by the convenient arrangement of the feet. Of course, the least amiable qualities of human nature would sometimes assert themselves, and selfish persons would improve the opportunity for making all of the passengers uncomfortable; but the air of the mail-coaches was generally surcharged with patient good humor.

Occasionally the coach would rattle into a village, the driver giving warning blasts upon his horn that the right of way must be given to the United States mail, and then dash up to the stage tavern, before which would be in waiting a fresh team of horses, to take

the place of those which had drawn the coach from the previous stopping place. Time was always afforded those passengers who desired to partake of libations at the tavern bar, and a good half hour was allowed for dinner, — a substantial meal, for which the charge was never over seventy-five cents. Travelers had to keep a sharp lookout for their hair-covered trunks, or their sole-leather portmanteaus, and see that they were safely strapped on the rack behind the coach, or deposited in the boot beneath the driver's seat. Smaller articles were taken inside, including the large paste-board bandboxes in which the ladies carried the Leghorn straw bonnets then the rage.

The stage lines which ended at Washington always had fine teams of horses to run in and out of the city, and passengers arriving used to be taken at full speed up to the door of the hotel which they had previously indicated to their driver. There were half a dozen from which to choose, but the favorite establishment was the Indian Queen Hotel, which occupied the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel, and was designated by a large swinging sign, upon which figured Pocahontas, painted in glaring colors. The landlord, Jesse Brown, who used to come to the curb-stone to "welcome the coming guest," was a native of Havre de Grace, who had served his apprenticeship to tavern-keeping at Hagerstown and in Alexandria. A glance at the travelers, as they alighted and were ushered by him into the house, would enable him mentally to assign each one to a room, the advantages of which he would describe ere sending its destined occupant there under the pilotage of a colored servant. When the next meal was ready, the newly arrived guest was met at the door of the dining-room by Mr. Brown, wearing a large white apron, who escorted him to a seat, and then went to the head of the table, where he carved and helped the prin-

cipal dish. The excellences of this — fish, or flesh, or fowl — he would announce, as he would invite those seated at the table to send up their plates for what he knew to be their favorite portions; and he would also invite attention to the dishes on other parts of the table, which were carved and helped by the guests who sat nearest to them. "I have a delicious quarter of mutton from the valley of Virginia," Mr. Brown would announce, in a stentorian tone, which could be heard above the clatter of crockery and the din of steel knives and forks. "Let me send a rare slice, Mr. A." "Colonel B, will you not have a bone?" "Mrs. C, send up your plate for a piece of the kidney." "Mrs. D, there is a fat and tender mongrel goose at the other end of the table." "Joe, pass around the sweet-potatoes." "Colonel E, will you help to that chicken pie before you?" Those at the table thus knew what was before them without reading elaborately printed bills of fare, often containing the names of a dozen dishes that have no existence except in the imagination of the caterer.

The expense of living at the Indian Queen was not great. The price of board was \$1.75 per day, \$10 per week, or \$35 per month. Transient guests were charged fifty cents for breakfast and for supper, and seventy-five cents for dinner. Brandy and whisky were placed on the dinner table in decanters, to be drunk by the guests without additional charge therefor. A bottle of real old madeira, imported into Alexandria, was supplied for \$3; sherry, brandy, and gin were \$1.50 a bottle, and Jamaica rum \$1. At the bar, toddies were made with unadulterated liquor and lump sugar; the XX ale came from the brewery on the bank of Rock Creek; fresh mint for juleps was brought from the country every day, and yet the charge was but twelve and a half cents a drink. On high days and holydays Brown would concoct foaming egg-nog in a mammoth

punch-bowl once owned by Washington, and the guests of the house were all invited to partake. The tavern desk was behind the bar, with rows of large bells hanging by circular springs on the wall, each with a bullet-shaped tongue, which continued to vibrate for some minutes after having been rung, showing to which room it belonged. The bar-keeper prepared the "drinks" called for, saw that the bells were answered, received and delivered letters and cards, and answered questions by the score. He was supposed to know everybody in Washington, where they resided, and at what hours they could be seen.

Washington had then been called by an observing foreigner "the city of magnificent distances," an appellation which was well merited. There was a group of small, shabby houses around the navy yard and the marine barracks; another cluster on the river bank, just above the arsenal, which was to have been the business centre of the metropolis; and Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to Georgetown, with the streets immediately adjacent, was lined with houses, many of them with shops on the ground-floor. The executive departments were located in four brick edifices on the corners of the square in the centre of which was the White House. The imposing building now occupied by the department of the interior had not been commenced, nor had the general post-office replaced a large brick structure, intended for a hotel, but which the pecuniary necessities of the projector forced him to dispose of in a lottery before it was completed. The fortunate ticket was held by minors, whose guardian could neither sell the building nor finish it, and it remained forty years in a dilapidated condition.

Georgetown, situated at the head of the tide-water of the Potomac, was a port of commercial consequence. The lumbering six-horse wagons of the planters of Maryland and the farmers of

Pennsylvania brought loads of wheat and of corn, taking back dry goods, groceries, and salt. Tobacco had been raised in large quantities in the surrounding region during the preceding century, but it had so exhausted the soil that its cultivation had been abandoned as no longer profitable, and the large inspection warehouse at Georgetown was generally empty. The Potomac River above Georgetown was navigated as far as Cumberland by flat-bottomed long boats called "gondolas." These brought down considerable quantities of flour, corn, pork, and iron, much of which was shipped at Georgetown to other ports; but as they could not be taken back against the stream, they were broken up when their cargoes had been delivered, and the materials were sold to the dealers in lumber. During the year 1812, several hundred hogsheads of Louisiana sugar were brought by the way of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Potomac rivers to Georgetown. This was a realization of Washington's idea that the city which he founded and which bore his name would become an *entrepôt* for the products of the Mississippi Valley destined for shipment abroad. He displayed his faith in this belief by the purchase of wharf lots, which would not today bring what he paid for them.

Pennsylvania Avenue — the Appian Way of our republic — was graded while Jefferson was president, at a cost of \$14,000; he personally superintended the planting of four rows of Lombardy poplars along that portion of it between the Capitol and the White House, — a row along each curb-stone, and two equidistant rows in the road-way, which was thus divided into three parts, like Unter der Linden at Berlin. In the winter and spring the driveway would often be full of mud-holes, some of them axle-deep, and some of the cross-streets would be almost impassable beds of red clay, worked by passing horses and wheels into a thick mortar. On one oc-

casion, when Mr. Webster and a friend undertook to go to Georgetown in a hackney-coach to attend a dinner party, the vehicle got stuck in a mud-hole, and the driver had to carry his passengers, one at a time, to the sidewalk, where they stood until the empty carriage could be pulled out. Mr. Webster, in narrating this incident years afterwards, used to laugh over his fears that his bearer would fall beneath his weight and ruin his dress-suit. John Randolph used to call Pennsylvania Avenue "the great Serbonian bog," and descant on the dangers of a trip over it, to or from the Union Hotel at Georgetown, in the large stage with seats on the top called the "Royal George."

The principal market, known as the "Marsh Market," occupied the site of the present imposing structure at the corner of Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. The butchers were supplied with meats from the excellent pastures of the valley of Virginia; wild ducks, terrapin, fish, lobsters, and oysters were brought in boats from the lower Potomac; and the neighboring farmers had begun to raise vegetables, following the examples set by the European gardeners at Analostan Island, at Arlington, and at the garden in the southern part of the city kept up to supply the Indian Queen tavern with vegetables. The market prices, as collated from a number of account-books, averaged as follows: beef from three to ten cents per pound, mutton from five to seven, veal from five to nine, pork from six to eight, chickens from twenty-five to sixty-two and one half cents per pair, ducks the same, butter from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound; blackfish from six to eight cents per pound, sea-bass from five to seven, lobsters from five to eight; potatoes from thirty to forty cents per bushel, turnips from three to five cents per bunch, carrots from three to five, beets from four to six, cabbages from three to four cents each, cucumbers two

cents each, water-melons four to sixteen cents each, musk-melons three to five cents each. Wood was generally burned as fuel, although some of the diplomats used "sea-coal" imported from England for their especial use. In 1825 Lehigh coal was first introduced, but it was scarce and high priced.

A much-frequented place of resort for congressmen and others of literary tastes was a book-seller's shop on Pennsylvania Avenue, about half-way between the Capitol and the White House, kept by an Englishman named Pishey Thompson. He was a native of Boston in the Lincolnshire fens, a historical account of which he published before he came to America; and after having acquired a competency at Washington, he returned to his quaint old birth-place to publish a new and handsomely got-up edition of his history. He was a short, stout gentleman, of very courteous manners, with small, black eyes, always neatly dressed in black with snow-white shirt-ruffles. It was his delight to chat with any one acquainted with the early history of Boston in New England, and to tell how many of its pioneer settlers, including the Leveretts, the Wheelwrights, the Coddingtons, the Cottons, the Hutchinsons, the Bellinghams, the Bradstreets, and the Johnsons, were from old Boston or its immediate neighborhood.

The barbers' shops which dotted Pennsylvania Avenue, with others on Capitol Hill and at Georgetown, were also much frequented. Elderly gentlemen then wore powdered wigs, or had their hair combed back and tied *en queue*, while all men who had any pretensions to gentility were shaved every day. Mustaches were unknown, and only military and naval officers sported whiskers, which never came more than two inches below the ears. Barbers and hair-dressers had consequently abundant employment, and their shops were generally a morning rendezvous for persons entertaining congenial political views. The

walls were generally adorned with English caricatures, in which Napoleon and the French were presented in ridiculous aspect. In large cupboards with glass doors there were freshly-dressed wigs, in readiness for the daily visit of their owners, who would exchange them for others which needed the comb and hair-powder. When every high-backed chair was occupied by some one in the hands of a barber, and the seats around the shop were filled with patient waiters, new-comers were greeted with cordial assurances that their turns would soon come, while the freshest bits of gossip were narrated to secure good humor.

Washington had not at that time any organized and uniformed police force, and the peace was preserved by a few constables. The whites were not molested when they indulged in private shooting matches in the streets, or resorted to the cudgel or the cowhide to secure "satisfaction" for some fancied or real insult. The blacks were necessarily subjected to severe police regulations, framed to prevent runaways and to guard against insurrection. Any person of color found abroad after nine o'clock at night without a pass was fined or whipped, and they were not allowed to enter the Capitol inclosure, except when performing menial duties.

There were so few hackney-coaches that on great occasions additional ones were brought from Alexandria and even from Baltimore; but the fares were very low, twenty-five cents being all that was charged for conveying a passenger from the Capitol to the departments or hotels. There was but one letter-carrier, whose route extended from the navy yard to Georgetown, a distance of four miles, and who tramped about with great rapidity. Postage was then rarely paid in advance, but he was always willing to deliver a letter on an assurance that the requisite sum — generally twenty-five cents — would be forthcoming when he next passed that way.

The Capitol was pronounced completed in 1825. The two wings, which were the only portions of the building finished when the British occupied Washington, were burned with their contents, including the congressional library and some works of art. When Congress was convened in special session after the invasion, the two houses assembled in the unfinished hotel previously mentioned, but soon occupied a brick building erected for their temporary use, which was afterwards known as the Old Capitol Prison, and has more recently been reconstructed into dwelling-houses. The Capitol was completed under the direction of Mr. C. Bulfinch, a Boston architect. The free-stone columns for the central porticoes of the building were quarried on Higginson's Island in Acquia Creek, near where it empties into the Potomac, brought to Washington on a large, flat-bottomed boat, and dragged to the Capitol by men, many of the senators and representatives pulling at the drag-ropes.

The tympanum of the eastern pediment was ornamented by a historical group, which Mr. John Quincy Adams designed when secretary of state, after having rejected a number of designs made by artists in competition for an offered premium of \$500. It was executed in marble by Luigi Persico, an Italian sculptor, whose work gave such satisfaction to Mr. Adams that he secured for him an order for the two colossal statues which now flank the central door-way. War is represented by a stalwart gymnast with a profuse development of muscle and a benign expression of countenance, partially encased in ancient Roman armor, while Peace is a matronly dame, somewhat advanced in life and heavy in flesh, who carries an olive-branch as if she desired to use it to keep off flies.

The then recently completed *rotunda* of the Capitol — Mr. Gales took pains to have it called *rotundo* in the National

Intelligencer — was a hall of elegant proportions, ninety-six feet in diameter, and ninety-six feet in height to the apex of its semicircular dome. It had been decorated with remarkable historical bas-reliefs, by Cappellano, Gevelot, and Causici, three Italian artists, two of them pupils of Canova. They undoubtedly possessed artistic ability, and they doubtless desired to produce works of historical value, but they failed ignominiously. Their respective productions were thus interpreted by Grizzly Bear, a Menominee chief. Turning to the eastern door-way, over which there is represented The Landing of the Pilgrims, he said, "There Ingen give hungry white man corn." Then turning to the northern door-way, over which is represented William Penn making a treaty with the Indians, he said, "There Ingen give white man land." Then turning to the western door-way, over which is represented Pocahontas saving the life of Captain Smith, he said, "There Ingen save white man's life." And then turning to the southern door-way, over which is represented Daniel Boone, the pioneer, plunging his hunting-knife into the heart of a red man, while his foot rests on the dead body of another, he said, "And there white man kill Ingen. Ugh!"

The rotunda was then also ornamented by the four historical paintings which now adorn it, by Colonel Trumbull, who was employed by President Adams to clean and varnish them. They are not works of high artistic merit, but in all of them the portraits are accurate, while the costumes and accessories are well made out, and executed with a fidelity that will make future historical painters rejoice. Peculiarly speaking, Colonel Trumbull's paintings and the copper-plate engravings of some of them did not pay. How often the artist must have remembered in his old age the reply of his father, when he solicited permission to go to London and study un-

der West, instancing as an argument the glory and reward of the Athenian artists in the days of Pericles. "My son," replied Governor Trumbull, "America is not Greece."

In 1826, the sons of Benjamin West offered to Congress for a nominal sum one hundred and thirty-nine pictures by their distinguished father, as a nucleus for a national gallery of art; but the offer was not entertained. The following year more consideration was paid to a proposition that Washington Allston be engaged to paint the battle of New Orleans for one of the vacant panels in the rotunda. A protracted debate ensued, and attempts were made by the anti-Jackson men to take away the exclusive character of the resolution by adding other battles as subjects to be painted; but all of these failed, and a square vote was taken on the original proposition, which was defeated by a vote of ninety-eight yeas against one hundred and three nays. It was during this debate that John Randolph, who had in years past eulogized Colonel Trumbull's paintings, unmercifully ridiculed them. In closing his scathing criticism, he said, "As all other great subjects had their *nom de guerre*, the Declaration of Independence should be called the *shin-piece*; for such a collection of legs never came together in any one picture."

When Congress was in session, the rotunda presented a busy and motley scene every morning prior to the convening of the two houses. It was a general rendezvous, and the newspaper correspondents were always in attendance to pick up the floating rumors of the day. Office-seekers were rare at Washington in those days; but there were always a few impecunious, moribund politicians to be found in the rotunda.

The library, on the western side of the rotunda, was the morning rendezvous of the ladies who were acquainted with the congressmen. The original library

having been carefully burned by the British, ex-President Jefferson had improved the opportunity to relieve his pecuniary needs by the sale of a portion of his library for \$23,950, which was a high price for the seven thousand five hundred volumes. The classification of Mr. Jefferson was retained, and the books were arranged on shelves in twelve alcoves, each one devoted to a particular topic.

The senate chamber, now occupied by the supreme court, was admirably adapted for the deliberations of the forty-eight gentlemen who then composed the upper house. Modeled after the theatres of ancient Greece, it possessed excellent acoustic properties, and there was ample accommodation in the galleries for the few strangers who then visited Washington. The senate used to meet at noon, and generally conclude its day's work by three o'clock, while adjournments over from Thursday until the following Monday were frequent. Occasionally set speeches would be made on some important question; but the debates were generally colloquial, and as there were no verbatim reports of the proceedings, senators would change or modify their views during the consideration of a bill without being placed on the record as inconsistent and changeable.

John C. Calhoun was vice-president of the United States, and consequently president of the senate,—a position which to him was very irksome, as he was forced to sit and dumbly listen to debates in which he was eager to participate. He had been talked of by some of the best men in the country as a candidate during the recent presidential election, but the North had not given him any substantial support. He was, by instinct and by education, a parliamentary leader, but he was too nervous and too strong a partisan to preside with impartiality over a deliberative body. Tall, well formed, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, with a

serious expression of countenance rarely brightened by a smile, and with his long, black hair thrown back from his forehead, he looked like an arch-conspirator waiting for the time to come when he could strike the first blow. In his dress he affected a Spartan simplicity, although he used to have four horses harnessed to his carriage, and his entertainments at his residence on Georgetown Heights were very elegant. His private life was irreproachable, although, when secretary of war under Mr. Monroe, he had suffered obloquy because of a profitable building contract which had been dishonestly awarded, during his absence, by his chief clerk to that official's brother-in-law. The two divided a large sum which they obtained from the public treasury without having given any equivalent therefor, and Mr. Calhoun was made to bear the blame.

The prime mover of the senate was Martin Van Buren, of New York, who was beginning to reap the reward of years of subservient intrigues. Making the friends of Calhoun and of Crawford believe that they had each been badly treated by the alliance between Adams and Clay, he united them in the support of General Jackson, and yet no one suspected him. When Mr. Van Buren had first been elected to Congress, Rufus King, of his State, had said to G. F. Mercer, also a member, "Within two weeks Van Buren will become perfectly acquainted with the views and feelings of every member; yet no man will know his."

This prediction was verified, and Mr. Van Buren soon became the directing spirit among the friends of General Jackson, although no one was ever able to quote his views. Taking Aaron Burr as his political model, but leading an irreproachable private life, he rose by his ability to plan and to conduct an intrigue, and by his untiring industry. He was rather under the medium height, with a high forehead, a quick eye, and

pleasing features. He made attitude and deportment a study, and when, on his leaving the senate, his household furniture was sold at auction it was noticed that the carpet before a large looking-glass in his study was worn threadbare. It was there that he had rehearsed his speeches.

Thomas Hart Benton, who had just commenced that thirty years' service in the senate which he so ably recorded after its conclusion, was one of the most prominent members of the body. His figure was massive, and he affected a martial carriage and manners, as he moved about, towering above the other senators. An imperious hauteur, combined with bombastic superciliousness, was his prevailing characteristic; and he evidently believed that the louder and longer he spoke the more impressive were his words. In private life he was gentleness and domestic affection personified, and a desire to have his children profit by the superior advantages for their education in the District of Columbia kept him from his constituents in Missouri, where a new generation of voters grew up, who did not know him, and who would not follow his political lead, while he was ignorant of their views on the question of slavery. In early life Colonel Benton was engaged in a bloody street fight, in which General Jackson headed the opposing party, and the general carried to the grave, imbedded in the flesh of his left arm, a bullet from the pistol of Colonel Benton's brother Jesse. Years afterwards, when General Jackson and Colonel Benton were accidentally seated next to each other in the senate chamber, and were members of the same committee, the hatchet was buried. "Old Bullion," as Mr. Benton was familiarly called, became the devoted friend and champion of "Old Hickory," and whenever a measure upon which the democratic party was not united had to be dra-gooned through the senate it was placed

in the hands of the senator from Missouri.

John Randolph attracted the most attention on the part of strangers. He was at least six feet in height, with long limbs and an ill-proportioned body and a small, round head. Claiming descent from Pocahontas, he wore his coarse, black hair long, parted in the middle, and combed down on either side of his sallow face. His small, black eyes were expressive in their rapid glances, especially when he was engaged in debate, and his high-toned and thin voice would ring through the senate chamber like the shrill scream of an angry vixen. He wore a full suit of heavy, drab-colored English broadcloth, the high, rolling collar of his surtout coat almost concealing his head, while the skirts hung in voluminous folds about his knee-breeches and the white leather tops of his boots. He used to enter the senate chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding-whip, and followed by a favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding-gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long, index finger of his right hand at his opponent, as he hurled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim in a low tone, "Tims, more porter!" and the assistant door-keeper would hand him a foaming tumbler of Whitebread's potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon. He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a senator to order, the irate Virginian pronounced President Adams "a traitor," Daniel Webster "a vile slanderer," John Holmes "a dangerous fool," and Edward Livingston "the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no

man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs." One day, while he was speaking with great freedom of abuse of Mr. Webster, then a member of the house, a senator informed him in an under-tone that Mrs. Webster was in the gallery. He had not the delicacy to desist, however, until he had fully emptied the vials of his wrath. Then he set upon Mr. Speaker Taylor, and after abusing him soundly he turned sarcastically to the gentleman who had informed him of Mrs. Webster's presence, and asked, "Is Mrs. Taylor present, also?"

Henry Clay was the repeated object of Mr. Randolph's denunciations, which he bore patiently until the "Lord of Roanoke" spoke, one day, of the reported alliance between the president and the secretary of state as the "coalition of Blifil and Black George, — the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the blackleg." Mr. Clay at once wrote to know whether he intended to call him a political gambler, or to attach the infamy of such epithets to his private life. Mr. Randolph declined to give any explanation, and a duel was fought, without bloodshed.

Mr. Randolph, on another occasion, just prior to the close of a session, deliberately insulted Mr. James Lloyd, then a senator from Massachusetts, who had, in accordance with the custom, introduced upon the floor of the senate one of his constituents, Major Benjamin Russell, the editor of the *Columbian Sentinel*. The sight of a federal editor aroused Mr. Randolph's anger, and he at once insolently demanded that the floor of the senate be cleared, forcing Major Russell to retire. Mr. Lloyd took the first opportunity to express his opinion of this gratuitous insult, and declared, in very forcible language, that, as he had introduced Major Russell on the floor, he was responsible therefor to the senate, or to Mr. Randolph personally. Although no one had ever attempted to check Mr. Randolph's tor-

rents of personal abuse, Mr. Lloyd's plucky rejoinder was promptly noticed by Mr. King, of Alabama, who at that early stage of his congressional career was called "Miss Nancy," because of the fastidious neatness of his attire. "I call the senator from Massachusetts to order!" said Mr. King. Mr. Randolph indulged in a little gasconade, in which he announced that his carriage was waiting at the door to convey him to Baltimore, and at the conclusion of his remarks he left the senate chamber and the city. Mr. Calhoun, who had not attempted to check Mr. Randolph, lamented from the chair that anything should have happened to mar the harmony of the senate, and again declared that he had no power to call a senator to order, nor would he for ten thousand worlds look like a usurper.

Littleton W. Tazewell, Mr. Randolph's colleague, was a first-class Virginia abstractionist, and an avowed hater of New England. Dining one day at the White House, he provoked the president by offensively asserting that he had "never known a Unitarian who did not believe in the sea-serpent." Soon afterwards, Mr. Tazewell spoke of the different kinds of wines, and declared that Tokay and Rhenish wine were alike in taste. "Sir," said Mr. Adams, "I do not believe that you ever drank a drop of Tokay in your life." For this remark the president subsequently sent an apology to Mr. Tazewell, but the Virginia senator never forgot or forgave the remark, and became one of the most implacable foes of the administration.

The "watch-dog of the treasury" in the senate was Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina. He had served as a private in the Revolutionary War; he had opposed the formation and the adoption of the federal constitution; when he was first elected to Congress he had arrayed himself against the administration of Washington; and he was allied with Jefferson in an energetic hostility

to the financial schemes of Alexander Hamilton, then secretary of the treasury. A firm believer in the sovereignty of the States, he was opposed to all schemes of internal improvement, and to all financial measures undertaken by the general government; and he was the enemy of duties for the protection of manufactures, because they put money into the national coffers which it pained him to vote away. Simple in his manners, he won the confidence of friends and the respect of opponents.

William Henry Harrison, a tall, spare, gray-haired gentleman, who had gone from his Virginia home into the Western wilderness as aid-de-camp to General Anthony Wayne, had been elected a senator from the State of Ohio, and probably never dreamed that in years to come he would be elected president by an immense majority, with John Tyler on the ticket as vice-president. Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, had, however, begun to electioneer for the democratic nomination for the vice-presidency, basing his claim upon his having shot Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, and he was finally successful. He was of medium size, with large features and light auburn hair, and his private life was attacked without mercy by his political opponents.

The New Hampshire senators were Levi Woodbury and John Bell, men of decided ability and moral worth. Georgia supplied a polished and effective orator in J. McPherson Berrien. Vermont was represented by portly and good-looking Dudley Chase, who was the uncle of Chief-Justice Chase, and by Horatio Seymour, of Middlebury. Maine's stalwart, blue-eyed senator, Albion Keith Parris, was said to have filled more public offices than any other man of his age, and his colleague, John Holmes, although rude in speech, and at times vulgar, was the humorous champion of the North. Ever on the watch for some unguarded expression by a Southern

senator, no sooner would one be uttered than he would pounce upon it, and place the speaker in a most uncomfortable position. John Tyler, one day, thought that he could annoy Mr. Holmes, and asked him what had become of that political firm once mentioned in debate by John Randolph as "James Madison, Felix Grundy, John Holmes, and the Devil." Mr. Holmes rose at once. "I will tell the gentleman," said he, "what has become of that firm. The first member is dead; the second has gone into retirement; the third now addresses you; and the last has gone over to the nullifiers, and is now electioneering among the gentleman's constituents. So the partnership is legally dissolved." Mr. Tyler never again attempted to be witty at the expense of John Holmes.

The hall of the house of representatives (now used as a national gallery of statuary) was a reproduction of the ancient theatre, magnificent in its effect, but so deficient in acoustic properties that it was unfit for legislative occupation. It was in the centre of that noble hall that Henry Clay, then speaker of the house, had welcomed General Lafayette as "the nation's guest." The contrast between the tall and graceful Kentuckian, with his sunny smile and his silver-toned voice, and the good old marquis, with his auburn wig awry, must have been great. His reply appeared to come from a grateful heart, but it was asserted that the speaker had written both his own words of welcome and also Lafayette's acknowledgment of them, and it became a subject of newspaper controversy, which was ended by the publication of a card signed H. Clay, in which he positively denied the authorship, although he admitted that he had suggested the most effective sentences.

The representatives, following the example of the British House of Commons, used to sit with their hats on, and in 1828 a motion that no member should remain

covered within the bar of the house was discussed, and at first defeated by ten majority. An order by the speaker that visitors in the gallery should not wear their hats while the house was in session gave great offense to some of the representatives, and was enforced with difficulty.

The ladies had been originally excluded from the galleries of the house, in accordance with the British precedent. But when the famous Jay Treaty was brought home for ratification, the house came near refusing to make the necessary appropriations for carrying it into effect, and heated debates ensued. One night, at a party, Mrs. Langdon, of New Hampshire, whose husband was a member, expressed her regret to Hon. Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, that she could not hear the arguments, especially his speeches. Mr. Ames gallantly replied that he knew of no reason why ladies should not be permitted to hear the debates. "Then," said Mrs. Langdon, "if you will let me know when you next intend to speak, I will make up a party of ladies, and we will go and hear you." The notice was given, the ladies went, and since then congressional orators have always had fair hearers, — with others perhaps not very fair.

The house was really occupied, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, in the selection of his successor. At first the political outlook was rather muddled, although keen eyes averred that they could perceive, moving restlessly to and fro, the indefinite forms of those shadows which coming events project. Different seers interpreted the phantasmal appearances in different fashions, and either endeavored to form novel combinations, or joined in raking common sewers for filth wherewith to bespatter those who were the rivals of their favorite candidates. It was then that congressional investigating committees became a part of the political machinery of the day. The accounts of

President Adams in former years, when he was serving the country in Europe as a diplomatist; the summary execution of deserters by order of General Jackson, when he commanded the army in Florida; the bills for refurnishing the White House; the affidavits concerning the alleged bargain between the president and his secretary of state; and the marriage of General Jackson to Mrs. Robards before she had been divorced from Mr. Robards, were, with many other scandals, paraded before the public.

Daniel Webster had been recognized in advance as the leader of the house, by his appointment as chairman of the committee to inform Mr. Adams that he had been elected president. This Mr. Webster did verbally, but Mr. Adams had prepared a written reply, which had been copied by a clerk, and bore his autograph signature. Mr. Webster never, however, received the confidence of Mr. Adams, but he defended the policy of the administration in the house, and subsequently in the senate. He was then in the prime of life, unshackled by pecuniary obligations to those who afterwards forced loans upon him, that they might use him for their own aggrandizement, and never drowning his disappointments in strong drinks. The Southern congressmen had then begun to express their belief in the constitutional heresies first promulgated by Jefferson, which, had they prevailed, would have turned our admirably adjusted political system into an ill-compacted league of petty sovereignties. Mr. Webster was one of the first to see that this theory of state rights was destructive to the vital powers of the constitution bequeathed by the founders of the republic, and that the union of the States should be stoutly asserted. Discarding the rhetorical flourishes and declamatory parade then cultivated by congressional orators, especially those from the South, Mr. Webster expressed his vigorous

thoughts in simple, sterling words, using those which hit the hardest and made the least show. He liked to measure propositions by the constitutional standards which he had so laboriously prepared, and to dispose of them as they came up to his mark, or fell short of it.

Mr. Webster was at that period of his life the embodiment of health and good spirits. His stalwart frame, his massive head crowned with a wealth of black hair, his heavy eyebrows overhanging cavernous eyes, all distinguished him from other men, while his swarthy complexion gained him the epithet of "Black Dan." He had his first great sorrow then. His eldest, and at that time his only, daughter died at Washington, and the next year her mother followed her to the grave. The maiden name of his first wife was Grace Fletcher. She was one year older than he was, the daughter of a New Hampshire country clergyman; not beautiful, but accomplished, and the mother of his four children.

Edward Everett, who was also a member of the Massachusetts delegation in the house, had won early fame as a popular preacher of the gospel, as a professor at Harvard College, and as the editor of the *North American Review*. Placed by his marriage above want, he became noted for his profound learning and for his persuasive eloquence. At times he was almost electrical in his utterances; his reasoning was logical and luminous, and his remarks always gave evidence of careful study. As a politician, Mr. Everett was not successful. The personification of self-discipline and dignity, he was too much like an intellectual icicle to find favor with the masses, and he was deficient in courage when any bold step was to be taken.

George McDuffie, who represented the Edgefield district of South Carolina, had been taken from labor in a blacksmith's shop by Mr. Calhoun, and was the grateful champion of his patron in

the house. He was a spare, grim-looking man, who was an admirer of Milton, and who was never known to jest or to smile. As a debater he had few equals in the house, but he failed when, during the discussion of the Panama Mission question, he opened his batteries upon Mr. Webster. The "expounder of the constitution" retorted with great force, reminding the gentleman from South Carolina that noisy declamation was not logic, and that he should not apply coarse epithets to the president, who could not reply to them. Mr. Webster then went on to say that he would furnish the gentleman from South Carolina with high authority on the point to which he had objected, and quoted from a speech by Mr. Calhoun which sustained his position. Mr. McDuffie had not a word to offer, and he never undertook to call Mr. Webster to account again. This debate was the beginning of the oratorical tournament between Massachusetts and South Carolina which was ended by Webster's reply to Hayne, at the other end of the Capitol.

Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, was a stalwart champion of the North, and his sallies of wit and sarcasm were very effective. Although under fifty years of age, his white hair and bent form gave him a patriarchal look, and added to the effect of his fervid eloquence and his withering sarcasm. A man of iron heart, he was ever anxious to meet his antagonists, haughty in his rude self-confidence, and exhausting every expletive of abuse permitted by parliamentary usage. He was the especial friend of the Revolutionary soldiers, urging their claims for pensions with great force.

George Kremer, of Pennsylvania, was probably the most unpopular man in the house. An anonymous letter had appeared just before the election of president by the representatives, announcing an "unholy coalition" between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, by which the support of the friends of the latter had been

transferred to the former, "as the planter does his negroes or the farmer his team and horses." Mr. Clay at once published a card, over his signature, in which he called the writer "a base and infamous calumniator, a dastard, and a liar." Mr. Kremer replied, admitting that he had written the letter, but in such a manner that his political friends were ashamed of his cowardice, while the admirers of Mr. Clay were very indignant, — the more so as they suspected that Mr. James Buchanan had instigated the letter. Mr. Kremer was of vulgar presence, with repulsive features and a shock of light yellow hair. Fancying himself a wit, he was always endeavoring to make some humorous remark, but was rarely rewarded with a laugh.

The erratic Mr. David Crockett was then a member of the house, but had not attracted public attention, although the Jackson men were angry because he, one of old Hickory's officers in the Creek war, was a devoted adherent of Henry Clay for the presidency. One of his colleagues in the Tennessee delegation was Mr. James K. Polk, a rigid and uncompromising Presbyterian, a political disciple of Macon, and a man of incorruptible honesty. He no sooner entered the house than he became a leading man in the councils of his party.

Prominent among the representatives from the State of New York were Messrs. Gulian C. Verplanck and Thomas J. Oakley, members of the legal profession, who were statesmen rather than politicians. Mr. George C. Washington, of Maryland, was the great-nephew of the father of his country, and he had inherited a portion of the library at Mount Vernon, which he subsequently sold to the Boston Athenæum. Messrs. Elisha Whittlesey and Samuel Vinton, representatives from Ohio, were afterwards for many years officers of the federal government and residents at Washington. Mr. Jonathan Hunt, of Vermont, a lawyer of ability and one of the com-

panions chosen by Mr. Webster, was the father of that gifted artist whose recent untimely death is so generally regretted.

Mr. Silas Wright, of New York, was then attracting attention in the democratic party, of which he became a great leader, and which would have elected him president had he not shortened his life by intemperance. He was a solid, square-built man, with an impassive, ruddy face, who claimed to be a good farmer, but no orator, yet who was noted for the compactness of his logic, unenlivened by a figure of speech or flight of fancy. Very different was Mr. Richard Henry Wilde, of Georgia, who has left a monument of his poetic and picturesque imagination in his exquisite poem, *My Life is like the Summer Rose*.

Mr. Henry W. Dwight, of Massachusetts, a noble specimen of "a sound mind in a sound body," gave great attention to the appropriation bills, and secured liberal sums for carrying on the various departments of the government. His most formidable antagonist was a self-styled reformer and physical giant, Mr. Thomas Chilton, of Kentucky, who had been at one period of his life a Baptist preacher. He declared on the floor in debate that he was pledged to his constituents to endeavor to retrench the expenses of the general government, to diminish the army and the navy, to abridge the number of civil and diplomatic officials, and, above all, to cut down the pay of congressmen. He made speeches in support of all these "reforms," but did not succeed in securing the discharge of a soldier, a sailor, a diplomatist, or a clerk, neither did he reduce the appropriations one single cent.

Congress remained, so far as legislation was concerned, in a state of "masterly inactivity" throughout Mr. John Quincy Adams's administration. The absence of any great political questions and the evident indisposition to enact any of the measures proposed by the president gave wide scope to the per-

sonal intrigues for the succession. As has been well remarked by the biographer of Webster, "it would be impossible to unfold the griefs, the interests, the projects, the jealousies, and the mutual struggles of the leaders and the fac-

tions who, with no community of political principle, entered into this warfare." The most adroit managers were Senator Van Buren and Representative Livingston, and Andrew Jackson, whose cause they engineered, was successful.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

I.

SOME years ago, at a time when the rapid growth of the city was changing the character of many localities, two young men were sitting, one afternoon early in April, in the parlor of a house on one of those streets which, without having yet accomplished their destiny as business thoroughfares, were no longer the homes of the decorous ease that once inhabited them. The young men held their hats and canes in their hands, and they had that air of having just been admitted and of waiting to be received by the people of the house which rests gracefully only on persons of the other sex. One was tall and spare, and he sat stiffly expectant; the other, who was much shorter and stouter, with the mature bloom which comes of good living and a cherished digestion, was more restless. As he rose from his chair, after a few moments, and went to examine some detail of the dim room, he moved with a quick, eager step, and with a stoop such as might have come from a connoisseur's habit of bending over and peering at things. He returned to his seat, and glanced round the parlor, as if to seize the whole effect more accurately.

"So this is the home of the Pythoness, is it?" he said.

"If you like to call her a Pythoness," answered the other.

"Oh, I don't know that I prefer it:

I'm quite willing to call her a test-medium. I thought perhaps Pythoness would respectfully idealize the business. What a queer, melancholy house, what a queer, melancholy street! I don't think I was ever in a street before where quite so many professional ladies, with English surnames, preferred Madam to Mrs. on their door-plates. And the poor old place has such a desperately conscious air of going to the deuce. Every house seems to wince as you go by, and button itself up to the chin for fear you should find out it had no shirt on,—so to speak. I don't know what's the reason, but these material tokens of a social decay afflict me terribly: a tipsy woman is n't dreadfuller than a haggard old house, that's once been a home, in a street like this."

"The street's going the usual way," said the other. "It will be all business in a few years."

"But in the mean time it causes me inexpressible anguish, and it will keep doing it. If I know where there's a thorn, I can't help going up and pressing my waistcoat against it. I foresee that I shall keep coming. This parlor alone is poignant enough to afford me the most rapturous pain; it pierces my soul. This teeth-setting-on-edge, tawdry red velvet wall-paper; the faded green reps of that sofa; those family photographs in their oval papier-maché frames; that round table there in the corner, with its subscription literature and its tin-type al-

bums ; and this frantic tapestry carpet ! I know now why the ghost-seers affect this sort of street and this sort of parlor : the spirits can't resist the deadly fascination ! No ghost, with any strength of character, could keep away. I suppose that this apartment is swarming, now, with disembodied ladies and gentlemen of the first distinction."

"You don't think you could leave that off for a little while?" asked the other, quietly.

"Why, my dear fellow, I did n't suppose"—

"Suppose what?"

"That you had any feeling about the matter. I like to respect everybody's superstition—except my own; I can't respect that, you know."

"Do you think I believe in these people's rubbish?"

"Well, I did n't know. A man must believe in something. I could n't think of anything else you believed in. I'm not sure I don't believe in it a trifle, myself: my nerves do. May I ask why you come here, if you refuse the particular rubbish afforded by the establishment? You're not a curious man."

"Why did you come?"

"You asked me. Besides, I have no occasion for a reason. I am an emotional, not a rational being, as I've often told you."

The taller man laughed dryly. "Very well, then, you don't need a reason from me. You can wait and see why I came."

The short man gave a shrug. "I hope I shan't have to wait long. An emotional being has a right to be unreasonably impatient."

A light sound of hesitating steps made itself heard in the next room; the two men remained silent, and presently one of the partition doors was rolled back, and a tall young girl in a somewhat theatrical robe of white serge, with a pale green scarf on her shoulders, appeared at the threshold. Her beautiful, serious face had a pallid quiet, broken by what

seemed the unnatural alertness of her blue eyes, which glanced quickly, like those of a child too early obliged to suspect and avert; her blonde hair, which had a plastic massiveness, was drawn smoothly back from her temples, and lay heaped in a heavy coil on her neck, where its rich abundance showed when she turned her profile away, as if to make sure that some one was following in the room behind her. A door opened and closed there, and she came on towards the two men, who had risen. At sight of the taller of the two, she halted, while an elderly gentleman hurried forward, with a bustling graciousness, and offered him his small, short hand. He had the same fair complexion as the girl, but his face was bright and eager; his thin, light hair was wavy and lustreless; he looked hardly so tall as she. He had a mouth of delicacy and refinement, and a smile of infantine sweetness.

"Ah, you've really come," he said, shaking the young man's hand cordially. "So many people manifest an interest in our public sances, and then let the matter drop without going any further. I don't know whether I presented you to my daughter, the other day, Mr. Ford?"

Ford bowed gravely to the girl, who slightly returned his obeisance. "Let me introduce Mr. Phillips, Dr. Boynton,—a friend whom I ventured to bring with me."

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Phillips. I was about to say—Oh! my daughter, Mr. Phillips, Miss Egeria Boynton. Take seats, gentlemen—I was about to say that one of the most curious facts connected with the phenomena is the ardor with which people take the matter up on first acquaintance, and the entire indifference with which they let it drop. In our line of life, Mr. Phillips, as public exhibitors, we often have occasion to note this. It seldom happens but half a dozen persons come to me at the close of a sance, and ask earnestly

for the privilege of pursuing their investigations with the aid of my daughter's mediumship. But these persons rarely call; I rarely see them at a second public séance, even. If I had not such abiding hopes of the phenomena myself, I should sometimes feel discouraged by the apathy and worse than apathy with which they are received, not the first, but the second time. You must excuse my expression of surprise at first greeting you, Mr. Ford, — you must indeed. It was but too natural under the circumstances."

"By all means," answered Ford. "I never thought of not coming. But I can't promise that you'll find me a ready believer."

"Precisely," returned the other. "That is the very mood in which I could have wished you to come. I am myself, as I think I told you, merely an inquirer. In fact" — Dr. Boynton leaned forward, with his small, plump hands extended, as if the more conveniently to round his periods, but arrested himself, in the explanation he was about to make, at something Mr. Phillips was saying to his daughter.

"I could n't help being interested in the character of your parlor, before you came in, Miss Boynton. These old Boston houses all have so much character. It's surprising what good taste people had fifty or sixty years ago, — the taste of the First Empire. That cornice is very pretty, — very simple and very refined, neither glutted nor starved in design; and that mantel, — how refreshing those sane and decent straight lines are after the squirms and wriggles of subsequent marble! I don't know that I should have chosen urns for an ornament to the corners; but we must not forget that we are mortal; and there *are* cinerary associations with fire-places."

Miss Boynton had said nothing in return for this speech, the full sense of which had perhaps not quite reached her. She stared blankly at Phillips, to

whom her father turned with his most winning smile.

"An artist?" asked Dr. Boynton.

"A sufferer in the cause of art," returned Phillips with ironical pathos.

"Ah! A connoisseur," said the doctor.

"The fact is," said Phillips, "I was finding the modern equipment of your old-fashioned parlor intolerable, as you came in. You won't mind my not liking your landlady's taste, Miss Boynton?" he demanded with suave ingratiating.

Miss Boynton looked about the room, as if she had not seen it before. "It *is* ugly," she answered quietly. "But it does as well as any."

"Yes," her father eagerly interposed, "better than any other room in any other house in any other quarter of the city. We are still, as I may say, gentlemen, feeling our way towards what we believe a sublime truth. My daughter's development is yet so recent, so incomplete, that we must not reject any furthering influences, however humble, however disagreeable. It is not by our own preference that we are here. I know, as well as you do, that this is a street inhabited by fortune-tellers and charlatans of low degree. For that very reason I have taken our lodgings here. The element, the atmosphere, of simple, unquestioning faith brought into this vicinity by the dupes of these people is, unknown to them, of the highest use, the most vital advantage, to us in our present attempt. At the same time, I should not, I could not in candor, deny to these pretenders themselves a beneficial, a highly — I may call it — evolutionary, influence upon my daughter. We desire no personal acquaintance with them. But they are of the old tradition of supernaturalism, — a tradition as old as nature, — and we cannot afford to reject the favor of the tradition which they represent. You will understand that, gentlemen. We cannot say, We hold — or we trust we hold — communion with spirits, and yet deny that there is some-

thing in second-sight, divination, or whatever mysteries these people pretend to. In some sort, we must psychologically ally ourselves with them. They are, no doubt, for the most part and in most cases, shameless swindlers; but it seems to be a condition of our success that we shall not deny—I don't say that we shall believe—the fact of an occult power in some of them. Their neighborhood was very repulsive at first, and still is measurably so; but we accept it, and have found it of advantage. We are mere experimenters, as yet, and claim nothing except that my daughter is the medium, the instrument, of certain phenomena which *we* can explain only in one way; we do not dispute the different explanations of others. In the course of our investigations, we neglect no theory, however slight, that may assist us. Now, in so simple a matter as dress, even: we have found by repeated experiment that the manifestations have a greater affinity for white than any other color. This may point to some hidden truth—I don't say—in the old-fashioned ghost-stories, where the spectre always appears in white. At any rate, we think it worth while that my daughter should wear white, in both her public and her private séances, for the present. And green,—just now we seem to find a good effect in pale green, Mr. Phillips, pale green."

"If I may say it without impertinence to Miss Boynton's father, in my character of connoisseur," said Phillips, with a bow for the young girl, which he delivered to the doctor, "I think the effect is very good indeed."

"Ah! yes, yes!" cried the doctor. "In that sense. I see. Very good. However, I meant"—Dr. Boynton paused, bending on either visitor an exquisite smile of child-like triumph. A series of light taps, beginning with a sound like a straining of the wood, and then separating into a sharper staccato, was heard at different points in the

room, chiefly on the table, and on the valves of the sliding doors. Phillips gave a little nervous start. Ford remained indifferent, but for the slow movement of his eyes in the direction of the young girl, who bent an appealing look on her father. The doctor lifted a hand to invoke attention; the raps died away. "Giorgione, I presume. Will you ask, Egeria?"

The girl hesitated. Then, in a somewhat tremulous voice, she demanded, "Is it you, Giorgione?" A light shower of raps instantly responded. A thrill of strong excitement visibly passed over the girl, who clutched one hand with the other, and seemed to stay herself by a strong effort of will in her place on the sofa.

"Calmly, my daughter, calmly!" said Dr. Boynton, making a certain restraining gesture towards her. "Yes, it is Giorgione. He can never keep away when color is mentioned. Very celebrated for his coloring, I am told, when alive. A Viennese painter, I believe, Mr. Phillips."

"Venetian," answered Phillips, abstractedly. He recalled himself, and added with a forced lightness, "But I don't know that I can advise you to trust the professions of our rapping and tapping friend; there are so few genuine Giorgiones." A brisk volley of taps discharged upon the wall directly behind Phillips's head caused him to turn abruptly and stare hard at the place.

"Oh, you can't *see* it, Phillips," said Ford, with a spare laugh of derision.

"No," said Dr. Boynton, sweetly, "you can't see it. At least, not yet. But if our experiments progress as favorably as they have for the last six months, we may hope before a great while to render the invisible agencies of these sounds as sensible to sight as to hearing. Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Phillips. Mere playfulness, I assure you. They never inflict any real injury." While he spoke the raps renewed them-

selves here and there upon the wood-work, into the fibre of which they seemed at last to reënter, and died away in the sort of straining with which they began. "Egeria," said the doctor, turning impressively toward his daughter, "it seems to me the conditions are uncommonly propitious, this afternoon. I think we may look for something of a very remarkable character." He glanced at the clock on the mantel, and confronted his visitors with a smiling face of apology. "Gentlemen, I suppose you came for a séance. My interest in the matter has betrayed me into remarks that have taken up too much of your time."

"I came with the hope of seeing some further proofs of your skill," said Ford; "but if there is anything" —

"Oh, no, no, no! Not at all, not at all!" hastily interrupted the doctor, with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "But — ah — I hardly know how to put it. The fact is, I am anxious for investigation by gentlemen of your intelligence, and I should very much dislike to postpone you — Our landlady, who is a medium of note in her way, — she has lately come to Boston from the West, — had arranged this afternoon for a séance with a number of persons rather more grounded in the belief than yourselves, and" —

The young men rose. "We won't detain you," said Ford. "We can come another time."

"No, no! Wait!" Dr. Boynton waved them to their seats again, which they provisionally resumed, and turned to his daughter. "Egeria, I think I may venture to ask these gentlemen to join our friends?"

"There's no reason why they should n't stay, if they like," said the girl, impassively.

"We should be delighted," exclaimed Phillips, "if you'll let us! I'm so little used to ghosts," he said, glancing round at the walls and tables with an apprehensiveness which was perhaps not

altogether affected, "that, for my part, I should rather like plenty of company, Miss Boynton, — if Messer Giorgione won't take it amiss."

"Ah, very good!" interposed her father. "Very good, indeed. Ha! Why I hesitated was that the sort of experiment to be tried this afternoon requires conditions, concessions, that I thought you might not care to offer, gentlemen. I wish to be perfectly frank with you: what you will see might be produced by trickery, especially in a company of ten or a dozen persons, some of whom could be in collusion with the medium. I pass no judgment upon a certain order of phenomena in their present stage of development, but I make it a rule, myself, measurably to distrust all manifestations occurring in the presence of more than three persons besides the medium. Still, if you will do us the honor to remain, I can promise you something very curious and interesting, — something novel in the present phase of supernaturalism; nothing less than apparitions, gentlemen, or, as we call them, materializations. You have heard, perhaps, of these materializations?"

"Yes," said Ford indifferently, "I have heard of them."

"Mrs. Le Roy — our landlady — has made an eclectic study of the materializations of several other mediums, and she has succeeded, or claims to have succeeded, not only in reproducing them, but in calling about her many of the principal apparitions who visit the original séances. If you are not familiar with apparitions you may find it interesting."

"Really, Dr. Boynton," said Phillips, "do you mean that I shall see my friend Giorgione performing that sort of tattoo on your wall paper?"

"Not exactly," urbanely responded the doctor. "No. It's a curious feature of the manifestations that the audible spirits are never seen, and that those rendered visible by the new development of materialization are invariably mute.

But in a dark séance to follow the materializations, my daughter" —

Egeria rose from her place on the sofa and moved toward her father, who, alarmed at some expression of her face, started to his feet to encounter her. She laid her arms with a passionate gesture on his shoulder. "Father, father! Give it up for to-day, do! I can't go through with it. I am weak — sick; I have no strength left. Everything is gone."

"Why, Egeria! My poor girl! Excuse me, gentlemen: I will be with you in a moment." He cast a sustaining arm about her slim shape, and with the other hand pushed open one of the sliding doors, and disappeared with her from the room beyond.

The men remained in a silence which Ford had apparently no intention of breaking. "Upon the whole," said Phillips, at last, "this is rather painful. Miss Boynton is very much like some other young ladies — for a Pythoness. I should like to see the dark séance, — if I may express myself so inconsequently, — but really I hope the old gentleman will give it up, as she suggested."

"Don't flatter yourself," said Ford. "The thing's just beginning."

"Ford," observed Phillips, looking curiously at his friend, "has n't your little vice of brutality grown upon you?"

"*Your* vice has n't grown upon *you*, my dear fellow," returned Ford. "It came into the world fully developed, like Wisdom, — which it does n't otherwise resemble."

"I confess it," said Phillips. "Folly is my foible. But I don't see how you have the heart to take your attitude towards these people. It was shocking to stand on the defensive against the girl, as if she were an impostor. She's a person you might help to escalloped oysters or ice-cream at an evening party, and not expect to talk half so magnificently as she looked. I wonder what's the matter with her; I suppose some

hysterical mystery. The old gentleman" —

"Old quack," interrupted Ford.

"Oh, I'm not so sure of that," said Phillips, with sprightly generosity.

"You were always disputatious," returned his friend. "Especially about a perfectly plain case. You feel that it gives you an air of impartiality."

"I feel that refusing to let appearances account for motives gives one an advantage over you in your snap-judgments of people. I get twice the good out of life that you do. The man believes in himself, and it is your ironical attitude which annuls the honesty in him. That sort of thing kills any amount of genuineness in people."

"Very likely," assented Ford. "He's coming back presently to say that our sphere — attitude, you call it; *his* quackery has a different nomenclature — has annulled his daughter's power over the spirits."

Phillips went up again to examine the mantel-piece. "Well, why not?"

"Certainly, why not? If you grant the one, there's no trouble about granting the other."

"What do you make of what we heard?"

"Nothing."

"You heard it?"

"I hear clatter any time I wake in the night. But I don't attribute it to disembodied spirits on that account."

"Why not?"

"Because there are no disembodied spirits, for one thing."

"Ah, I'm not so sure of that," said Phillips, with a return to his sprightly generosity.

"Again? You doubt everything."

"That's very well, — better than what you said before. I prefer to keep an open mind. I don't snub ghosts, for I think I may be one myself, some day."

As he spoke the door-bell rang, and in the interval between the ringing of the bell and the slow response of the

servant, Dr. Boynton reëntered, rubbing his hands and smiling. "Sorry to have been obliged to leave you, gentlemen," he said. "You have witnessed, however, one of the most interesting phases of this mystery: mystery, I call it, for I'm as much in the dark about it as yourselves. My daughter felt so deeply the dissenting, the perhaps incredulous, mood — sphere — of one of you that she quite succumbed to it. Don't be alarmed! In an ordinary medium it would be an end of everything for the time being, but she will take part in the séance, all the same, to-day. I have been able to reinforce my daughter's powers by a gift — we will call it a gift — of my own. In former years I looked quite deeply into mesmerism, and I have never quite disused the practice of it, as a branch of my profession, — I am a physician. My wife, who has been dead my daughter's whole life," — an expression of pain, curious with reference to the eager brightness of the man's wonted aspect, passed over the speaker's face, — "was a very impressible subject of mine, and in her childhood Egeria was so. Since we have discovered what seems her power as a medium, I have found the mesmeric force — the application of exterior will — of the greatest use in sustaining her against the exhaustion she would otherwise incur from the many conflicting influences she is subject to. I can't regret — I rejoice, in fact — that this phenomenon has occurred as it *has* occurred. It will enable me to present in her to-day the united action of those strange forces, equally occult, the mesmeric and the spiritistic. I have just left my daughter in a complete mesmeric trance, and you will see — you will see" —

He broke off abruptly, and went forward to meet a gentleman and lady, apparently two of the expected guests of Mrs. Le Roy. He greeted them with gay warmth as Mr. and Mrs. Merrifield, and was about to share their acquaintance with Ford and Phillips, when a

tall man, with pale blue eyes and a thin growth of faded hair, of a like harshness on crown and chin, interrupted him with a solemnly proffered hand. "Why, Weatherby," said the doctor, shaking his hand, "I did n't hear you ring."

"I found the girl still at the door, and had no occasion to ring," said Mr. Weatherby.

"Right, right, — quite right!" returned Dr. Boynton. "Glad to see you. Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Ford and Mr. Phillips, — inquirers. Mr. Weatherby is known among us, gentlemen, for powers which he is developing in the direction of levitation." Mr. Weatherby silently shook hands, regarding Phillips and Ford meantime with a remote keenness of glance, and then took a seat in a corner, with an air of established weariness, as if he had found levitation heavy work.

Dr. Boynton continued to receive his guests, and next introduced to the strangers a large, watery-eyed man with a mottled face and reddish hair: "Mr. Eccles, — an inquirer like yourselves, gentlemen, but in a different spirit. Mr. Eccles has no doubt of the nature of the manifestations, but he is investigating the subject with a view — with a view" — Dr. Boynton looked for help to the gentleman whose position he was trying to state, and the latter came to his aid with a vigorous alacrity which was accented by the lavish display of an upper and lower set of artificial teeth.

"With a view to determine whether something cannot be done to protect us against the assumption by inferior spirits of the identity of the better class of essences. There are doubtless laws of the spirit-life, could we invoke them aright, which would hold these unruly masqueraders in check. I am endeavoring to study the police system — if I may use the expression — of the other world. For I am satisfied that until we have learned to appeal to the proper authorities against these pretenders, we shall get nothing

of value from the manifestations. At present it seems to me that in most cases the phenomena are held in contempt by all respectable spirits. This deplorable state of things has resulted, I have no doubt, in great degree from the hostile manner in which investigation of the phenomena has been pursued in the material world."

"Ah," said Ford, "that's an interesting point. My friend, here, was just speaking of some things of the sort before you came in. He mentioned the disadvantage to the medium of what he called the ironical attitude; he contends that it makes them cheat."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied Mr. Eccles. "But its effect upon the approximating spiritual sphere is still worse. It drives from that sphere all candid and sober-minded spirits, and none but frivolous triflers remain. Are you a believer in the phenomena, Mr. — ah — Phillips?"

"I am scarcely even a witness of them yet," said Phillips. "But as a mere speculative observer, I don't see why one should n't come as worshipfully minded to a séance as to a church."

"Precisely, precisely, sir," assented Mr. Eccles. "And yet I cannot say that a séance is exactly a religious service. No, it partakes rather of a dual nature. It will doubtless be elevated in character, as the retro- and inter-acting influences improve. But at present it is a sort of informal reception at which friends from both worlds meet and commingle in social intercourse; in short, a kind of bi-mundane — bi-mundane —"

"Kettle-drum," suggested Ford.

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Eccles. He folded his arms, and set his artificial teeth to smile displeasure upon Ford's impassible face. Anything that he may have been going to say farther was cut short by the approach of a gentleman, at sight of whom his smile relaxed nothing of its displeasure.

"Hello! How do, Eccles?" said the

new-comer, gayly. He was a short and slight man, and he planted himself in front of Mr. Eccles upon his very small, squarely stepping feet. Whatever may have been the temperament of the invisible presences, those in the flesh were, with the exception of this gentleman, not at all lively: they were, in fact, of serious countenance and low spirits; and they were evidently glad of this co-religionist who could take their common belief so cheerfully. He had come in the last, and he had been passing a light word with this one and that, before saluting Mr. Eccles, who alone seemed not glad to see him. He was dressed in a smart business suit, whose fashionableness was as much at variance with the prevailing dress of the company as his gayety with its prevailing solemnity.

"How are you?" he said, looking up into Mr. Eccles's dental smile. "Going to get after those scamps again? Well, I'm glad of it. Behaved shamefully at Mrs. Merrifield's, the other night; knocked the chairs over and flung the flowers about, — ridiculous! If they can't manage better than that, a man might as well go to a democratic ward meeting when he dies. Ah, doctor!"

Dr. Boynton approached from the other room, which had been closed, and on which he again shut the rolling doors. "Mr. Hatch!" said the doctor radiantly, while he pressed the other's hand in both his own, and made a rose-bud of his mouth. "You just complete our list. Glad to see you."

"Thanks, much," said Mr. Hatch. "Where's Miss Egeria?"

"In a moment," replied the doctor mysteriously. Then he turned to the company, and said in a formal tone, "As we are all here, now, friends, we won't delay any farther." He advanced and flung open the doors to the back parlor, discovering, in the middle of the room, a common extension dining-table, draped merely with so much of a striped turkey-red supper cloth as would fall over

the edge and partly conceal the legs. The top of the table was pierced by a hole some ten or twelve inches square, and over this hole was set a box, open on one side, and lined with black velvet; a single gas jet burned at a half light overhead.

"Now, if you will take seats, ladies and gentlemen," said Dr. Boynton. "Mrs. Merrifield, will you sit on my right, so as to be next my daughter? And Mr. Phillips on my left, here? And you, Mr. Ford, on Miss Smiley's left, next to Mr. Eccles? Mr. Hatch, take your place between those two ladies" —

"I'm there, doctor, every time," said Mr. Hatch, promptly obeying.

"I must protest at the outset, Dr. Boynton," began Mr. Eccles, "against this sort of" —

"Beg pardon. You're right, Eccles," said Hatch, "I won't do it any more. But when I get down at a table like this, I feel gay, and I can't help running over a little. But no spilling's the word, now. Do we join hands, doctor, *comme à l'ordinaire*?"

"Yes, all join hands, please," answered the doctor.

"Well, I want these ladies to promise not to squeeze my hands, either of them," said Hatch. The ladies laughed, and Mr. Eccles, relinquishing the hands of the persons next him, made a movement to rise, in which he was met by an imploring downward wave of Dr. Boynton's hand.

"Please, Mr. Eccles, remain. Mr. Hatch, I may trust your kindness? Miss Merrill, will you sing — ah — something?"

A small, cheerful lady, on the sunny side of thirty, with a pair of spectacles gleaming on her amiable nose, responded to this last appeal. "I think we had better all sing, doctor."

"I have a theory in wishing you to sing alone," said the doctor.

"Oh, very well!" Miss Merrill acquiesced. "Have you any preference?"

"No. Anything devotional."

"Maiden's Prayer, Miss Merrill," suggested Hatch.

This overcast Mr. Eccles again, but Miss Merrill took the fun in good part, and laughed.

"I don't believe you know anything about devotional music, Mr. Hatch," she said.

"That's so. My répertoire is out already," owned Hatch.

Miss Merrill raised her spectacles thoughtfully to the ceiling, and after a moment began to sing *Flee as a Bird to your Mountain*, in a sweet contralto. As the thrilling tones filled the room all other sounds were quelled; the circle at the table became motionlessly silent, and the long, sighing breath of the listeners alone made itself heard in the pauses of the singing. Before the words died away, a draught of cold air struck across the room, and through the door at the head of the table, which unclosed mysteriously, as if blown open by the wind, a figure in white was seen in the passage without. It drifted nearer, and with a pale green scarf tied over her golden hair Egeria softly and waveringly entered the room. Her face was white, and her eyes had the still, sightless look of those who walk in their sleep. She advanced, and sank into the chair between her father and Mrs. Merrifield, and at the same moment that groaning and straining sound was heard, as if in the fibres of the wood; and then the sounds grew sharper and more distinct, and a continuous rapping seemed to cover the whole surface of the table, with a noise like that of heavy clots of snow driving against a window pane.

As Egeria took the chair left vacant for her, it could be seen that another had also found a place in the circle. This was a very large, dark woman of some fifty years, who silently saluted some of the company, half withdrawing from their sight as she sat down next to Mrs. Merrifield behind the box.

Egeria remained staring blankly before her for a moment. Then she said in a weary voice, "They are here."

"Who, my daughter?" demanded her father.

In a long sigh, "Legion," she responded.

"We may thank Mr. Hatch for the company we are in," Mr. Eccles broke out resentfully. "I have protested" —

"Patience, — a little patience, Mr. Eccles!" implored Dr. Boynton. Then, without changing his polite tone, "Look again, Egeria," he said. "Are they all evil?"

"Their name is legion," wearily answered the girl, as before.

"Yes, yes, Egeria. They always come at first. But is there no hope of help against them? Look again, — look carefully."

"The innumerable host" —

"I knew it, — I knew it!" exulted the doctor.

"Disperses them," said the girl, and lapsed into a silence which she did not break again.

At a sign from the large woman, who proved to be Mrs. Le Roy, Dr. Boynton said, "Will you sing again, Miss Merrill?"

Miss Merrill repeated the closing stanza of the hymn she had already sung.

While she sang, flitting gleams of white began to relieve themselves against the black interior of the box. They seemed to gather shape and substance; as the singing ceased, the little hand of a child moved slowly back and forth in the gloom.

A moan broke from one of the women. "Oh, I hope it's for me!" she quavered.

They began, one after another, to ask, "Is it for me?" the hand continuing to wave softly to and fro. When it came the turn of this woman, the hand was violently agitated; she burst into tears. "It's my Lily, my darling little Lily."

The apparition beckoned to the speaker.

"You can touch it," said the doctor.

The woman bent over the table, and thrust her hand into the box; the apparition melted away; a single fragrant tube-rose was flung out upon the table. "Oh, oh!" sobbed the woman. "My Lily's favorite flower! She always liked snow-drops above everything, because they came the first thing in the spring. Oh, how happy I am to think she can come to me, — to *know* that she is living yet, and can never die! I'm sure I felt her little hand an instant, — so smooth and soft, so cold!"

"They always seem to be cold," philosophized the doctor. "A more exquisite vitality coming in contact with our own would naturally give the sensation of cold. But you must sit down, now, Mrs. Blodgett," added the doctor, kindly. "Look! There is another hand."

A large wrinkled hand, like that of an elderly woman, crept tremulously through the opening of the box, sank, and then creeping upward again laid its fingers out over the edge of the table. No one recognized it, and it would have won no general acclaim if Mrs. Merrifield had not called attention to the lace which encircled the wrist; she caught a bit of this between her thumb and finger, and detained it a moment while the other ladies bent over and examined it. There was but one voice; it was real lace.

One hand after another now appeared in the box, some of them finding a difficulty in making their way up through the aperture, which had been formed by cutting across in the figure of an X the black cloth which lined the bottom of the box, and which now hung down in triangular flaps. The slow and feeble effort of the apparitions to free themselves from these dangling pieces of cloth heightened their effectiveness. From time to time a hand violently responded to the demand from one of the

circle, "Is it for me?" and several persons were allowed to place their hands in the box and touch the materializations. These persons testified that they felt a distinct pressure from the spectral hands.

"Would you like to try, Mr. Phillips?" politely asked the doctor.

"Thanks, yes," said Phillips, after a hesitation. He put his hand in the box: the apparitional hand, apparently that of a young girl, dealt him a flying touch, and vanished. Phillips nervously withdrew his hand.

"Did you feel it?" inquired Dr. Boynton.

"Yes," answered Phillips.

"Oh, what was it like? Wasn't it smooth and soft and cold?" demanded the mother of the first apparition.

"Yes," said Phillips; "it was a sensation like the touch of a kid glove."

"Oh, of course, of course!" Mr. Eccles burst out, in a sort of scornful groan. "A stuffed glove! If we are to approach the investigation in this spirit" —

"I beg your pardon?" said Phillips, inquiringly.

"I'm sure," interposed Dr. Boynton, "that Mr. Phillips, whom I have had the honor of introducing to this circle, has intended nothing but a *bona fide* description of the sensation he experienced."

"I don't understand," said Phillips.

"You were not aware, then," pursued the doctor, "that there have been attempts to impugn the character of these and similar materializations, — in fact, to prove that these hands are merely stuffed gloves, mechanically operated?"

"Not at all!" cried Phillips.

"I was certain of your good feeling, your delicacy," said the doctor. "We will go on, friends."

But the apparitions had apparently ceased, while the raps, which had been keeping up a sort of desultory, telegraphic tattoo throughout, when not actively

in use as a means of conversation with the disembodied presences, suddenly seemed to cover the whole surface of the table with their detonation.

"The materializations are over," said Mrs. Le Roy, speaking for the first time. Her voice, small and thin, oddly contrasted with her physical bulk.

"Oh, pshaw, Mrs. Le Roy!" protested Hatch, "don't give it up, that way. Come! I want Jim. Ladies, join me in loud cries for Jim."

Several of the ladies beset Mrs. Le Roy, who at last yielded so far as to ask if Jim were present. A sharp affirmative rap responded, and after an interval, during which the spectators peered anxiously into the dark box, a sort of dull fumbling was heard, and another materialization was evidently in progress.

"You can't see the hand of a gentleman of Jim's complexion against that black cloth," said Hatch, rising. "Lend me your handkerchiefs, ladies. James has a salt and sullen rheum offends him."

Several ladies made haste to offer their handkerchiefs, and, leaning over, Hatch draped them about the bottom of the box. The flaps were again agitated, and a large black hand showed itself distinctly against the white ground formed by the handkerchiefs. It was hailed with a burst of ecstasy from all those who seemed to be frequenters of these séances, and it wagged an awkward salutation to the company.

"Good for you, good for you, James!" said Hatch, approvingly. "Rings? Wish to adorn your person, James?" he continued. The hand gesticulated an imaginable assent to this proposal, and Hatch gravely said, "Your rings, ladies." A half dozen were passed to him, and he contrived, with some trouble, to slip them on the fingers of the hand, which continually moved itself, in spite of many caressing demands from the ladies (with whom Jim was apparently a favorite spectre) that he would

hold still, and Hatch's repeated admonition that he should moderate his transports. When the rings were all in place, the hand was still dissatisfied, as it seemed, and beckoned toward Egeria. "Want Miss Boynton's ring?" asked Hatch.

The girl gave a start, involuntarily laying hold of the ring, and Dr. Boynton said instantly, "He cannot have it. The ring was her mother's." This drew general attention to Miss Boynton's ring: it was what is called a marchioness ring, and was set with a long, black stone, sharply pointed at either end.

"All right; beg pardon, doctor," said Hatch, respectfully; but the hand, after a moment's hesitation, sank through the aperture, as if in dudgeon, and was heard knocking off the rings against the table underneath. This seemed a climax for which the familiars of the house had been waiting. The ladies who had lent their rings to Mr. Hatch, and had joined their coaxing voices to his in entreating the black hand to be quiet, now rose with a rustle of drapery, and joyously cackled satisfaction in Jim's characteristic behavior.

"That is the last," announced Mrs. Le Roy, and withdrew. Some one turned on the light, and Hatch began to pick up the rings under the table; this was the occasion of renewed delight in Jim on the part of the ladies to whom he restored their property.

"Would you like to look under the table?" asked Dr. Boynton of Ford, politely lifting the cloth and throwing it back.

"I don't care to look," said Ford, remaining seated, and keeping the same impassive face with which he had witnessed all the shows of the séance.

Dr. Boynton directed a glance of invitation at Phillips, who stooped and peered curiously at the under side of the table, and then passed his hand over the carpet beneath the aperture. "No signs of a trap?" suggested the doctor.

"No, quite solid," said Phillips.

"These things are evidently merely in their inception," remarked the doctor, candidly. "I would n't advise their implicit acceptance under all circumstances, but here the conditions strike me as simple and really very fair."

"I've been very greatly interested indeed," said Phillips, "and I should n't at all attempt to explain what I've seen."

"We shall now try our own experiment," said the doctor, looking round at the windows, through the blinds and curtains of which the early twilight was stealing. "Mr. Hatch, will you put up the battening?" While Hatch made haste to darken the windows completely with some light wooden sheathings prepared for the purpose, Dr. Boynton included Ford also in his explanation. "What we are about to do requires the exclusion of all light. These intelligences, whatever they are, that visit us seem peculiarly sensitive to certain qualities of light; they sometimes endure candles pretty well, but they dislike gas even more than day-light, and we shall shut that off entirely. Yes, my dear," he said, turning lightly toward his daughter, who, apparently relieved from the spell under which she had sat throughout the séance, now approached him, and addressed him some entreaty in a low tone, to which the anxiety of her serious face gave its effect. Ford watched them narrowly while they spoke together; she evidently beseeching, and her father urging with a sort of obdurate kindness, from which she turned at last in despair, and sat listlessly down again in her place. One might have interpreted the substance of their difference as light or weighty, but there could be no doubt of its result in the girl's reluctant obedience. She sat with her long hands in her lap and her eyes downcast, while the young man bent his glance upon her with a somewhat softened curiosity. Phillips drew up a chair beside

her, and began to address her some evening-party conversation, to which, after her first terrified start at the sound of his voice, she listened with a look of dull mystification, and a vague and monosyllabic comment. He was in the midst of this difficult part when Dr. Boynton announced that the preparations were now perfect, and invited the company to seat themselves in a circle around his daughter, from whose side Phillips was necessarily driven. Mrs. Le Roy reëntered, and after a survey of the forming circle took her place in it, and joined hands like the rest with her neighbor on either side. Dr. Boynton instantly shut off the gas, and several of the circle, led by Miss Merrill, began to sing. It was music in a minor key, and as the sound of it fell the air was suddenly filled with noises of a heterogeneous variety. Voices whispered here and there, overhead and, as it appeared, underfoot; a fan was caught up, and each person in the circle swiftly and violently fanned; a music-box, placed on Phillips's knee, was wound up, and then set floating, as it seemed, through the air; rings were snatched from some fingers and roughly thrust upon others, amidst the cries and nervous laughter of the women.

Through all, the mystical voices continued, and now they began to be recognized by different persons in the circle. The mother of one briefly visited him, and exhorted him to have faith in a life to come; the little sister of another revealed that she could never tell the beauty of the spirit-land; a lady cried out, "O John, is that you kissing me?" to which a hollow whisper answered, "Yes; persevere, and all will be well." Suddenly a sharp smack was heard, and another lady, whose chubbiness had no doubt commended her as a medium for this sort of communication, exclaimed, with a hysterical laugh, "Oh, here's Jim, again! He's slapping me on the shoulder!" and in another instant this frolic ghost had passed round the circle,

slapping shoulders and knees in the absolute darkness with amazing precision.

Jim went as suddenly as he came, and then there was a lull in the demonstrations. They began again with the voices, amidst which was heard the soft and rhythmic clapping of Egeria's hands, as she beat her palms together, to prove that she had no material agency in the feats performed. Then, one of the circle called out, "Oh, delicious! Somebody is pressing a perfumed handkerchief to my face!" "And mine!" "And mine!" came quickly from others.

"Be careful," warned the small voice of Mrs. Le Roy, "not to break the circle now, or some one will get hurt."

She had scarcely spoken, when there came a shriek of pain and terror, with the muffled noise of a struggle; then a fainter cry, and a fall to the floor.

All sprang to their feet in confusion.

"Egeria! Egeria!" shouted Dr. Boynton. The girl made no answer. "Oh, light the gas, light the gas!" he entreated; and now the crowning wonder of the séance appeared. A hand of bluish flame shone in the air, and was seen to hover near one of the gas-burners, which it touched; as the gas flashed up and the hand vanished, a groan of admiration burst forth, which was hardly checked by the spectacle that the strong light revealed.

Egeria lay stretched along the floor in a swoon, the masses of her yellow hair disordered and tossed about her pale face. Her arms were flung outward, and the hand on which she wore her ring showed a stain of blood, oozing from a cut in a finger next the ring; the hand must have been caught in a savage clutch, and the sharp edge of the setting crushed into the tender flesh.

Ford was already on his knees beside the girl, over whose insensible face he bowed himself to lift her fallen head.

"I told you," said Mrs. Le Roy, "that some one would get hurt if anybody broke the circle."

"It has been a glorious time!" cried Dr. Boynton, with sparkling eyes, while he went about shaking hands with one and another. "It has surpassed my utmost hopes! We stand upon the verge of a great era! The whole history of supernaturalism shows nothing like it! The key to the mystery is found!"

The company thronged eagerly about him, some to ask what the key was, others to talk of the wonderful hand. Ege-ria was forgotten; she might have been trodden under foot but for the active efforts of Hatch, who cleared a circle about her, and at last managed to withdraw the doctor from his auditors and secure his attention for the young girl.

"Oh, a faint, a mere faint," he said, as he bent over her and touched her pulse. "The facts established are richly worth all they have cost. Ah!" he added, "we must have air to revive her."

"You won't get it in *this* crowd!" said Hatch, looking savagely round.

"We had better carry her to her room," said Mrs. Le Roy.

"Yes, yes; very good, very good!" cried the doctor, absently trying to gather the languid shape into his arms. He presently desisted, and turned again to the group which Hatch had forced aside, and began to talk of the luminous hand and its points of difference from the hands shown in the box.

Hatch glanced round after him in despair, and then, with a look at Ford, said, "We must manage it, somehow." He bent over the inanimate girl, and with consummate reverence and delicacy drew her into his arms, and made some steps toward the door.

"It won't do: you're too little, Mr. Hatch," said Mrs. Le Roy, with brutal common sense. "You never could carry her up them stairs in the world. Give her to the other gentleman, and go and fetch Dr. Boynton, if you can ever get him away."

Hatch hesitated a moment, and with another look at Ford surrendered his

burden to him. Ford received it as reverently as the other had given it; the beautiful face lay white upon his shoulder; the long, bright, disheveled hair fell over his arm; in his strong clasp he lifted her as lightly away as if she had been indeed some pale phantom.

Phillips, standing aloof from the other group and intent upon this tableau, was able to describe it very effectively, a few evenings afterwards, to a lady who knew both himself and Ford well enough to enjoy it.

II.

Mr. Phillips's father had been in business on that obscure line which divides the wholesale merchant's social acceptability from the lost condition of the retail dealer. When he died, however, his son emerged forever from the social twilight in which the father had been content to remain. He took account of his means, and found that he had enough to live handsomely upon, not only without anything like shop-keeping, but without business of any sort, and he courageously resolved to be a man of leisure. He had certain tastes which qualified him for this life; he had read much, and he had traveled abroad. He joined a club convenient to the lodging which he kept in his paternal home, letting out the rest of the house to a thrifty woman whose interest it was that he should have nothing to complain of. Every morning, at nine precisely, he breakfasted at the club, beside one of the pleasantest windows; the sun came in there in the afternoon, and except in the winter months he dined at another table. His breakfast and his dinner were the chief events of a day which he had the wisdom to keep as like every other day as he could, unless for some very good reason. When he had finished either meal, he turned over the newspapers and magazines, largely English, in the reading-room; after dinner

he often dozed a few minutes in his chair. For the rest, he paid visits and went about to the picture stores and to the studios. He now and then bought a painting, which in his hands turned out a good investment; but his passion was bricabrac, and he liked the excitement of the auction-room, where he picked up from time to time a rug, a queer vase, a colonial clock, a claw-footed table or chest of drawers, and added them to his stores.

He kept up with the current literature, and distilled from it a polite essence, with which he knew how to perfume his conversation in the measure agreeable to ladies willing to learn what it was distinguished to read. With many he was an authority in such matters, and with nearly all he was acceptable for a certain freshness of the susceptibilities, which he studiously preserved, growing them under glass, as it were, when it was past their natural seasons to flourish in the open air. Now and then one revolted against this artificial bloom, and declared that Mr. Phillips's emotions smelt of the watering-pot; but commonly they were well liked by the sex with which, even if he had not preferred, he would have been forced mainly to associate. There is no society but that of women for an idler in our country; the other men are busy and tired, with little patience and little sympathy for men who are not busy and tired.

Such men as Phillips consorted with were of the feminine temperament, like artists and musicians (he had a pretty taste in music); or else they were of the intensely masculine sort, like Ford, to whom he had attached himself. He liked to have their queer intimacy noted, and to talk of it with the ladies of his circle, finding it as much of a mystery as he could. At these times he treated his friend as a bit of *virtù*, telling at what length his lovely listener would of how he had happened to pick

Ford up. He bore much from him in the way of contemptuous sarcasm; it illustrated the strange fascination which such a man as Ford had for such a man as Phillips. He lay in wait for his friend's characteristics, and when he had surprised this trait or that in him he was fond of exhibiting his capture.

The tie that bound Ford, on his part, to Phillips was not tangible; it was hardly more than force of habit, or like an indifferent yielding to the advances made by the latter. Doubtless the absence of any other intimacy had much to do with this apparent intimacy. They had as little in common in matters of taste as in temperament. Ford openly scorned bricabrac; he rarely went into society; for the ladies in whose company Phillips liked to bask he cared as slightly as for stamped leather or Saracenic tiles. He was not of Bostonian origin, and had come to the city a much younger man than we find him. He was known to a few persons of like tastes for his scientific studies, which he pursued somewhat fitfully, as his poverty, and that dark industry known as writing for the press, by which he eked out his poverty, permitted. He wrote a caustic style; and this, together with his brooding look and his taciturn and evasive habits, gave rise to conjecture that his past life concealed a disappointment in love, "Or perhaps," suggested a fair analyst, "in literature."

Several mornings after the séance at Mrs. Le Roy's, he sat on one of the many benches which the time found vacant in the Public Gardens. It was yet far too early for the nurse-maids and their charges and suitors; the marble Venus of the fountain was surprised without her shower on; Mr. Ball's equestrian Washington drew his sword in solitude unbroken by a policeman upon Dr. Rimmer's Hamilton in Commonwealth Avenue; the whole precinct rested in patrician insensibility to the plebeian hour of seven; and Ford, if he

had cared, would have been safe from the polite amaze of that neighborhood at finding one even of its remote acquaintance in those pleasure-grounds at that period of the day. He sat in a place which was habitual with him; for he lodged in one of the boarding-houses on a street near by, and he made the Public Gardens the resort of such leisure as each day afforded him, seeking always the same seat under the same Kilmarnock willow, and suffering a sense of invasion when he found it taken. Commonly his leisure fell much later in the day; and he had now the aspect of the sleep-broken man, rather than the early riser who takes the air on principle or from choice. He sat and gazed absently over at the pond, where the swans lay still on the still water, with their white shadows under them as distinct and substantial to the eye as their own bulk.

A few stragglers, looking as jaded as himself for the most part, lounged on the seats along the walks, or hung listless on the parapet of the bridge. The spiteful English sparrows scattered their sharp, irritating notes through the air, and quarreled about over the grass, or made love like the nagging lovers out of a lady's novel.

When Ford at last withdrew his absent eyes from the swans and looked up, he was aware of a large and flabby presence, which towered, in the sense that a lofty mould of jelly may be said to tower, on the path directly before him. In this he gradually recognized an acquaintance of the spiritual séance, and finally knew the mottled face of Mr. Eccles; the morning was unseasonably close and warm; his hat was off, and the breeze played with the hair that crept thinly over his crown; his shirt and white waistcoat were clean, but affected the spectator differently.

"A-r-r-h — good-morning!" he said, with a slow, hard smoothness, staring intently at Ford, with a set smile and shut teeth.

"How d'y'e do!" answered Ford, without interest.

"Nice morning," said Mr. Eccles, turning half about, and describing it with a wave of his limp-rimmed silk hat.

"Very pleasant," assented Ford, making no motion to rise, and neither inviting nor forbidding further conversation.

"A habitual early riser?" suggested Mr. Eccles.

"No, I merely happen to be up."

"I rise early myself," said Mr. Eccles. "It is my digestion. I sleep badly." He looked, as he spoke, like a man who had never slept well. "Your friend, I presume, is not troubled in his digestion?"

"If you mean Mr. Phillips," replied Ford, with a cold ray of amusement, "I believe not. He makes it a matter of conscience to digest well."

"It isn't that, sir," said Mr. Eccles. "I have experimented in the matter a great deal. I have tried to digest well on principle, but that does not reach the root of the trouble. It may be alleviated by the proper influences; but this sourness" — he struck his stomach softly — "seems to be the material response to some spiritual ferment which we are at present powerless to escape. I am satisfied that the large majority of our indigestion, sir, comes from the existing imperfections of mediumization."

"Some philosophers attribute it to pie," said Ford, neutrally.

"That is a very superficial way of looking at it," returned Mr. Eccles. "If we could once establish the true relations with the other life, *pie* would n't stand in our way."

"I've no doubt that those who establish their relations in the old-fashioned way, by dying, are not troubled by pie," said Ford.

"Oh, death is not necessary to a complete rapport," returned Mr. Eccles, somewhat impatiently. "I have long been satisfied of that. It may even

prove an obstacle. What we want is to place ourselves in connection with the regions of order and peace. Till we can do this, we must feel the effects of the acidity, as I may call it, which characterizes the crude and unsettled spiritual existence reached by our present system of mediumization. We had an illustration of that the other night, sir, in the vulgar violence of the manifestations. I was ashamed that any person of refinement should have been invited to witness such a—a saturnalia. I should have withdrawn from the circle myself, at once, as soon as I perceived what the character of the communications was likely to be, if it had not been for my regard for Dr. Boynton and his daughter. There is no doubt in my mind, sir, that if we had then been in communication with ladies and gentlemen of the other life, the circle could have been broken with impunity. As it was, you saw the brutality with which the violation of a single condition was resented by the savage crew we had suffered to be called about us. They dreaded to lose an opportunity for riot. The consequence was that Miss Boynton's hand was caught and crushed till the setting of her ring cut to the bone; then she was flung to the ground. The only redeeming feature, the only hopeful aspect, of the affair was the apparition which terminated the disgraceful scene. Undoubtedly the hand which turned on the gas was a celestial agency of the highest and purest type."

Ford let his eyes, which had been dwelling upon Mr. Eccles's face with their usual cold scrutiny, drop to the ground. "I hope," he said, "that Miss Boynton has quite recovered from her—accident."

"It was a shock," returned Mr. Eccles, candidly, "and her physique is delicate. She is a mingling of the finest elements, but the proportions are so adjusted that the equilibrium is very easily disturbed. *Her* digestion, I should say,

was normally very good. She is evidently in relation, for the most part, with settled and orderly essences." He again set his teeth, and shone upon Ford with a wide, joyless smile. He waited for a moment, and Ford making no sign of interest, he said "Good morning," and towered tremulously away, carrying his hat in his hand, and letting his baldness take the breeze as he walked.

When he was gone, Ford sat in a long reverie, from which he was roused by the clock of the Arlington Street church striking eight, which was his breakfast hour. He rose, and strolled down the path and across the street to his lodging, which he entered with his latch-key. The other boarders, with their morning freshness of toilet upon them, were lounging or tripping down-stairs to breakfast, and met him with various degrees of interest, umbrage, and indifference in their salutation as he went up. The men mostly growled at him, with settled dislike in their tones; some of the women beheld him with pique, others with kindly curiosity; one little lady, in a pretty morning robe, warbled at him, as she swept her skirts aside to make room for him at the turn of the stairs, "Doing the early bird, Mr. Ford?"

"No; the early worm," he returned with as little effusion as he had lavished upon Mr. Eccles.

The lady gave him the slant of a laughing face, turned up at him, as she tripped down the stairs. "Don't disagree with the bird!" she said saucily. She had achieved celebrity among the other ladies by not being afraid of him.

He seemed not to think any answer necessary, and passed up two more flights to his room, which was small and in the rear of the house. It was cheerlessly furnished with a tumbled bed and two or three chairs and a large table, on which many newspapers and books, arranged in scrupulously neat order, left a small vacant space at one corner for writing, where some sheets of fresh manuscript

lay. On the window seat were some chemical materials and apparatus; on the chimney shelf some faded photographs; a tobacco pouch and pipes. Ford's business was with the manuscript leaves, which he took up and tore carefully into small pieces. He flung these into the grate, and then, with a conscious air, lifted one of the pipes, and fingered it a moment before he turned to leave the room. It was as if he had not liked the witness of his wonted environment to this act of his. He went on down to breakfast, and took his place at a table as yet but sparsely tenanted. The lively lady of the stairs-landing was there; she sat long at meat, morning, noon, and night, not for the material, but for the mental refreshment; for she found that more people could be made to give some account of themselves there than anywhere else. She was sipping her coffee out of her spoon, and looking about her between sips, with a disengaged air, when Ford came in, and she fastened upon him, over a good stretch of table, at once.

"Perhaps you went out so early in order to see a ghost, Mr. Ford?"

"Very likely," answered Ford, making a listless decision between the steak and the bacon.

"And did you?"

"What?"

"See one."

"They always charge people not to say."

"Ah, not nowadays! They want you to go and tell all about it. That's what I understand from Mr. Phillips." She sank back a little into herself, with her eyes resting quietly upon Ford's inattentive face, and her elbow brought gracefully to her side, and softly stirred her coffee. She was not of the society in which Mr. Phillips ordinarily moved, but was one of the interesting people on its borders whom his leisure allowed him to cultivate. She thus became in some sort of his world, — enough at least to

know what was going on in it, and to be referred to there as Mr. Phillips's bright little friend, by ladies who did not like her. She waited for Ford to speak in response to her last remark; but he was not one of those men who rush like air into any empty place; he had the gift of reticence, and the lady who had planned the vacuum beheld his self-control with admiration. It piqued her to fresh effort; she believed that his speaking was only a question of time. "Mr. Phillips," she went on, beginning to sip her coffee again, "gave me quite a glowing description of the Pythoness, as he called her; quite a Medea-like beauty, I should judge, — if it was her own hair."

"Mr. Phillips has a very catholic taste in female loveliness," said Ford.

"But really, now, Mr. Ford," said the lady, in a tone of alluring candor, "were n't you very much frightened?"

"I am constitutionally timid."

The lady laughed. "Then you were! What *did* you make of it all, Mr. Ford? What *do* you suppose made the cut in her hand? Don't you think she made it herself? You know Mr. Phillips likes mystery, and he would n't offer the least suggestion."

"Then I don't think it would be wise in me to hazard a guess. I don't see Mr. Perham, this morning," said Ford, lifting his eyes for the first time, and lazily looking at the vacant places about the lady.

She visibly honored him for this demonstration upon her weak point. She was a good-natured creature, and she liked skillful manœuvring, especially in men, where it had the piquancy of a surprise. "Oh, no!" she smiled. "Poor Mr. Perham is not equal to these early breakfasts. If you were often down yourself, Mr. Ford, you would have noticed his absence before this. He lets me come down on condition that I bring him his modest chop with my own hand, when I come up. You have no idea what

a truly amiable invalid is till you know Mr. Perham well."

Ford expressed no concern for the intimate character of Mr. Perham, and after some further toying with her spoon Mrs. Perham slipped back to her point of attack: "I don't know but I ought to make my excuses for trying to provoke you to talk of the matter."

"I don't mind your trying. But I should have been vexed if you had succeeded."

"Yes, that would have been a dead loss of material. I suppose you intend to write about it."

A flush passed over Ford's face, which Mrs. Perham gleefully noted. He replied, a little off his balance, that he had no intention of writing of it.

"Oh, then, you *have* written!" joyed Mrs. Perham.

Ford did not answer, but put his napkin into his ring, and rose from his chair, quitting the room with a faintly visible inclination toward the end of the table at which Mrs. Perham sat.

"Mrs. Perham, I don't see how you can bear to speak to that man," said one of the ladies.

"His manners are odious!" cried another.

"Oh, he *has* manners then — of some sort?" inquired a third. "I had n't observed."

"My dears," said Mrs. Perham, "he's charming! He is as natural as the noble savage, and twice as handsome. I like those men who *show* their contempt of you. At least, they're not hypocrites. And Mr. Ford's insolence has a sort of cold thrill about it that's delicious. Few men can retreat with dignity. He was routed, just now, but he went off like see the conquering hero."

"He skulked off," said one of the unpersuaded.

"Skulked? Did he really skulk?" demanded Mrs. Perham. "I *wish* I could believe I had made him skulk. Mary, have you Mr. Perham's chop ready? I'll take it up, — I said I took it."

Mrs. Perham laughed, and disappeared with her little tray, like a conjugal *chocolatière*, and the ladies continued for a decent space to talk about Ford. Then they began to talk about her.

W. D. Howells.

THE COMING ERA.

THEY tell us that the Muse is soon to fly hence,
Leaving the bowers of song that once were dear,
Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,
The groves of Pindus for the axe to clear.

Optics will claim the wandering eye of fancy,
Physics will grasp imagination's wings,
Plain fact exorcise fiction's necromancy,
The workshop hammer where the minstrel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics
Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run down,
But in her place the lecturer on hydraulics
Spout forth his watery science to the town.

No more our foolish passions and affections
The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall try,
But, nobler far, a course of vivisections
Teach what it costs a tortured brute to die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried rocks hid,
Shall tell the secret whence our being came ;
The chemist show us death is life's black oxide,
Left when the breath no longer fans its flame.

Instead of crack-brained poets in their attics
Filling thin volumes with their flowery talk,
There shall be books of wholesome mathematics, —
The tutor with his black-board and his chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet
Shall woo to moonlight walks the ribboned sex,
But side by side the beaver and the bonnet
Stroll, calmly pondering on some problem's *x*.

The sober bliss of serious calculation
Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy drew,
And oh the rapture of a solved equation, —
One self-same answer on the lips of two!

So speak in solemn tones our youthful sages,
Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,
As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages
They browse and munch the thistle-crops of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather pleasant
To dream again the scenes that Shakspeare drew, —
To walk the hillside with the Scottish peasant
Among the daisies wet with morning's dew ;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,
Led by the guidance of the master's hand,
For the strange radiance of the far ideal, —
"The light that never was on sea or land."

Well, time alone can lift the future's curtain, —
Science may teach our children all she knows,
But Love will kindle fresh young hearts, 't is certain,
And June will not forget her blushing rose.

And so, in spite of all that time is bringing, —
Treasures of truth and miracles of art,
Beauty and Love will keep the poet singing,
And song still live, — the science of the heart.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HABITS OF ENGLISH LIFE.

THE difference between manners — the subject of my last article on England — and habits of life is not great or strongly marked, and indeed the two things shade off into each other with such delicate gradation that it is difficult to point out where one ends and the other begins. There comes soon, however, a point on either side where we plainly see that one is what the other is not. This being the case, what I have to say now will seem in some respects a continuation of my previous article, but in others not so. If any of my readers are so bound to titles that this incongruity will disturb them, I am sorry; but I beg them to remember that on this occasion and in this respect the fault is not with the writer, but in the subject.

Whether discipline in the British army is stricter than it is in the army of the United States I do not know; I had no opportunity of making a comparison. But the laws governing domestic life are much more strongly insisted on and much more rigidly observed than they are with us. I was much impressed and amused upon one occasion of observing this difference. It was on a visit to Knole, in Kent, — one of the most interesting among the remaining great houses of the Tudor period. I was visiting for a day or two at a house not many miles from Knole, and my host kindly drove over there with me one Sunday afternoon. My expectations of pleasure were very high; for Knole is in perfect preservation, and is built on such a scale of magnificence that it contains, if I remember rightly, no less than eighty-seven staircases. Its oaken carvings, its corridors, and its bay-windows — known to me by prints and photographs — fully justify the epithet “very noble” which Pepys so often applies to his dinners, and as a

whole are unsurpassed in England for their beauty and their character. It is indeed a perfect example of that admirable and truly English style of domestic architecture which on the decay of feudalism succeeded the castle.

Our drive was delightful; for the day was fine, and Kent is called the garden of England. Our little jaunt was not without its little incident, which although trifling was significant, because my *cicerone* was a nobleman of high rank, of historic name, in whose family there are no less than three peerages. As we were rolling along the smooth roads we met a party of two or three taking a Sunday stroll. When we drew near each other my host recognized them, and exclaiming, “Oh, there are the —s!” bade the coachman pull up. He sprang out, and greeted them warmly; and there was a little chat, with reciprocal inquiries and invitations. On resuming his place at my side, he apologized for the interruption, saying good naturedly, “The —s are very estimable people, and one does n’t like to pass one’s neighbors on a Sunday without a pleasant word.” This would have been nothing worth remark had not I known the —s by name and by reputation. They were very rich, and had recently established themselves in a country-seat in Kent; but according to English social gradation they were inferior in rank even to merchants; for they had grown rich, not by trade, but by a trade, and the family still carried on the practice of their art and mystery. Yet there could have been nothing simpler, franker, or heartier than my host’s manner with them. It was altogether unlike the manner that, according to generally preconceived notions, might have been expected under the circumstances from a nobleman of his rank and position. I fear that as he was apologizing

to me there was a snobbish note of exclamation in one of my eyes, and one of interrogation in the other; for, although I did not say a word or make a motion, he added kindly and simply, "I don't think it's kind or nice [nice is a great word in England] to treat such excellent people coldly when they are neighbors." It is only right that I should add that, being a member of the government, in him popular manners were not only becoming, but might be serviceable, and that the —s had a great establishment. But truly, I do not believe that he was influenced by this consideration; for when he was here in his younger days, he had been set down by all who knew him well as a thorough good fellow.

We soon entered Knole Park, a place the very sight of which begat in my soul a serene and placid joy. It is grandly timbered, and is more undulating than any other park that I had the good fortune to see. It was manifestly open to the whole neighborhood on Sunday afternoons at least; for we saw groups, some of them very rustic in appearance and manners, walking over the greensward, or sitting under the great trees. And these people seemed to enjoy themselves much more heartily than any that I had ever seen in America on a similar Sunday or Saturday outing. The chief reason of this difference appeared to be that they did not stand upon their dignity, nor give their minds to being or to seeming as elegant and as fine as anybody else. If the old French chronicler found that the English people took their pleasure sadly, according to their custom, what would he say to the pleasure-taking of the English race under the elevating influences of democratic institutions! Whenever we approached these strolling parties near enough, they saluted us deferentially, but cheerily; and although my friend's equipage and his face were probably well known in the neighborhood, my general observation leads me to be-

lieve that the same would have been the case if we had both been strangers.

All through the park were fine beeches; and those which stood near the stone wall which shut in the gardens and private grounds, and over which the quaint but graceful gables of the great house peered, were the largest and grandest trees of the kind that I ever saw. Their roots, which, after the habit of the beech, began to spread well above ground, seemed sometimes to me like great buttresses of the majestic, towering trunks, and at others like monstrous claws thrust savagely out to clutch the earth and bear it up into the air. The beeches at Knole, as I learned afterwards, are famous as the finest in all England. I may remark here that I did not once look into a guide-book while I was in the country. I do not care much about critical literature of any grade, and rarely spend much time upon it, — possibly because, as the negro divine said when urged to hear a white brother celebrated for his eloquence, "I'se a preacher myse'f."

We drove to the gate-way, descended, and pulled the bell by a chain ending in a knobbed handle, which hung by the door-post. A little door in the great gate opened, and a porter presented himself who was the very reverse of the "proud portér" of the old ballads. He was a fat little man, — so fat that he seemed to stick in the door-way. He wore a bright scarlet waistcoat, to the making of which there went much cloth. His face was beardless, sleek, and jolly, although it was sobered with evident effort to the decorum of his function; possibly also by the consciousness of a disagreeable duty which he knew that he must perform. He was much such a looking man as the late distinguished comedian, Mr. William Blake, would have been if he had got himself up in a scarlet waistcoat as a porter. My companion gave him good-day, and saying that we should like to see the house stepped forward to lead the way in.

"Beg pa'don, m'lud," said the fellow, keeping himself directly in the doorway, "but Lord Sackville said that no one was to be allowed to come in wiles he was away. There 's work goin' on; the 'ouse is a-bein' repaired." I saw my friend's countenance fall; but he brightened up in a moment, and said, "Could n't you let us in? I've driven over just to show my friend the house." "Very sorry, m'lud, that I can't let you come in, but his lordship's orders was very p'ticler:" and he stood in the doorway, deferential, very deferential — in manner, but a very firm, immovable, round little fact. My kind companion was evidently much disappointed; and seeing that the porter knew him he said, making another effort on my behalf, "I'm sure that if my friend, Lord Sackville, were here he would let us in, and I wish very much to have this gentleman see the house. It's his only opportunity." "No doubt, m'lud, his lordship would be most happy, if he was here; but my orders was very p'ticler, m'lud, — no one to come in wiles he was away." Apology and firmness could not have been more completely or more happily combined than they were in the face and manner and speech of this jolly little red-waistcoated porter. My friend looked ruefully in my face, and we got into the carriage again. As we drove off, after expressing his sorrow that I should have been so disappointed, he said, "I could have gone in, of course; for Lord Sackville and I are friends, and I saw the man knew me well. I could have easily pushed past him and have told him that I would make it all right with Lord Sackville, as of course I could have done; but I did n't exactly like to show him the example of disobeying orders. Indeed, I'm very sorry." As for me, I was sorely disappointed, but on the whole glad that the matter had ended as it did. It would have been a great pleasure to me to see Knole, with its eighty-seven staircases;

but I don't know that it would have been greater than to see a nobleman of my companion's rank and position, a member of the government, and a county magistrate (a high position in England) yield gracefully and turn away from the door of his friend's empty house, which he had driven miles to see, rather than by a little gentle aggression lead a mere liveried servant into what would have been only a constructive disobedience of orders. My respect for the porter was great; but my respect for my friend was even greater than it had been before.

The mention of the careless and hearty enjoyment of their Sunday's pleasure by the rustic visitors of Knole Park reminds me that in London I came again and again upon little groups of children dancing in dingy courts upon the damp pavement. It might be drizzling rain, although not enough to wash their faces, and they were hatless and shoeless, — poor little things, almost break-fastless, not to say *impransus*, like Dr. Johnson (and yet that *may* have meant merely that he had not yet dined) but they danced, and danced merrily, without other music than that of their own little pipes, which they set up without rivaling Chaucer's prioress by entuning in their nose full sweetly. Such a sight could not be seen among the free and enlightened inhabitants of this country, except indeed the children of German emigrants, whom I have seen tempted into street saltation by brass bands, and even by hand-organs. But where among the real Americans — the Yankees or the Virginians for example — would you find hatless and shoeless boys and girls dancing in the open air in mere childish gayety of heart? Let us not boast untruly; the hatlessness, the shoelessness, the rags, and the dirt, we might find; but where the capacity of happiness which can despise rags, rejoice in bare heads and feet, revel in dirt, and set at naught falling water?

And yet these people work much

harder than we do, and for less wages. They do what I have never seen done in this country, — work in their gardens, if not in their fields, on Sunday. I have mentioned my surprise at hearing the cries of street venders in London on Sunday; it was even a greater novelty to me to see on my Sunday walks in the country, wherever I went, men, evidently respectable and comfortable persons, at work with spade and hoe and rake among their vegetables. If I stopped to speak to them, which I did if I were near enough, they did not seem at all as if they were surprised in doing anything of which they should be ashamed, or show the least shyness. Shyness, however, they would not be likely to show in any case, as I soon discovered. The existence of established ranks has the effect of causing a greater freedom of manner than is our habit of life among people of all conditions of life. They have fewer reserves: they have need of fewer.

In illustration of this I recall a sight that I saw in Hyde Park one soft autumnal morning. I was to take luncheon at a house near the park; and as I was whiling away the latter part of the morning by a stroll through this noble pleasure-ground, I came upon two women, one sitting and the other reclining upon the grass. As I drew near them, I perceived that one was middle-aged and the other quite young. Their likeness showed that they were mother and daughter, although the look of the girl's wan face and wistful eyes was very unlike the bright and rugged comeliness of the matron's. In a moment it was plain that the mother had brought her ailing daughter there for the benefit of the sun and air. The girl lay upon a shawl, with her body all in the sun; but her head rested in her mother's lap, which was in the shade. I stopped and spoke to the mother. Her language was good, and the inflections of her voice, although hardly refined, were not coarse. They

were evidently not what we should call poor people, but in comfortable circumstances, — so much so that I should not have thought of offering a gratuity (although the shilling-receptive faculty in England rises very high); but yet they sat out together in this way in such a very public place, and talked freely and pleasantly with a stranger, without any of that shyness and reserve and consciousness which would have been found under similar circumstances in America.

Most Englishmen of the lower middle class and the lower class in cities have a way of walking which is a distinguishing habit of common life. I had observed it in Englishmen of this sort in the streets of New York, where I could tell them by it as far as I could see them. They lay themselves out in their walking, as if they were doing a day's work. They walk not only with their feet and legs, but with their hips and their shoulders and their arms, not swinging the latter, but arching them out more or less from their sides, and putting them forward stiffly as they step. Withal they look conscious of their walking, and seem well pleased that they are doing the correct thing. This gait and carriage of body is most remarkable in the soldiers that one sees about the streets of London and of garrison towns like Canterbury, and in the vulgar creature who has come to be known by the generic name 'Arry. You will meet two soldiers tightened up to the extreme of endurance in their scarlet shell jackets, with little flat caps so far down the sides of their heads that you cannot see why they hesitate at coming down all the way, and these two fellows, one of whom is pretty sure to carry a rattan with a jaunty air, will take up the room of three men by the set-out of their four arms from their four sides, and will walk as if their locomotion, instead of being by human muscles, were by clock-work and steam. The number of their

imitators cannot be told; but an English gentleman has none of this toilsome swagger. He walks quite easily and unconsciously, and generally with a good, manly stride, just as a man of corresponding condition of life in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia will walk. But in those places you will not see in persons of inferior condition that strange mode of locomotion which I have endeavored to describe.

Gentlemen in England have a very general fashion of wearing rings in what seemed to me a very lady-like way. A signet ring, engraved with a cipher, a crest, or a beautiful design, seems fit and becoming upon the hand of a man who can afford to keep it clean and out of danger of knocks and blows. Nor are we unaccustomed to see examples of annular gorgeousness — notably vast amethysts — upon hands which are not so cared for. But this is not the ring-wearing of gentlemen in England. There small rings set with stones are in favor. Diamonds set in heavy hoops, rubies as eyes in the heads of golden snakes which coil three or four times around the finger, diamonds and rubies, diamonds and sapphires, in alternation, are seen upon the fingers of most of the men who are above the lower middle class, — noblemen, clergymen, army officers, university dons, hard-headed men of affairs, merchants. Not one ring only; indeed, a single ring upon a man's hand is rather exceptional. You shall see a big fellow with big brown hands, or an elderly man of staid business habits, with three or even four jeweled rings upon his fingers; not unfrequently there will be two upon one finger. The turquoise is in great favor, — the most unmanly and woman-proper of all precious stones, in my judgment; most suitable to the fairest and softest of the sex. It is frequently alternated with the diamond on a heavy hoop, a wide space being left between the stones. The fashion impressed me as quite incongruous with manly dignity

and simplicity. But perhaps this was merely because I was unaccustomed to it. I know that I saw a man with a diamond ring and a plain hoop on one finger, a turquoise on another, and a ruby-eyed snake whose coils covered one joint of a third, whom I knew to be a gentleman, and had good reason to believe thoroughly a man. If these men had not been of my own blood and speech I should not have thought this habit remarkable; but thus it strikes a stranger who is yet not a foreigner.

One lovely trait of English life I must not forget, negative although it is. During the whole of my visit, neither in town nor country, north, south, east, or west, did I see a spittoon, — not one. I did not miss the things, and it was not until my visit was almost over that I noted their absence, although the difference of the two countries in this respect is a very noteworthy fact in household economy. For, looking out of a back window this morning, did I not count seventeen of them leaning against the house-wall of my neighbor, Mrs. Hashitt, who takes a few genteel boarders? — seventeen, so help me Santa Cloacina, gorgeous in crimson and green and gold, with their foul maws empty, and their great fuming mouths turned up to the blessed sun! She, being a woman of elegant language, calls 'em cuspidores; why, the genius of gentility which presides over her establishment, including the seventeen, only knows. But neither spittoon nor cuspidore saw I in England.

The absence of this unlovely utensil is due in a great measure to the fact that in England a decent man is as unlikely to chew tobacco as in America a decent man is likely to wish the ladies of his acquaintance to know that he chews it. (In vain, however, are all his concealments and devices; for the breath of a tobacco chewer harbingers his approach before he is visible.) But it is also to be remarked that the tendency to spitting of any kind is much less in En-

gland than it is here. Our climate — meaning chiefly the dry wind from west and northwest — causes an irritation of the throat and the nostrils which produces a secretion of saliva and of mucus that in England is almost unknown to those who are in health. It is almost impossible for a man to pass a day here, except in summer or in early autumn, without relieving his mouth of some irritation of this kind, at least — as Mr. Everett said that he blew his nose — “in the privacy of me own apartment.” But while I was in England I was quite free from any such annoyance.

In England everybody seems to have leisure time. A gentleman is always supposed to have time to wait, to sit down, to chat, unless he has shut himself up that he may work. At an eating-house, unless you dine *table d'hôte* fashion, *à la carte*, the time which elapses between your sitting at table and the appearance of what you have ordered would be a sore trial to most Yankees. If I had opportunity to look about me and observe my neighbors, I did not mind it; but once or twice when I was shut up in a box all alone, with no company but thoughts and memories, I fretted at my forced idleness, although I do not believe that “rapid transit” is the greatest of all blessings. Perhaps it is because the Englishman moves so quickly and so punctually when he does move that he is able to take life leisurely at some time of day. Your very railway traveling seems there a form of leisure, a kind of rest, a soft, swift-passing silence. You are taken noiselessly off at an appointed minute, carried along with such nearly silent speed that you seem to be sitting still to see the world slip past you, and you are set noiselessly down at the appointed minute. You may not only read, but you may talk with as much ease and comfort as if you were in a library or a drawing-room, and indeed can write letters which may be read without difficulty. But as to lei-

sure, even the poorest man seems to have it, if he quits his work at all. If an artisan takes a glass of beer with a friend, they sit down to it, if they sit on kegs with a barrel-head between them as a table. Their beer seems to be drunk not merely to supply fluid waste and to furnish needed stimulant, but rather as a festive accompaniment and decoration of a brief time of leisure. The making a mere gutter of the neck is in England, I believe that I may say in Europe, almost unknown. Indeed, there are other things besides the star of empire that westward take their way. The farther westward, the greater the tendency to perpendicularity in potation. The Oriental squats at his sherbet or his coffee; the ancients who dwelt around the Mediterranean Sea reclined as they drank; the Frenchman sits at his ease over his thin *limonade* or his *café noir*; the Englishman at least plumps himself down upon bench or settle, and sits there, even if in semi-silence, until his beer is drunk; the American, standing erect and solemnly announcing “My respects to you, sir,” pours the fluid into his person, sets down the glass, and silently makes off about his business. Leisure would seem to be almost undeniably a condition of mental ripeness and of bodily grace. Wisdom and fine manners have always come from the East.

One reason of the possession of leisure time by Englishmen in so notable a degree seemed to me to be that there is little time spent by them in seeming to be what they are not. For the doing of this is a great consumer of time. The endeavor to be as fine as anybody, to live, or to seem to live, as luxuriously as those of much larger means live, is in itself, and quite apart from the question of income and outgo, a heavy draft upon all the forces, intellectual, moral, and material; and in particular it uses up that part of time which, not being given to work or to the daily round of duties, would otherwise be leisure. That the

tendency to this endeavor is favored and increased by a democratic form of society is the least that can be said. In fact, democracy urges, spurs, goads, all those under its dominion, except the few who are so independent in thought and in feeling as to be sufficient unto themselves, into this kind of social dishonesty, — dishonesty, because it is an imposition upon one's neighbors, and an attempted delusion of one's self. For in a democratic society, although there are conditions of life, because democracy has not yet been able to do away with human nature, the absence of established rank, and even of any perceptible and admitted distinctions of class, involves also the absence of the idea of fitness, of that which is becoming to the individual. In such a society money is the only test and rule of estimation the propriety of which is generally recognized. That is fit for a man which he can afford; and whether it is becoming is a matter of personal taste, — a matter which is not to be disputed. Hence, the shocking and ridiculous incongruities in wealthy democratic societies. Probably in no other place since the world began has the jewel of gold been so often seen in the swine's snout as in New York, — New York, which with the elements of the finest society in the world has really nothing which may be rightly called a society; because, not being a capital or even a metropolis, not being the centre of any interest, political, literary, artistic, or even social, other than a commercial interest, it has come to be merely a place for the speedy getting and the speedier spending of money.

That a condition of things having some likeness to this exists in England, and particularly in London, no one who is even moderately well informed upon the subject would think for a moment of disputing. But notwithstanding the social tendencies of the time, there are influences which greatly modify that condition and restrain its material manifes-

tations. There is the influence of the nobility and gentry, unavoidable, indisputable, irresponsible; there is the influence of the great universities, a great and constant, although a silent force; there is the influence of the established church, and of the army and navy; and, moreover, there is the widely diffused sense of subordination and of decorum, all of which are checks upon the aggressiveness of mere rich and vulgar pretension. To go no higher, the man who is "in holy orders," or he who "serves her majesty," although he may not have two hundred pounds a year, has a position which, notwithstanding the boasted omnipotence of money and its real power in society, mere money cannot give in England. And although the clergyman and the soldier may fawn upon Cræsus, Cræsus knows this, and they know it; and because of it he lets them fawn, and pays them for their fawning.

Indeed, social shamming is of very little avail in England. The shamming must be very good to make any impression at all; and even then its success is short-lived. It is soon exposed, and quietly put down. The very country folk, the farmers, the villagers, and the farm laborers, will not put up with country-gentleman airs and old-family graces on the part of new landlords. Lord A——, wealthiest of such raw county magnates, was openly snubbed by his humble neighbors when he took upon himself the gracious airs of a lord of the soil, and was given to understand that with all his money and his newly acquired acres he was only a rich Londoner. And Lord Beaconsfield cannot use such a word as "aftermath" to his rural neighbors around Hughenden, or speak to them of weather "which gives that brightness to the barley which farmers love to see," without being girded at by all the scoffing scribes of her majesty's opposition. In which they are hardly fair; for Mr. Disraeli, Hebrew *littérateur* although he was, inherited his

little manor of Hughenden, and surely may use any good English rural phrase with at least as much propriety as he may be an English earl.¹ But Englishmen are notably intolerant of any social pretension of this sort, and even the slightest exhibition of it is sure to provoke derision.

The distinction between persons who are "in trade" and those who are not is insisted upon with constant vigilance. This discrimination is perpetuated and deepened by the etiquette of the court. If there are any American ladies who value their privilege of going to court (and at the United States legation it is believed that some such still remain), it would be well for them to remember this absolute law when they accept the marriage proposals of British subjects. I knew of a case in which one of them was married to a wealthy British merchant, and, going to England, lived very luxuriously; but as the wife of a British subject in trade she could not go to court; while her unmarried sister, being what Pepys would have called a she-citizen of the United States, was solemnly and triumphantly presented. This distinction is carried to absurd extreme by some persons, generally women, who, although within the court circle, are of snobbish natures, and generally of newborn gentility. It has been told recently of an English lady, whose married name is of most "base and mechanical" origin, that, having had one interview with a governess whom she thought of engaging, and having been much pleased with her, she on the second interview informed her that she was sorry that she could not engage her, as she had discovered that she had lived in a family the head of which was "in trade,"—Sir Bache Cunard. The governess was the gainer by this manifestation of vulgar pretense and fastidiousness, for her serv-

ices were soon afterwards engaged by a duchess. But in an aristocratic society, no less than in a barber's shop, a line must be drawn somewhere; and the England of to-day draws it at trade. Nor does the consciousness of the consequent distinction, ever present with those who are either above or below the line, imply arrogance on the one part or subservience on the other. It is recognized and insisted on by no persons more than by domestic servants, who, as I have remarked before, are great sticklers upon rank and precedence. A lady who was of rank both by birth and by marriage, and who was the mistress of a great house, told me, as she was kindly explaining to me some of the details of such an establishment, that she had once seen a very nice-looking young woman who offered herself for service, and being much pleased with her appearance had expressed a wish to the housekeeper that she should be engaged. But after a quasi-competitive examination of the candidate, the housekeeper reported and said, "That girl is a nice girl, but she would not suit me at all, my lady. She has only lived at rich merchants' houses in town, and at their little trumpery villas; and she knows nothing of the ways of great houses." The lady yielded; for in such matters a person of her rank submits entirely to housekeeper and to butler, who are held responsible, and to whom all orders are generally given.

I have heretofore remarked that what is called an English basement house is, according to my observation, unknown in England. There is another little delusion very prevalent among us,—that tea only is drunk at English breakfasts, which consist chiefly of eggs, toast, and tea; and we have "English breakfast tea" as we have English basement houses, and one with about as much reason as the other. I found coffee much parish,—and is one of those corruptions of which many are known to philology, and which are the result of a mistaken assumption of meaning in the corrupted word.

¹ The correct pronunciation of Mr. Disraeli's new title is with the first vowel sound short, — *Beconsfield*. The spelling *Beaconsfield* is a corruption of the old spelling *Becknesfield*, — the name of a

more generally taken at breakfast than tea, although both were usually on the table. Eggs I saw rarely, and toast hardly ever. Indeed, I was offered eggs at breakfast only once while I was in England, and then I did not get them, although it was at a country house. I was sitting next my hostess, who remarked across the table to her husband that the lawn, which was in sight from the window, seemed to need trimming. Within so short a time that it seemed almost like magic, three men were at work with hand mowing-machines under our eyes. Just then she asked me if I would not have an egg. I accepted the offer, and she rang a far-off bell by pulling a little contrivance at her side. A maid appeared (no servants are present at breakfast in England), and the order for boiled eggs was given. The maid quickly returned, and said, "Please, my lady, there are no eggs this morning." Here was an Englishwoman whose husband was lord of thousands of acres, and at her country house, although at a word she could have a company of gardeners to smooth her lawn to her liking, she had not an egg to her breakfast.

The talk at breakfast, and even at dinner, in such houses turns not unfrequently upon the estate and its management: what timber may be cut, what planting is needed, what farm leases are falling in, and whether the present tenants shall be continued, and how they manage their farms. In these consultations the ladies join and offer their opinions, which are received with consideration; and the younger brothers, one or two of whom are almost always living at home, are looked to to take an interest and an active part in the management of the estate. This made the table-talk much more interesting and instructive to me than if it had been confined to politics, society, and "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," although these latter subjects had their full share of attention. I was impressed, as I have here-

tofore remarked, with the wide range of topics upon which these sensible, highly educated women were able to give, in their quiet, modest way, sound opinions and suggestions. They were rarely "smart," but they were sagacious; and they seemed to have the family interests much at heart.

The "unprotected female," who furnished John Lecch with some of his happiest and most amusing subjects, I did not find so common as I had expected to find her; but I met with one beautiful specimen on my way to Canterbury. She was beautiful as a specimen; but the utmost stretch of gallantry would not allow me to predicate any kind of beauty of her as a woman. I had taken a cross-road from a little place which I was visiting, and I had some time to spend at the station, waiting for the train on the main line. As I walked the platform, there emerged from the booking office a short, dumpy, elderly woman in a gray stuff dress, which did not conceal her fatness or lengthen her shortness. She wore large, round, silver-rimmed spectacles, carried a bulging umbrella, and her bonnet would have given a New York milliner, even in Division Street, a fit of nervous horror. But she was evidently a well-to-do person, and, although as fidgety and as confused as a weather-cock in a change of wind, quite able to take care of herself. She looked about for a few moments through her great glass artificial eyes, which seemed to have the effect of magnifying the unsatisfactory points of the condition of things before her, and then bustling up to a porter who was carrying an armful of parcels she exclaimed, "Where's my things? That's mine [pointing with her hippopotamic umbrella to one of the parcels]. Put it down. What are you going to do with it? I don't want to go by this train. I don't like this train. Where's my tin box? Miss —, she's a young lady at Riverhead, told me that if I came here at a quarter past twelve

I should have a nice train to take me to Tunbridge; and now I'm to have a nasty train, and to wait till half past one." The man smiled good-naturedly, and turning a half-winking eye to me, went on his way. She trotted after him, expostulating and clamoring for her tin box. Presently she trotted back, and went about pottering and cackling and stirring things up like an old hen in a muck heap. My time to go soon came, and I left her waiting for her nasty train.

I suppose that this old lady traveled second-class, as the phrase is in England. She would not have felt at home in a first-class carriage, and would besides have grudged the extra shillings; and a third-class carriage she would surely have regarded as very nasty, that is, unpleasant. Between second-class people and first-class people there is less sympathy and good fellowship than there is between third-class and first-class. I remember hearing a peer and an Oxford don discuss the economy of railway traveling; and they agreed heartily that it was pleasanter to travel third-class than second-class; third-class people were not so disagreeable as second-class. Now the third-class carriages are very cramped and uncomfortable, and the passengers are of the humblest and coarsest sort. But thus it ever is: we are more annoyed by the unpleasant peculiarities of those who are most like us, and yet are not of us, than by the stranger and perhaps more offensive habits of those whose remoteness from us relieves us from any implication with them or their affairs.

Clearly as classes are defined in England, in comparison with the uniformity in this country (for of course they shade into each other there, and the shading becomes year by year broader and more oblitative of the established lines), first-class people are not always distinguished from even third-class by English people of dull perceptions. The friend at whose house I was going to lunch, when I saw the mother with her invalid daughter in

Hyde Park, told me with much amusement of his being mistaken for a shoemaker. He is the second son of a distinguished man "with a handle to his name," and is himself a man of mark. A friend of his, quite inferior to him in social rank, had ordered a pair of shoes of peculiar make of *his* shoemaker, and by mistake they had been sent to *his* house. He was about calling upon his friend, and being a very easy-going man, and not at all fussy about his personal appearance, he took the shoes in a parcel with him. And by the way, to do this in London a man must be very easy-going indeed. For to carry a parcel, however small, or however elegantly wrapped, through London streets is something which a "gentleman" would not think of doing much sooner than he would think of walking through them in his shirt-sleeves. The tiniest purchase, which would not make your waistcoat pocket bulge, is solemnly sent home to you as a matter of course. But you may carry a book, if it is not too large and is not wrapped up. A book is a book; but a parcel may be a pound of cheese, or a pair of shoes. At his friend's door my shoe-carrying friend asked to see Mr. —, and was understood by the servant to ask for Mrs. —, to whom he was directly taken. The lady, who had never seen him before, looked up, and asked curtly, "What have you there?" "Mr. —'s shoes," was the reply. "Oh, yes; quite so, quite so. It's all right. Mr. — is out, but he'll be in soon, and if you want to see him you'd better take a seat in the hall, and wait till he comes." "But, madam" — began my friend. "Never mind, never mind; it's all quite right. Step out in the hall, please, and wait for Mr. —." The gentleman appreciated the situation at once, and had much too keen a sense of humor to spoil it by an explanation. So he did step out into the hall, intending to give the shoes to a servant and go on his way rejoicing. But he met his friend coming in, and, be-

ing too considerate of his friend's wife to put her to the blush and enjoy her confusion by returning, he gave the shoes to their owner, and after a few words upon the occasion of his visit bade him good morning. If he should chance to read this number of *The Atlantic*, I hope that

he will pardon me for repeating a story which in all respects is a most characteristic manifestation of English habits, and not the least so in his modest carelessness about the lady's mistake, and his thoughtful care to protect her against the consequences of her blunder.

Richard Grant White.

WEBSTER'S SPEECHES.

SINCE the publication of the six volumes of the Works of Daniel Webster in 1851, under the faithful editorship of Edward Everett, there has been no available compilation of Webster's speeches. The Everett edition is, and will always be, the standard edition; it is the work on which Mr. Webster's fame rests; but it is too large and costly for general use. Now we have in one volume a selection of the *Great Speeches*¹ of Mr. Webster, comprising the best examples of his forensic and parliamentary eloquence, together with some of the occasional addresses, which in the last generation carried the fame of English eloquence to a higher point than had been known since Edmund Burke, and in some of the nobler attributes of eloquence surpassing even that mighty master of human speech.

The selections in the new volume show Mr. Webster at his best; and his best will be always worthy of the study of every one, young or old, who has a stake in public life, or interest in the literature and history of the country. In the close and commanding power of his reasoning, in elevation of thought and purpose, in grandeur and purity of style, the great speeches and orations have their place assured, without rivalry, as models of what public eloquence ought

to be. Mr. Webster aimed always, and rarely failed, to adapt himself to his task; and if the task were a great one, he was the more sure to rise to the full height of its requirements. All the forces of nature in him seemed to impel him upward, until he reached the highest point of intellectual achievement without apparent effort of his own.

It has been said of him — indeed, it would be folly to attempt to say anything new — that in his forensic arguments, like that in the Dartmouth College case, in the trial of the Knapps at Salem, and others too strictly professional to find a place in the volume before us, he spoke as if he were never anything but a lawyer; and in public debates, like that on Foote's Resolution, the powers of the executive, the constitution not a compact, the United States Bank, and the like, as if he were always and only a statesman. There have been public speakers of momentary reputation endowed with principles without eloquence, and with what passes for eloquence without principles. Mr. Webster had both. About the one great principle which was the light of his public life he built up those massive and magnificent arguments which, as Mr. Whipple suggests in his interesting essay, *might* be carried by mining and

¹ *The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster.* With an Essay on Daniel Webster as

a Master of English Style. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

siege, but could never be approached by direct assault.

With his logical power and abundant learning he possessed also imagination and a lively sensibility. He saw the just proportions of things; he was never betrayed by appearances. He had no tricks of speech. He indulged in no subtleties. To every kind of rhetorical artifice he was a stranger. In the great speeches one is struck first by their logical order, then by their clearness and power of statement. Unexpected flashes of imagination light them up here and there, never distracting or misleading, but guiding the attention straight on to the end he is pursuing. When we come to his memorial addresses, we come into another atmosphere and a world of new emotions. Reading the Plymouth oration of 1820, one cannot help even now a rush of sympathy with the fervor of old John Adams, when he exclaimed, "It ought to be read at the close of every century, and indeed at the end of every year, forever and ever!"

The two speeches in reply to Hayne mark the highest point of Mr. Webster's genius. In other speeches, especially in his more formal orations, there are passages of more sustained and lofty eloquence, reasoning as close and invincible, mastery of many of the conditions of successful oratory; but here all were united. The hour and the man came together; elaborate preparation there was none. He was occupied at the time with important engagements in the supreme court. Many cares were pressing upon him. The exigency arose almost without warning. Webster alone was expected to meet the crisis. If he failed, the cause would be lost. It was a great occasion, and he rose to it. As we read the speeches to-day, and realize once more the circumstances under which they were made, — though half a century has passed away, carrying with it the personal interests and enthusiasm of the time, — it is impossible, at least

for a New Englander, not to feel again something of the glow and uplifting of that hour of supreme triumph. The unanswerable argument of these speeches reappears again and again in The Constitution not a Compact between Sovereign States, in repeated discussions with Mr. Calhoun, and in many of his popular addresses. No one can pretend to have mastered the argument on the distribution and limits of constitutional powers who is not familiar with them.

The generation now in active life, or passing to the shadowy side of it, came upon the stage in the midst of the personal strifes growing out of the conflict with slavery. Those who were disappointed by Mr. Webster's course from 1848 to the close of his life — and the disappointment was grievous and bitter — forgot, or refused to learn, the service he had rendered to the country by his matchless vindication of the constitution, and his defense of the integrity and indivisibility of the Union. Poetry and philanthropy united to disparage him, and the rising political tide at last overwhelmed him. He was not born for revolution. He was the orator and advocate of constitutional order, of government, of laws, and of loyal submission to their authority, until they could be changed by the force of reason, acting upon the hearts and consciences as well as upon the intellectual convictions of men. That was his gospel; he had lived by it, and was content to die by it. He hated secession in every fibre, and with every attribute of his nature. He foresaw the ominous shadow from the beginning. He resisted its coming in every form and with every weapon he could use effectively. But he hated with equal energy the spirit of disunion among his own people. He was moved with equal indignation by the cry rung in his ears whenever he returned to Massachusetts, that "the constitution was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." His whole life had been

a warfare for the constitution as the guaranty and bulwark of civil liberty on this continent; and when he saw the North and the South, with their discordant views of constitutional power, moving steadily in opposite directions, the gulf opening and widening between them, it is not difficult to realize why he should have been resolved to stand upon the ground he had deliberately chosen until it sank beneath him. He foresaw more clearly than most of his contemporaries what secession and disunion meant. His marvelous vision swept over the chasm — more terrible than the

“Gulf profound
Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,” —

toward which they were blindly hastening, thoughtless of consequences. He saw in it the wreck of all his hopes, the realization of all his fears. He saw the beauty and glory of our nation drawn into it, never to rise again. If he could have spanned the chasm, and seen that there was still hope beyond it, and had used his great talents to shape and control the conflict then driving us towards it, the result might not have been different; but his fame would have survived the shock, and escaped much of the unreasoning wrath that assailed it in his dying hour. His last appeal, except that contained in his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol, in July, 1851, was to the patriotism of his countrymen, — an appeal which would have been inspiring under any other circumstances, — made not for a day or a generation, but for all who were to come afterward. “Let us make our generation,” he said, “one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this constitution for ages to come. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the whole people. No monarchical throne presses these States

together, no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand under a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles: —

“Now, the broad shield complete, the artist
crowned

With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the
whole.”

There is a deep pathos in this 7th of March speech. It is wholly wanting in the confident tone and temper, “the majestic inward calm,” that was usual with him. In endeavoring to balance the grievances between the North and the South, he is conscious of standing on uncertain ground, and he feels that his argument is making no impression. The conflict had passed into an arena with whose motives and sentiments he was not familiar, and into which he was unwilling to enter. He had cast in his lot with the constitution as he understood it, with all its implied guaranties to slavery, and he would not stir from it though the heavens fell. For him the fall came soon. But more fortunate than most statesmen who fail to keep in accord with their times, he had already built an imperishable monument, which no changes in political opinion or in political institutions could disturb. It still remains and will long remain for

the admiration of mankind, when many who thought themselves wise in their day have passed on with their works to the limbo prepared for the multitude whom the world is willing to "let die."

Mr. Whipple's essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style is an excellent example of his power of critical analysis. He weighs intellectual products, not by wholesale, but with conscientious discrimination, in which long practice has made him an expert. The result is worthy of the place it

holds in this noble volume. To a new generation who will be brought to an acquaintance with the Great Speeches for the first time Mr. Whipple's discourse upon them will be of much value. It is well calculated to give an intelligent understanding of the elements of Mr. Webster's genius, and at the same time to promote a more sympathetic appreciation of his heart and character.

The volume has a good index, intelligently made, and increasing its value for general use.

ELECTIONEERIN' ON BIG INJUN MOUNTING.

"An' ef ye 'll believe me, he hev hed the face an' grace ter come a-prowlin' up hyar on Big Injun Mounting, electioneerin' fur votes, an' a-shakin' hands with every darned critter on it."

To a superficial survey the idea of a constituency might have seemed incongruous enough with these rugged wilds. The July sunshine rested on stupendous crags; the torrent was bridged only by a rainbow hovering above the cataract; in all the wide prospect of valley and far-stretching Alleghany ranges the wilderness was broken by no field or clearing. But over this gloomy primeval magnificence of nature universal suffrage brooded like a benison, and candidates munificently endowed with "face an' grace" were wont to thread the tangled mazes of Big Injun Mounting.

The presence of voters in this lonely region was further attested by a group of teamsters, who had stopped at the wayside spring that the oxen might drink, and in the interval of waiting had given themselves over to the interest of local politics and the fervor of controversy.

"Waal, they tells me that he made a powerful good 'torney-gineral las' time.

An' it 'pears ter me that the mounting folks oughter vote fur him agin them town cusses, 'kase he war born an' raised right down hyar on the slope of Big Injun Mounting. He never lef' thar till he war twenty year old, when he went ter live yander at Carrick Court House, an' arter a while tuk ter studyin' of law."

The last speaker was the most uncouth of the rough party, and poverty-stricken as to this world's goods. Instead of a wagon, he had only a rude "slide;" his lean oxen were thrust from the water by the stronger and better fed teams; and his argument in favor of the reelection of the attorney for the State in this judicial circuit — called in the vernacular "the 'torney-gineral" — was received with scant courtesy.

"Ye 're a darned fool ter be braggin' that Rufus Chadd air a mounting boy!" exclaimed Abel Stubbs, scornfully. "He hev hed the insurance ter git ez thick ez he kin with them town folks down thar at Ephesus, an' he hev made ez hard speeches agin everybody that war tuk ter jail from Big Injun ez ef he hed never laid eyes on 'em till that minit; an' arter all that the mounting folks hev

done fur him, too! 'T war thar vote that elected him the fust time he run, 'kase the convention put up that thar Taylor man, what nobody knowed nothin' about an' jes' despised; an' the t'other candidates would n't agree ter the convention, but jes' went before the people ennyhow, an' the vote war so split that Big Injun kerried Rufe Chadd in. An' what do he do? Ef it hed n't hev been fur his term a-givin' out he would hev jailed the whole mounting arter a while!"

The dwellers on Big Injun Mounting are not the first rural community that have aided in the election of a prosecuting officer, and afterward have become wroth with a fiery wrath because he prosecutes.

"An' them town folks," Abel Stubbs continued, after a pause, — "at fust they war mightily interrupted 'bout the way that the election hed turned out, an' they promised the Lord that they would never butt agin a convention no more while they lived in this life. Hevin' a mounting lawyer over them town folks in Colbury an' Ephesus war mighty humbling ter thar pride, I reckon; nobody hed never hearn tell o' sech a thing afore. But when these hyar horse-thieves an' mounting fellers ginerally got ter goin' in sech a constancy ter the pen'tiary, them town folks changed thar tune 'bout Rufe Chadd. They 'lowed that they hed never hed sech a good 'torney-gineral afore. An' now they air goin' ter hev a new election, an' hyar is Rufe a-leadin' off at the head of the convention ez graceful ez ef he hed never butted agin it in his life."

"Waal," drawled a heavy fellow, speaking for the first time, — a rigid soul, who would fain vote the straight ticket, — "I won't support Rufe Chadd; an' yit I dunno how I kin git my consent ter vote agin the nominee."

"Rufe Chadd air goin' ter be beat like hell broke loose," said Abel Stubbs, hopefully.

"He will ef Big Injun hev enny say-so 'bout 'n it," rejoined the rigid voter. "I hev never seen a man ez onpopular ez he is nowadays on this mounting."

"I hev hearn tell that the kin-folks of some of them convicts, what he made sech hard speeches agin, hev swore ter git even with him yit," said Abel Stubbs. "Rufe Chadd hev been shot at twicet in the woods sence he kem up on Big Injun Mounting. I seen him yestiddy, an' he tole me so; an' he showed me his hat whar a rifle ball hed done gone through. An' I axed him ef he warn't afeared of all them men what hed sech a grudge agin him. 'Mister Stubbs,' he say, sorter saft, — ye know them 's the ways he hev larned in Ephesus an' Colbury an' sech, an' he hed, afore he ever left Big Injun Mounting, the sassiest tongue that ever wagged, — 'Mister Stubbs,' Rufe say, mighty perlite, 'foolin' with me is like makin' faces at a rattlesnake: it may be satisfying to the feelin's, but 't ain't safe.' That 's what Rufe tole ter me."

"'T would pleasure me some ter see Rufe Chadd agin," said the driver of the slide. "Me an' him air jes' the same age, — thirty-three year. We used ter go huntin' tergether some. They tells me that he hev app'inted ter speak tomorrow at the settlemint along of them t'other five candidates what air a-runnin' agin him. I likes ter hear him speak; he knocks things up somehow."

"He did talk mighty sharp an' sting-in' the fust time he war electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting," the rigid voter reluctantly admitted; "but mebbe he hev furgot how sence he hev done been livin' with them town folks."

"Ef ye wants ter know whether Rufe Chadd hev furgot how ter talk, jes' take ter thievin' of horses an' sech, will ye!" exclaimed Abel Stubbs, with an emphatic nod. "Ye oughter hev hearn the tale my brother brung from the court-house at Ephesus when Josh Green war tried. He said Rufe jes' tuk that jury out 'n

themselves; an' he gits jes' sech a purchase on every jury he speaks afore. My brother says he believes that ef Rufe hed gin the word, that jury would hev got out 'n thar cheers an' throttled Josh. It's a mighty evil sort 'n gift, — this hyar way that Rufe talks."

"Waal, his tongue can't keep the party from bein' beat. I hates ter see it disgraced agin," said the rigid voter. "But law, I can't stand hyar all day jowin' 'bout Rufus Chadd! I hev got my wheat ter thrash this week, though I don't expec' ter make more 'n enough fur seed fur nex' year, — ef that. I must be joltin' along."

The ox-carts rumbled slowly down the steep hill, the slide continued its laborious ascent, and the forest was left once more to the fitful stir of the wind and the ceaseless pulsations of the falling torrent. The shadows of the oak leaves moved to and fro with dazzling effects of interfulgent sunbeams. Afar off the blue mountains shimmered through the heated air; but how cool was this clear rush of emerald water and the bounding white spray of the cataract! The sudden flight of a bird cleft the rainbow; there was a flash of moisture on his swift wings, and he left his wild, sweet cry echoing far behind him. Beetling high above the stream, the crags seemed to touch the sky. One glance up and up those towering, majestic steeps, — how it lifted the soul! The settlement, perched upon the apparently inaccessible heights, was not visible from the road below. It cowered back affrighted from the verge of the great cliff and the grimly yawning abysses. The huts, three or four in number, were all silent, and might have been all tenantless, so lonely was their aspect. Behind them rose the dense forest, filling the background. In a rush-bottomed chair before the little store was the only human creature to be seen in the hamlet, — a man whose appearance was strangely at variance with his surroundings. He

had the long, lank frame of the mountaineer; but instead of the customary brown jeans clothes, he wore a suit of blue flannel, and a dark straw hat was drawn down over his brow. This simple attire and the cigar that he smoked had given great offense to the already prejudiced dwellers on Big Injun Mounting. It was not deemed meet that Rufe Chadd should "git tuk up with them town ways, an' sot hisself ter wearin' of store-clothes." His face was a great contrast to the faces of the stolid mountaineers. It was keenly chiseled; the constant friction of thought had worn away the grosser lines, leaving sharply defined features with abrupt turns of expression. The process might be likened to the gradual denudation of those storied strata of his mountains by the momentum of their torrents.

And here was no quiet spirit. It could brook neither defeat nor control; conventional barriers went down before it; and thus some years ago it had come to pass that a raw fellow from the unknown wildernesses of the circuit was precipitated upon it as the attorney for the State. A startling sensation had awaited the dull court-rooms of the villages. The mountaineer seemed to have brought from his rugged heights certain subtle native instincts, and the wily doublings of the fox, the sudden savage spring of the catamount, the deadly sinuous approach of the copper-head, were displayed with a frightful effect translated into human antagonism. There was a great awakening of the somnolent bar; counsel for the defense became eager, active, zealous, but the juries fell under his domination, as the weak always submit to the strong. Those long-drawn cases that hang on from term to term because of faint-hearted tribunals, too merciful to convict, too just to acquit, vanished as if by magic from the docket. The besom of the law swept the country, and his name was a terror and a threat.

His brethren of the bar held him in somewhat critical estimation. It was said that his talents were not of a high order; that he knew no law; that he possessed only a remarkable dexterity with the few broad principles familiar to him, and a certain swift suppleness in their application, alike effectual and imposing. He was a natural orator, they admitted. His success lay in his influence on a jury, and his influence on a jury was due to a magnetic earnestness and so strong a belief in his own powers that every word carried conviction with it. But he did not see in its entirety the massive grandeur of that greatest monument of human intellect known as the common law of England.

In the face of all detraction, however, there were the self-evident facts of his success and the improvement in the moral atmosphere wrought during his term of office. He was thinking of these things as he sat with his absorbed eyes fastened upon the horizon, and of the change in himself since he had left his humble home on the slope of Big Injun Mounting. There he had lived seventeen years in ignorance of the alphabet; he was the first of his name who could write it. From an almost primitive state he had overtaken the civilization of Ephesus and Colbury, — no great achievement, it might seem, to a sophisticated imagination; but the mountains were a hundred years behind the progress of those centres. His talents had burst through the stony crust of circumstance, like the latent fires of a volcano. And he had plans for the future. Only a short while ago he had been confident when he thought of them; now they were hampered by the great jeopardy of his reelection, because of the egregious blindness that could not distinguish duty from malice, justice from persecution. He had felt the strength of education and civilization; he was beginning to feel the terrible strength of ignorance. His faith in his

own powers was on the wane. He had experienced a suffocating sense of impotence when, in stumping Big Injun Mounting, he had been called upon by the meagre but vociferous crowd to justify the hard bearing of the prosecution upon Josh Green "fur stealin' of Squire Bibb's old gray mare, that ye knows, Rufe, — fur ye hev plowed with her, — war n't wuth more'n ten dollars. Ef Josh hed n't been in the dark, he would n't hev teched sech a pore old critter. Tell us 'bout'n seven year in the pen'tiary fur a mare wuth ten dollars." What possibility — even with Chadd's wordy dexterity — of satisfying such demands as this! He found that the strength of ignorance lies in its blundering brutality. And he found, too, that mental supremacy does not of its inherent nature always aspire, but can be bent downward to low ends. The opposing candidates made capital of these illogical attacks; they charged him with his most brilliant exploits as ingenious perversions of the law and attempts upon the liberties of the people. Chadd began to despair of dissipating the prejudice and ignorance so readily crystallized by his opponents, and the only savage instinct left to him was to die game. He justified his past conduct by the curt declaration that he had done his duty according to the law, and he asked the votes of his fellow-citizens with an arrogant *hauteur* worthy of Coriolanus.

The afternoon was wearing away; the lengthening shadows were shifting; the solitary figure that had been motionless in the shade was now motionless in the golden sunshine. A sound broke upon the air other than the muffled thunder of the falls and the droning reiteration of the katydid. There came from the rocky path threading the forest the regular beat of horses' hoofs, and in a few moments three men rode into the clearing that sloped to the verge of the cliff. The first faint foot-fall was a spell to wake the settlement to sudden

life: sundry feminine faces were thrust out of the rude windows; bevvies of lean-limbed, tow-headed, unkempt children started up from unexpected nooks; the store-keeper strolled to the door, and stood with his pipe in his mouth, leaning heavily against the frame; and Rufus Chadd changed his position with a slow, lounging motion, and turned his eyes upon the road.

"Waal," said the store-keeper, with frank criticism, as the trio came in sight, "Isaac Boker's drunk agin. It's the natur' of the critter, I'm a-thinkin'. He hev been ter the still, ez sure ez ye air born. I hopes 'tain't a dancin'-drunk he hev got. The las' time he hed a dancin'-drunk, he jes' bounced up an' down the floor, an' hollered an' sung an' sech, an' made sech a disturbament that the settlemint war kep' awake till day-break, mighty nigh. 'Twar mighty pore enjoymint for the settlemint. 'Twar like sittin' up with the sick an' dead, stiddier along of a happy critter like him. I'm powerful sorry fur his wife, 'kase he air mighty rough ter her when he air drunk; he cut her once a toler'ble bad slash. She hev hed ter do all the work fur four year,—plowin', an' choppin' wood, an' cookin', an' washin', an' sech. It hev aged her some. An' all her chillen is gals,—little gals. Boys, now, mought grow some help, but gals is more no'-count the bigger they gits. She air a tried woman, surely. Isaac is drunk ez a constancy,—dancin'-drunk, mos'ly. Nothin' kin stop him."

"A good thrashing would help him a little, I'm thinking," drawled the lawyer. "And if I lived here as a constancy I'd give it to him the first sober spell he had." His speech was slow; his voice was spiritless and languid; he still possessed the tone and idiom of the mountaineer, but he had lost the characteristic pronunciation, more probably from the influence of other associations than an appreciation of its incorrectness.

"That ain't the right sort o' sawder fur a candidate, Rufe," the store-keeper admonished him. "An' 't ain't safe no how fur sech a slim, stringy boy ez ye air ter talk that way 'bout 'n Isaac Boker. He air a tremenjous man, an' ez strong ez an ox."

"I can thrash any man who beats his wife," protested the officer of the law. "I don't see how the settlement gets its own consent to let that sort of thing go on."

"She air his wife," remarked the store-keeper, who was evidently of conservative tendencies. "An' she air powerful tuk up with him. I hev hearn her 'low ez he air better dancin' drunk than other men sober. She could hev married other men; she didn't suffer with hevin' no ch'ice."

"He ought to be put under lock and key," said Chadd. "That would sober him. I wish these dancin'-drunk fellows could be sent to the state-prison. I could make a jury think ten years was almost too good for that wife-beating chap. I'd like to see him get away from me."

There was a certain calculating cruelty in his face as he said this. He was animated by no chivalric impulse to protect the weak and helpless; the spirit roused within him was rather the instinct of the beast of prey. The store-keeper looked askance at him. In his mental review of the changes wrought in the past few years there was one that had escaped Rufus Chadd's attention. The process was insinuating and gradual, but the result was bold and obvious. In the constant opposition in which he was placed to criminals, in the constant contemplation of the worst phases of human nature, in the active effort which his duty required to bring the perpetrators of all foul deeds to justice, he had grown singularly callous and pitiless. The individual criminal had been merged in the abstract idea of crime. After the first few cases he had been able to ban-

ish the visions of the horrors brought upon other lives than that of the prisoner by the verdict of guilty. Mother, wife, children, — these pale, pursuing phantoms were exorcised by prosaic custom, and his steely insensibility made him the master of many a harrowing court-room scene.

"That would be a mighty pore favor ter his wife," said the store-keeper, after a pause. "She hed ruther be beat."

The three men had dismounted, hitched their horses, and were now approaching the store. Rufus Chadd rose to shake hands with the foremost of the party. The quick fellow was easily schooled, and the store-keeper's comment upon his lack of policy induced him to greet the new-comers with a greater show of cordiality than he had lately practiced toward his constituents.

"I never looked ter find ye hyar this soon, Rufe," said one of the arrivals. "What hev ye done with the t' other candidates?"

"I left them behind, as I always do," said Chadd, laughing, "and as I expect to do again next Thursday week, if I can get you to promise to vote for me."

"I ain't a-goin' ter vote fur ye, — nary time," interpolated Boker, as he reeled heavily forward.

"Well, I'm sorry for that," said Chadd, with the candidate's long-suffering patience. "Why?"

Isaac Boker felt hardly equal to argument, but he steadied himself as well as he could, and looked vacantly into the eyes of his interlocutor for some pointed inspiration; perhaps he caught there an intimation of the contempt in which he was held. He still hesitated, but with a sudden anger inflaming his bloated face. Chadd waited a moment for a reply; then he turned carelessly away, observing that he intended to stroll about a little, as sitting still so long was fatiguing.

"Ef ye war whar ye oughter be,

a-follorin' of the plow," said Isaac Boker, "ye would n't git a chance ter tire yerself a-sittin' in a cheer."

"I don't hold myself too high for plowing," replied Chadd, in a conciliatory manner. "Plowing is likely work for any able-bodied man." This speech was unlucky. There was in it an undercurrent of suggestion to Isaac Boker's suspicious conscience. He thought Chadd intended a covert allusion to his own indolence in the field, and his wife's activity as a substitute. "It was only an accident that took me out of the furrow," Chadd continued.

"'T war a killin' accident ter the country," said Isaac Boker. "Fur they tells me that ye don't know no more law than a mounting fox." Chadd laughed, but he sneered too. His patience was evaporating. Still he restrained his irritation by an effort, and Boker went on: "Folks ez is bred ter the plow ain't got the sense an' the showin' ter make peart lawyers. An' that's why I ain't a-goin' ter vote fur ye."

This plain speaking was evidently relished by the others; they said nothing, but their low acquiescent chuckle demonstrated their opinion.

"I have n't asked you for your vote," said Chadd, sharply.

The burly fellow paused for a moment, in stupid surprise; then his drunken wrath rising, he exclaimed, "An' why n't ye ax me fur my vote, then? Ye're the damndest critter in this country, Rufe Chadd, ter come electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting, an' a-makin' out that I ain't good enough ter be axed ter vote fur ye! Ye hed better not be tryin' ter sot me down lower 'n other folks. I'll break that empty cymlin' of a head of yourn," and he raised his clenched fist.

"If you come a step nearer I'll throw you off the bluff," said Chadd.

"That'll be a powerful cur'ous tale ter go the rounds o' the mounting," re-

marked one of the disaffected by-standers. "Ye hev done all ye kin ter torment yer own folks up hyar on Big Injun Mounting what elected ye afore; an' then ye comes up hyar agin, an' the fust man that says he won't vote fur ye must be flunged off 'n the bluff."

"'Pears ter me," said Isaac Boker, surlily, and still shaking his fist, "ez thar ain't all yit in the pen'tiary that desarves ter go thar. Better men than ye air, Rufe Chadd, hev been locked up, an' hung too, sence ye war elected ter office."

There was a sudden change in the lawyer's attitude; a strong tension of the muscles, as of a wild-cat ready to spring; the quickening of his blood showed in his scarlet face; there was a fiery spark in his darkening eyes.

"Oh, come now, Rufe," said one of the lookers-on hastily. "Ye ought n't ter git ter fightin' with a drunken man. Jes' walk yerself off fur a while."

"Oh, he can *say* what he likes while he's drunk," replied Chadd, with a short, scornful laugh. "But I tell you, now, he had better keep his fists for his wife."

The others gathered around the great, massive fellow, still more violently gesticulating and incoherently asserting his offended dignity. Chadd strolled away toward the gloomy woods, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes bent upon the ground. Glances of undisguised aversion followed him,—from the group about the store, from the figures in the windows and doors of the poor dwellings, even from the half-clad children who paused in their spiritless play to gaze after him. He was vaguely conscious of these pursuing looks of hatred, but only once he saw the universal sentiment expressed in a face. As the long shadows of the forest fell upon his path, he chanced to raise his eyes, and encountered those of a woman, standing in Boker's hut. He went on, feeling like a martyr. The thick foliage closed

upon him; the sound of his languid footsteps died in the distance, and the figures on the cliff stood in the sunset glow, watching the spot where he had disappeared, as silent and as motionless as if they had fallen under some strange, uncanny spell.

The calm of the woodland, the refreshing aromatic odors, the rising wind after the heat of the sultry day, began to exert a revivifying influence upon the lawyer's spirits, as he walked on into the illimitable solitudes of the forest. Night was falling before he turned to retrace his way; above the opaque, colorless leaves there was the lambent glinting of a star; the fitful plaint of a whip-poor-will jarred the dark stillness; grotesque black shadows had mustered strong among the huge boles of the trees. But he took no note of the gathering gloom; somehow, his heart had grown suddenly light. He had forgotten the drunken wrangler and all the fretting turmoils of the canvass; once he caught himself in making plans, with his almost impossible success in the election as a basis. And yet, inconsistently enough, he felt a dismayed astonishment at his unaccountable elation. The workings of his own mind and their unexpected developments were always to him strange phenomena. He was introspective enough to take heed of this inward tumult, and he had a shrewd suspicion that more activity was there than in all the mental exertations of the combined bench and bar of the circuit. But he harbored a vague distrust of this uncontrollable power within, so much stronger than the untutored creature to whom it appertained. A harassing sense of doubleness often possessed him, and he was torn by conflicting counsels,—the inherent inertia and conservatism of the mountaineer, who would fain follow forever the traditional customs of his ancestry, and an alien overwhelming impetus, which carried him on in spite of himself, and bewildered him with his

own exploits. He was helpless under this unreasonable expectation of success, and regarded the mental gymnastic of joyous anticipation with perplexed surprise. "I'm fixing a powerful disappointment for myself," he said.

He could now see, through the long vista of the roads, the open space where the settlement was perched upon the crag. The black, jagged outline of the rock serrated the horizon, and was cut sharply into the delicate, indefinable tints of the sky. Above it a great red moon was rising. There was the gleam of the water-fall; how did it give the sense of its emerald green in the darkness? The red, rising moon showed, but did not illumine, the humble cluster of log huts upon the great cliff. Here and there a dim yet genial flare of fire-light came broadly flickering out into the night. It was darker still in the dense woods from which the road showed this nocturnal picture framed in the oak leaves above his head. But was a sudden flash of lightning shooting across that clear, tenderly-tinted sky? He felt his warm blood gushing down his face; he had a dizzying sense of falling heavily; and he heard, strangely dulled, a hoarse, terrified cry, which he knew he did not utter. It echoed far through the quiet woods, startling the apathetic inhabitants of the settlement, and waking all the weird spirits of the rocks. The men sitting in the store took their pipes from their mouths, and looked at each other in surprise.

"What's that?" asked one of the newly-arrived candidates, — an Ephesus man, who held that the mountains were not over and above safe for civilized people, and was fain to investigate unaccustomed sounds.

"Jes' somebody a-hollerin' fur thar cow, mebbe," said the store-keeper. "Or mebbe it air Isaac Boker, ez gits dancin'-drunk wunst in a while."

The cry rose again, filling all the rocky abysses and mountain heights

with a frenzied horror. From the woods a dark figure emerged upon the crag; it seemed to speed along the sky, blotting out, as it went, the moon and stars. The men at the store sprang to their feet, shaken by a speechless agitation, when Isaac Boker rushed in among them, suddenly sobered, and covered with blood.

"I hev done it!" he exclaimed, with a pallid anguish upon his bloated face. "I met him in the woods, an' slashed him ter pieces."

The red moon turned to gold in the sky, and the world was flooded with a gentle splendor; and as the hours went by no louder sound broke upon the gilded dusk than the throb of the cataract, pulsing like the heart of the mountains, and the stir of the wind about the rude hut where the wounded man had been carried.

When Rufus Chadd opened his eyes upon the awe-stricken faces that clustered about the bed, he had no need to be reminded of what had happened. The wave of life, which it seemed would have carried him so far, had left him stranded here in the ebb, while all the world sailed on.

"They hev got Isaac Boker tied hard an' fast, Rufe," said the store-keeper, in an attempt to reply to the complex changes of expression that flitted over the pale face.

Chadd did not answer. He was thinking that no adequate retribution could be inflicted upon Isaac Boker. His crime was not only the destruction of merely sensuous human life, but, alas, of that subtler entity of human schemes, and upward-reaching ambitions, and the immeasurable opportunity of achievement, which after all is the essence of the thing called life. He was to die at the outset of his career, which his own steadfast purpose and unaided talent had rendered honorable and brilliant, for the unreasoning fury of a drunken mountaineer. And this was an end for a man who had turned his ambitious eyes upon a chief-justice's

chair, — an absurd ambition but for its splendid effrontery! In all this bitterness, however, it was some comfort to know that the criminal had not escaped.

"Are you able to tell how it happened, Chadd?" asked one of the lawyers.

As Chadd again opened his eyes, they fell upon the face of a woman standing just within the door, — so drawn and pitious a face, with such lines of patient endurance burnt into it, with such a woful prophecy in the sunken, horror-stricken eyes, he turned his head that he might see it no more. He remembered that face with another expression upon it. It had given him a look like a stab from the door of Boker's hut, when he had passed in the afternoon. He wished never to see it again, and yet he was constrained to glance back. There it was, with its quiver of a prescient heart-break. He felt a strange inward thrill, — a bewildering rush of emotion. That sense of doubleness and development which so mystified him was upon him now. He was surprised at himself when he said, distinctly, so that all might hear, "If I die — don't let them prosecute Isaac Boker."

There was a sudden silence, so intense that it seemed as if the hush of death had already fallen, or that the primeval stillness of creation was never broken. Had his soul gone out into the night? Was there now in the boundless spaces of the moonlit air some mysterious presence, as incomprehensible to this little cluster of overawed humanity as to the rocks and woods of the mighty, encompassing wilderness? How did the time pass? It seemed hours before the stone-like figure stirred again, and yet the white radiance on the puncheon floor had not shifted. His consciousness was coming back from those vague borderlands of life and death. He was about to speak once more. "Nobody can know how it happened except me." And then again, as he drifted away, "Don't let them prosecute."

There was a fine subject of speculation at the settlement the next morning, when the country side gathered to hear the candidates speak. The story of Isaac Boker's attack upon Rufus Chadd was repeated to every new-comer, and the astonishment created by the victim's uncharacteristic request when he had thought he was dying revived with each consecutive recital. It presently became known that no fatal result was to be anticipated. The doctor, who lived twenty miles distant, and who had just arrived, said that the wounds, though painful, were not dangerous, and his opinion added another element of interest to the eager discussion of the incident.

Thus relieved of the shadow of an impending tragedy, the knots of men congregated on the great cliff gradually gave themselves up to the object of their meeting. Candidates of smiling mien circulated among the saturnine, grave-faced mountaineers. In circulation, too, were other genial spirits, familiarly known as "apple-jack." It was a great occasion for the store-keeper; so pressing and absorbing were his duties that he had not a moment's respite, until Mr. Slade, the first speaker of the day, mounted a stump in front of the store and began to address his fellow-citizens. He was a large, florid man, with a rotund voice and a smooth manner, and he was considered Chadd's most formidable competitor. The mountaineers hastily concentrated in a semicircle about him, listening with the close attention singularly characteristic of rural audiences. Behind the crowd was the immensity of the unpeopled forests; below, the mad fret of the cataract; above, the vast hemisphere of the lonely skies; and far, far away was the infinite stretching of those blue ranges that the Indians called The Endless.

Chadd had lain in a sort of stupor all the morning, vaguely conscious of the distant mountains visible through the open window, — vaguely conscious of

numbers of curious faces that came to the door and gazed in upon him, — vaguely conscious of the candidate's voice beginning to resound in the noontide stillness. Then he roused himself.

The sensation of the first speech came at its close. As Chadd lay in expectation of the stentorian "Hurrah for Slade!" which should greet his opponent's peroration, his face flushed, his hands trembled; he lifted himself on his elbow, and listened again. He could hardly trust his senses, yet there it was once more, — his own name, vibrating in a prolonged cheer among the mountain heights, and echoing far down the narrow valley.

That sympathetic heart of the multitude, so quick to respond to a noble impulse, had caught the true interpretation of last night's scene, and to-day all the barriers of ignorance and misunderstanding were down.

The heaviest majority ever polled on Big Injun Mounting was in the reëlection of the attorney for the State. And the other candidates thought it a fine electioneering trick to get one's self artistically slashed; they became misanthropic in their views of the inconstancy of the people, and lost faith in saving grace and an overruling Providence.

This uncharacteristic episode in the life of Rufus Chadd was always incomprehensible to his associates. He hardly understood it himself. He had made a keen and subtle distinction in a high moral principle. As Abel Stubbs said, in extenuation of the inconsistency of voting for him, "I knows that this hyar Rufe Chadd air a powerful hard man, an' evil-doers ez offends agin the law ain't got no mercy ter expect from him. But then he don't hold no grudge agin them ez hev done *him* harm. An' that's what I'm a-lookin' at."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE NEW EDITION OF CHAUCER.¹

ENGLISH scholars of this generation, in England, Germany, and America, are certainly endeavoring to do their duty toward Chaucer. They have already done far more for him, both in quantity and quality, than was done in the four preceding centuries. Only a little more than ten years have gone by since the Chaucer Society of London was founded by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., to do honor to Chaucer, and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, thus affording them the requisite facilities for settling, as far as may be, the many ques-

tions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, etymology, etc., which attach to his works and the language which he employed; and in addition to the publication of numerous texts of Chaucer's several works, to publish such originals and analogues of and essays on these as can be procured, with other illustrative treatises and supplementary tales.

The cheerful and hearty response which the call for coöperation to these ends has met with, from scholars in all parts of the world where the English language is spoken and studied, and its great literature read and cherished, has proved the ripeness of the time for the

¹ *The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* To which are appended Poems attributed to Chaucer. Edited by ARTHUR GILMAN, M. A. In three

volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

fullest realization of the society's comprehensive scheme. But apart from the ripeness of the time, much must be credited to the energetic administration of the affairs of the society by its founder, who is a hard, untiring, and self-sacrificing worker himself, and has a peculiar faculty for keeping other scholars aroused and getting good work out of them.

The publications of the society already number many volumes, consisting of texts (exact reprints of the best manuscripts), essays, originals and analogues of the tales, etc. The *Canterbury Tales* must ever rank as Chaucer's masterpiece, and to this work general readers will chiefly, and almost exclusively, confine themselves, great as are the merits of the other works; and it is a gratifying fact that abundant material exists for the production of a final text, — a text which will occasion but little question among future scholars. The six texts printed by the Chaucer Society exhibit a remarkable uniformity in their readings, the variations being more in spelling than in words. The variations in words are really very few, — so few that what Chaucer, in all cases, actually wrote may be established to an almost dead certainty. Take any of the best texts of any plays of Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, or *Much Ado about Nothing*, for example, the text of each of these plays being but comparatively little open to question, and each will be found to contain more uncertain readings than are to be found in all the *Canterbury Tales*. Good and sufficient reasons can be given for this. We are indeed more certain of what Virgil and Horace actually wrote than we are of what Shakespeare wrote, in numerous cases. The variations in the spelling of the several manuscripts are rather favorable than otherwise for determining, proximately, the pronunciation of the time. They are often rude attempts on the part of the scribes toward representing by letters the spoken word.

A hasty glance at what had been done for Chaucer, in the way of text, commentary, dissertation, etc., previous to the founding of the Chaucer Society may not be superfluous. Up to the time of Tyrwhitt's edition (in 1775), three centuries and three quarters after the death of the poet, next to nothing had been done. The editions by Caxton, Pynson, Godfrey (long the standard edition), Thynne, Stowe, Speght, and Urry have no intrinsic value as editions; the interest attaching to them at this day being almost exclusively bibliographical. Their texts are, without exception, extremely corrupt. But it does not seem to have occurred to any of these editors, if editors they can be called, that they were not doing the right thing. Exception, however, should be made in the case of Caxton. He shows in the preface to his second edition great reverence for the poet. When he discovered that he had printed one of the most faulty of manuscripts, in which some things were omitted which Chaucer had written, and some things were added which he had not written, his sense of the injustice he had done the poet caused him to get out another edition, printed from a manuscript which a certain gentleman had procured for him and recommended as "very trewe, and accordyng unto his [Chaucer's] owen first booke by hym made;" and he acknowledges, with a charming *naïveté*, the mistake he had made, and gives expression to the conscientious care he had exercised in this second edition, "to satisfy the auctour where as tofore by ygnoraunce I erryd in hurtyng and dyffamyng his booke in dyverce places, in setting in somme thynges that he never sayd ne made, and leving out many thynges that he made, whyche been requysite to be sette in it." But for all his honest purpose to make amends, the text of this second edition fell far short of fairly representing the poet's language.

But villainously and often ingeniously

corrupt as these early editions were, the serene light of Chaucer's genius must nevertheless have shone through them to many loving students; it was his metrical excellence which was most obscured thereby. But it would be, perhaps, more correct to say that the *conditions* on which that metrical excellence largely depends were not understood and complied with; the early texts were not so much at fault, bad as they were, as were those who read them. Dryden certainly appreciated and loved Chaucer more than did anybody else of his time. He professes to hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Greeks held Homer, and the Romans Virgil. "He is," he says, "a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects; as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practiced by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace." But in spite of this gushing laudation, so characteristic of him when in the vein, Dryden failed to discover the metrical excellence of Chaucer's verse, which at this day is unqualifiedly admitted by everybody entitled to an opinion thereupon, and was unwilling to admit that the fault was in himself. Unacquainted with the syllabication of the English of the fourteenth century, thousands of verses appeared to him lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one; and he consoled himself with the reflection that this in other respects great poet lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children, he says, before we grow men, and our numbers were in their nonage till Waller and Denham appeared! Strange is it, indeed, that Dryden's native sagacity did not penetrate to some of the secrets of the old poet's harmonies, which, it is evident, he went to his grave without knowing; and stranger still that he was not visited by some dim suspicion

that a soul of such exquisite susceptibility as was Chaucer's (a susceptibility which he must have recognized) *might* have had, through some special favor of Providence, as good physical ears as men of later times were provided with, not even excepting those of Waller, whose miserable conceits and feeble verses and forced and imperfect rhymes have consigned their perpetrator to a deserved oblivion. But it does not appear that he was visited by any such suspicion. If he had been, he would certainly have set about to test the truth of it, and, in doing so, might have detected in the poet's verse something of that delicate metrical sensibility with which he is credited in these days, — a metrical sensibility hardly inferior to that of the greatest of living poets, the greatest, indeed, so far as an unerring sense of *form* is concerned, Alfred Tennyson.

Tyrwhitt was in fact the first editor of Chaucer, in a strict sense. Though he constructed his text on a false principle, and though his knowledge of the grammatical forms of the English of the fourteenth century was deficient, especially in the case of the final *e* (the residual of various Anglo-Saxon inflections) and of the singulars of strong preterites (the forms his text presents being generally plurals), the large body of illustrative and explanatory notes and the elaborate glossary of his edition will always be valuable. So, too, will the introductory matter, his Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer, and his Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales. There has been with some Chaucer scholars of the present day a disposition to underrate Tyrwhitt's labors, just as there has been with some Shakespeare scholars a disposition to underrate and even to sneer at the pioneer labors of the eighteenth-century editors. Thomas Wright, in his introduction to the Harleian text, first published by the Percy Society in 1847, makes the sweeping assertion that "Tyr-

whitt's entire ignorance of the grammar of the language of Chaucer is exhibited in almost every line, few of which could possibly have been written by the poet as he has printed them." But the defects of Tyrwhitt's edition were in no case due to his slovenliness, as are numerous defects of Mr. Wright's very extensive and various editorial labors. Tyrwhitt was careful and cautious, and extremely sagacious withal, as Mr. Gilman has shown in the Advertisement to his edition. On page ix he says, "A comparison of texts that were not available by Tyrwhitt has shown both the wisdom and the accuracy of the scholarship that he displayed." And on page x he says, "The reader who is curious regarding Tyrwhitt's judicious treatment of the text will be interested to compare with the present text certain instances in which he made emendations. He will find that the latest investigations sustain that editor to a remarkable extent. In the first volume of the Aldine Chaucer, Mr. Skeat quotes (page 174) ten lines which Tyrwhitt emended, namely, lines 1510, 1516, 1535, 1654, 1734, 1973, 2103, 2493, 2928, and 2996. Of these changes eight are supported by the Ellesmere text, and the remaining two are shown to have been unnecessary."

After the publication of Tyrwhitt's edition in 1775-78, nothing was done toward placing Chaucer on a sounder basis for seventy years. There were some modernizations, but these rather obstructed than promoted a taste for his poetry. There is no poetry whose peculiar *aura* can be more easily dispelled than that of Chaucer's. The slightest meddling with it is often fatal. Matthew Arnold, in the preface to a selection of the poems of Wordsworth, recently published, says, "Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable,—as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote

his poem for him." This may be said with equal truth of the most characteristic portions of Chaucer's poetry; and it is as easily made not itself as, for example, Wordsworth's *Three Years she Grew* could be. Certainly, the best and most cautious of the modernizations of Chaucer's poetry is that, by Wordsworth himself, of the *Prioress's Tale* (of the Christian child slain by Jews). But even that is far, very far, from the real thing. And that tale can be less easily spoiled than, for example, the *Nun's Priest's*, of the *Cock and the Fox*, especially the description of the cock. How Dryden has *traded* it!

The Harleian text of the *Canterbury Tales* was published, as has been said, in 1847, by the Percy Society. It is in many respects the best existing text. It has been reproduced in whole and in part a number of times since, and Professor Child based upon it his valuable *Observations on the Language of Chaucer*. But Mr. Furnivall, with the concurrence of other experienced Chaucerians, has given the preference to the *Ellesmere* text, and it has been made the basis of the *Rhyme-Index* published by the Chaucer Society, and of the *Concordance to the Works of Chaucer* in course of preparation. Mr. Furnivall, in his *Temporary Preface* to the six-text edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, has, in addition to the presentation of a few of the specialties of the six manuscripts, compared them one with the other, and with the Harleian. The peculiar merits of the latter can there be easily got at.

Mr. Gilman has adopted the *Ellesmere* text, and has not departed from it except in the very few places where there were weighty reasons for doing so. The reader is always informed, at the foot of the page, of these departures; but he is not always informed where the substitutions came from. The editor has in no case, however, made unauthorized substitutions. They are al-

ways to be found in some one or more of the other texts. It is a gratification to a reader — or at least it should be — to know that he is reading one good text of a poet like Chaucer, and not a text that represents an editor's individual taste as to which is the best reading out of various texts. What a medley some of the so-called critical texts of Shakespeare of the present day present, swinging as they do between quartos and folios, according as the editors think they should swing! Morris and Skeat in their texts of Chaucer are a little too much disposed to imitate the example of Shakespeare editors. But fortunately Chaucer editors *cannot* disport themselves amid various readings to the extent that Shakespeare editors can, for the various readings are comparatively few.

It would be, of course, a too slavish adherence, and one of no advantage whatever, to follow the contractions in which each and every manuscript abounds. But some question may be raised as to the propriety of substituting certain letters for others used in the manuscripts: for example, the two obsolete characters (a loss to our alphabet), for both of which *th* is now used; the semi-Saxon *g* (a modification of the Anglo-Saxon *g*), for which *y*, *g*, and *gh* are used; the use of *u* and *v* as both vowels and consonants, etc. The use of these characters is, indeed, very irregular in the manuscripts, and Mr. Gilman says, pages v and vi, that, "in the absence of any rule or custom on the part of the ancient scribes, it only confuses the general reader if their irregular example is followed." On page viii he says, "There is a positive loss when *povre* — Italian *povero*, French *pauvre* — is printed in an old author 'poure,' and *poverté* — *porerta*, *pauvreté* — is printed 'pouerte.' This is true also when *iape*, *ioye*, *iade*, *iuge*, take the places of *jape*, *joye*, *jade*, *juge*. On the contrary, the poet suffers no detriment when these

words are presented with the letters which make the impression upon nineteenth-century readers that the other ones made upon readers accustomed to them in the fourteenth century."

These remarks are plausible enough, but perhaps we are not yet ready fully to decide on them. They are, at any rate, sufficiently just with reference to such an edition as the one before us, designed, as it is, for the general reader rather than for the special student. The editor, it appears, does not mean his remarks to apply beyond the representation of certain characters used in the manuscripts by certain others of the modern alphabet. We are certainly not ready to decide, and perhaps never shall be, upon some one spelling of such of Chaucer's words as present in the manuscripts a multiform spelling, — such words, for example, as the preterite of *see*, which is spelled in more than thirty ways, representing the usual Anglo-Saxon form, *seah*. Mr. Gilman gives on page viii the following forms: *sauh*, *saugh*, *seigh*, *sih*, *segh*, *sihe*, *sauhe*, *sawh*, *sagh*, *sy*, *sie*, *sey*, *say*, *seygh*. The glossary to Forshall and Madden's edition of the Wycliffite Scriptures gives the following: *say*, *saie*, *saye*, *saig*, *sauge*, *sawe*, *sawg*, *sag*, *seeg*, *seig*, *seige*, *sig*, *sige*, *syg* (the italicized *g* representing the semi-Saxon *g*). Other variations are presented by the plural forms. The writer of this article has noted several other forms still in the Harleian text of the Canterbury Tales. So the usual Anglo-Saxon form *micel*, or *mycel*, has numerous representatives. Mr. Gilman instances *moche*, *mokel*, *muchel*, *mochel*, *myche*, *mychel*, *micel*; but there are many more. Now how are we to decide upon any standard form, in such cases? — and they do not constitute a small minority, by any means, of the words of the manuscripts. Perhaps the only way to cut the Gordian knot, or rather to get along without cutting it, is after Mr. Furnivall's fashion. In his

Temporary Preface to the six-text edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, pages 113–115, he says (space obliges us to make some omissions): “There are some men to whom the irregularities of nature and facts, the waywardness of growth, are a perpetual irritation. Trained mostly in classics themselves, they cannot bear the thought of Chaucer’s words being spelt with less regularity than Virgil’s or Horace’s. They do not stop to inquire whether the (to them) beautifully uniform spelling they have was that of Rome or Greece itself at any time, or that of an Italian Renaissance of the fifteenth century; they swallow the orthography of their text-books, without question, as the genuine article, thank the Lord for its delightfulness, and say they must and will make Chaucer and our early men conform to the like smooth rotundity. . . . As regards Chaucer, I have never yet seen or heard of a fourteenth century manuscript, autograph or not, which is uniform in its spelling; and I am entitled to conclude that no such manuscript of any length ever existed. . . . To force a uniform spelling on Chaucer, by whatever process arrived at, would be to force a lie on him and on the history of the English language. . . . Before him for hundreds of years is no uniformity; after him for centuries none. Why in the works of him, the free and playful, above all others, are letters to lose their power of wandering at their own sweet will; why are words to be debarred their rightful inheritance of varying their forms? . . . I repeat my words of 1861: ‘Far more experienced readers and better judges than I have condemned the attempt to impose on a language constantly changing in words, inflections, and spelling, written often by half-lettered men, a rigid rule applicable only to the well-settled speech and literature of a cultivated nation.’ (Early English Poems and Lives of Saints, Philol. Soc., page vi.)”

What Mr. Gilman remarks (pages viii, VOL. XLV. — NO. 267. 8

ix) is substantially the same, in a milder form: “Any concession to modern precision would misrepresent the orthography of Chaucer, and none is attempted in the present work. The editor’s rule has been to follow in this respect the usage of the scribe, who had the advantage of living at least four centuries nearer the time of the author than he represents.”

For the benefit of the uninitiated in manuscripts, Mr. Gilman might have been somewhat more explicit in regard to the manuscripts which were taken as the bases of Chaucer’s works other than the *Canterbury Tales*. On page iv he says of the Ellesmere manuscript, “It forms the body of the text now presented to the lovers of the great poet.” He means, of course, the text of the *Tales*, but he does not say so. The manuscripts followed in the texts of the other works are not characterized, or designated.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the publication of this edition was not deferred until after the printing of the manuscripts, by the Chaucer Society, of the *Troilus* and *Cryseyde*, that the editor might have availed himself of them in the preparation of his text. Mr. Furnivall, in his Eighth Report, August, 1879, states that he hopes to get into type before next summer the whole of the *Troilus*, in three parallel texts, — the Campsall manuscript (which he pronounces the handsomest early one he has ever seen), Harleian 2280 (ed. by Dr. Morris), both complete, and the Gg. 4. 27, unhappily incomplete, though very good. But Mr. Gilman has, nevertheless, given us a good text. A collation of the text with that of the Aldine edition, by Dr. Morris, has shown that he has followed the latter, which, the editor states, is printed entirely from a *single* manuscript, Harleian 2280, collated with Harleian manuscripts 1239, 2392, 3943, and additional 12,044. The society’s leading text, on which the concordance will be based, will be that of the Campsall manuscript.

Since the founding of the Chaucer Society, the chronological order of Chaucer's works has been quite conclusively determined, and some poems that were for centuries attributed to him have been shown to be spurious. That chronological order, with the exception of the Canterbury Tales (which are given first, according to the society's arrangement of them), is followed in this edition, and the apocryphal poems are given together in the third volume. They are The Romaunt of the Rose, The Court of Love, The Flower and the Leaf, The Cuckow and the Nightingale, A Goodly Ballade of Chaucer, A Praise of Women, Chaucer's Dream, Virelai, Chaucer's Prophecy, and Go forth, King.

A well-written introduction of 108 pages is devoted to The Times and the Poet (I. The Outer Life II. The Social Life. III. The Poet's Life. IV. The Poet's Works. V. The Poet's Genius), the Reading of Chaucer (the more important peculiarities of his language being noticed, and the pronunciation given of the vowels and consonants, where it differs from that of modern English), Astrological Terms and Divisions of Time (an important section), and Biblical References. In the Life, the editor has embodied whatever of new has been brought to light by recent researches. In the section on reading Chaucer, he rather slights the important subject of the final *e* as a metrical element in the verse, and what he says is perhaps liable to give the inexperienced reader a wrong impression, or at least an inadequate impression, of its importance. He says, page xcix, "In pronouncing Chaucer it is necessary to remember that spelling was in some respects more nearly phonetic than it now is, and that syllables now unpronounced were formerly heard. The final *e* was, for example, pronounced in many cases, and in verse it often perfects the metre and adds to the musical effect."

The phrases "in many cases" and

"often perfects the metre" must certainly convey the impression to the uninitiated reader, hardly designed by the editor, of the final *e*'s having an exceptional rather than a normal use in the verse. But every experienced reader of Chaucer knows that it is the *rule* for the final *e* (that is, when it properly belongs to a word, and has not been hitched on by the scribe without authority) to make a light syllable. The exception is where it is absorbed by a following vowel (*absorbed* is the word, not *elided*), or where it is followed by the pronominal words beginning with *h* (*he, his, him, hir, hire, hem*), *hath* or *has*, and, it may be, *have* and *had*. Before other words beginning with *h* it is generally sounded. Perhaps in the words named the *h* was either silent or very faint; *hem* appears to have been pronounced *em* very early. The final *e*, too, at the end of the verse was, there can be but little doubt, sounded, the verse being, as a rule, hendecasyllabic.

A good feature of this edition are the head-lines, those on the left-hand page giving the title of the current tale or poem, and those on the right-hand page indicating the subject of the page, often in the poet's own words. The lines of the Canterbury Tales are numbered continuously, and, as the order of the Tales is different from that of every previous edition, following, as it does, the society's arrangement, Tyrwhitt's numberings are given in parentheses at short intervals. This will be a convenience in comparing the text with Tyrwhitt's, or in referring to Tyrwhitt's notes and glossary.

The foot-notes, explanatory, for the most part, of the *words* of the text, are quite numerous, — as numerous, perhaps, as the intended scope of the edition allowed; but the general reader will often, no doubt, wish that more help of the kind had been furnished, and, in the absence of explanations, he may pass over the meaning of many words and phrases without being aware that he does not un-

derstand them. There are many words in Chaucer, still in the language, which make sense if taken in their present acceptance, but whose meanings in Chaucer are now obsolete. Such words the inexperienced reader needs particularly to have his attention called to. The work is furnished with a good index of fifty-two pages, of subjects and proper names, with references to volume and page. The punctuation of the text is not always strictly critical. A reading of the Prologue, with reference there-

to, showed a need of some half score of changes in and additions to the punctuation.

This edition must do much towards making Chaucer a more general favorite, as he is destined ere long to be. No poet in the literature possesses more of the elements requisite for a popular favorite than Chaucer. All that is necessary to make him such is to clear away the obstructions to the appreciation and enjoyment of his works with which they have been beset.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

1879.

THOUGH flowers have perished at the touch
Of Frost, the early comer,
I hail the season loved so much,
The good St. Martin's summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,
And thin moon curving o'er it!
The old year's darling, latest born,
More loved than all before it!

How flamed the sunrise through the pines!
How stretched the birchen shadows,
Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines
The westward sloping meadows!

The sweet day, opening as a flower
Unfolds its petals tender,
Renews for us at noontide's hour
The summer's tempered splendor.

The birds are hushed; alone the wind,
That through the woodland searches,
The red-oak's lingering leaves can find,
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine
Invites no thought of sorrow,
No hint of loss from air like wine
The earth's content can borrow.

The summer and the winter here
Midway a truce are holding,
A soft, consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace enfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,
Rise solemn in their gladness;
The quiet that the valley fills
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange! The autumn yesterday
In winter's grasp seemed dying;
On whirling winds from skies of gray
The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood
There steals a soft relenting,
I will not mar the present good,
Forecasting or lamenting.

My autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And, both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.

God's angels come not as of old
The Syrian shepherds knew them;
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,
And warm noon lights I view them.

Nor need there is, in times like this
When heaven to earth draws nearer,
Of wing or song as witnesses
To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow
Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks thy sundown afterglow
Seems less of night than morning!

Old cares grow light; aside I lay
The doubts and fears that troubled;
The quiet of the happy day
Within my soul is doubled.

That clouds must veil this fair sunshine
 Not less a joy I find it;
 Nor less yon warm horizon line
 That winter lurks behind it.

The mystery of the untried days
 I close my eyes from reading;
 His will be done whose darkest ways
 To light and life are leading!

Less drear the winter night shall be,
 If memory cheer and hearten
 Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee,
 Sweet summer of St. Martin!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

TWO NEW FRENCH NOVELS.

A NEW novel by Alphonse Daudet is pretty sure to be a good deal talked about, even in this remote region, and it is easy for us to imagine how Paris must be full of gossip and chat about his last book, *Les Rois en Exil*.¹ The disposition to discuss it can only be increased by the fact that the veil that covers some of the people he mentions, instead of being a concealment, is but a clue to their identity; this is especially the case with some of the crowned heads who are mentioned, and it is more than likely that some of the untitled characters are as well known to their fellow-citizens as are the ex-Queen of Spain and the ex-King of Hanover through their flimsy disguises as the Queen of Galicia and the King of Westphalia. But whether or no the Parisian public has seen them on gala days, or has brushed against them on the streets, is a minor matter; the proof of their actual existence is of no importance, if, indeed, it be not a hindrance; they have to show to the reader's satisfaction that they are those much rarer things, real characters, such as

make a novel live. That they do this no one will deny, for the book leaves on the reader a very strong impression of the writer's power. Daudet has already shown his ability to draw life-like characters, although he often indulges in what is very nearly caricature. Still, it has never been proved that caricature is necessarily a thing to be avoided by writers.

Le Nabab was a sort of historical novel about the present time, and the same thing can be said of *Les Rois en Exil*. In this story is shown the degradation of a king, of Illyria we are told, who having been driven from his throne by a revolution, takes refuge in Paris until such time as his people shall have grown tired of governing themselves. This king, Christian II., is an easy-going, pleasure-loving young fellow, without enthusiasm, caring only for enjoyment, who much prefers the easy joys he finds in Paris to the cares of ruling a remote kingdom. His wife is a very different person. She has the most earnest desire to see her husband, or their young son, on the throne of his ancestors. She believes fully in the divine

¹ *Les Rois en Exil*. Par ALPHONSE DAUDET. Paris: Dentu. Boston: Schoenhof. 1879.

right of kings, and she chafes under exile. She is wholly indifferent to her husband, except as the possible filler of a throne, and her life is spent, not in forgiving, so much as in trying to hide and condone, his many villainies. He is a Slav by birth and in character, that is to say, — judging from contemporary fiction, — he is almost wholly without character, and Paris completes the moral ruin of a man who was never more than a moral nonentity.

The book, then, describes the different stages in the modern Rake's Progress, together with the wife's futile struggle against fate. The story is a touching one, and what is more to the purpose it bears the mark of probability. Given the man and his surroundings, and the result described follows as surely as a brick detached from a chimney-top reaches the ground. A novel that naturally suggests itself for comparison is Cherbuliez's *L' Aventure de Ladilas Bolski*, a story that was not written for the New England public, to be sure, yet one of great impressiveness. Daudet's novel has the same quality that, one would hope, even in the face of the unblushing translations of Zola, would keep it from becoming too well known here, and it is curious to see how very much the same effect has been produced by the two writers in two different ways. Cherbuliez's method is what we may call an ideal one, while Daudet's is more nearly a realistic one. To be sure, Cherbuliez's ideal is a good deal like what one often sees in the theatre; it is melodramatic, in short, while Daudet's method is much simpler. We readers of English novels, who are accustomed to all sorts of inartistic construction, will feel ourselves at home in this story, which is not put together with formal precision; but there is little doubt that in France this inattention to the generally followed rules may be judged with harshness. There is no crisis in the story, it is simply a collection of incidents, but these incidents are narrated

with great skill. The novel is as formless as *Middlemarch*, and its merit is of very much the same kind, that is to say, it is a novel with a strong moral tendency. That it should show the worthlessness of kings is merely incidental; the crown of Christian II. is but a thing of pasteboard which serves to make more impressive the already solemn tone of the book. What most distinctly marks the hero is the weakness, the shallowness, of his character.

Without sermonizing, without contempt for the poor king, Daudet has written what is a serious defense of upright conduct, simply by showing a weak, vicious man, and the consequences of his faults. His realism is not a mere *tour de force*, like Cherbuliez's melodrama, it is direct study from life, and if it is a moral lesson that is most strongly enforced, this is the fault — if it be a fault — of life and not of the novelist. There is a certain way of looking at the *dramatis personæ*, that marks this book distinctly with the flavor of the present time, and some princes will doubtless be unable to read it without uneasiness, for they are not represented in their awe-inspiring state-robcs, but as they appear behind the scenes to some of their cool-headed subjects. They are judged as men, not as something superior to man, and this novel of Daudet's is almost as much flavored with democracy as it is with interest in Paris. Yet both this democratic feeling and this tone of moral earnestness were probably not intended to be prominent, but it is their apparent subordination and real prominence that raise the novel from the rank of entertaining books to that of a really important one.

As to the way in which the characters are drawn, too much cannot be said in praise. They are all set vividly before us by their position, while the pathetic story is one that is every day repeated before our eyes in other circles of society. But a king who is worthless seems

more worthless than, say, a worthless coal-heaver; and a woman like this queen, who *incedit regina*, adorned with every virtue, wins our sympathy at once from the very contrast between her high estate, even when in exile, and her heart-breaking sufferings. She endures everything with a proud patience which sets in a more shameful light her paltry husband's misdeeds, and she suffers doubly, as an outraged wife and as a betrayed queen. It is this exalted setting that gives the book its really poetical flavor; what would have been touching under any circumstances is only the more touching on account of the magnitude of the interests involved, and the book is a real contemporary tragedy, that is to say, a tragedy as distinguished from a pathetic novel like *Jack* or even *Le Nabab*. Not only does it deal with a more exalted theme, but the disgust at the weakness of the king in this story is relieved by the prominence given to the queen. In the other tales the virtues of the heroes do but add to the poignancy of the accumulated sufferings, but in this one the reader is comforted by the exalted dignity of the heroine, who rises higher, whatever her trials.

The superiority of this story to even the best of merely clever, even if supremely clever, stories, like *Ladislas Bolski*, for instance, is most marked. One is pleasing in just the way that paper is pleasing, the other is something taken from human life.

Of less significance, though extremely entertaining, is *Luigi Gualdo's Un Mariage Excentrique*.¹ At a time when so many poor French stories are published, so many, that is, in proportion to the readable ones, this novel will be found very good reading. The author has set the scene of his story in Italy, and all

the principal characters are Italians, but they really exist in the sort of fashionable fairy-land about which so much has been written. The plot is very complicated, and he is an ingenious reader who sees through all its complications beforehand, and who is not held with something approaching breathless interest to the swiftly turned pages. The story is in its way a natural one. It runs on with uniform vivacity; the people are all life-like; the conversations are exceedingly good, and, as has been said, the plot is a masterpiece; any one must be hard to please who is not amused by this combination of attractions. The author has some of the qualities with which *Cherbuliez* has entertained a delighted world. In other words, he belongs to what will soon be looked upon as old-fashioned, that is to say, the romantic school. The new men, who are scientific, have, to be sure, the merit of doing something, and that rightly counts for something; but their work will have to be judged, not by the excellence of their intention to follow the thought of the century, but by its value for the reader. *Emile Zola* says that the days of the psychological hero in fiction are numbered, and that it is the physiological hero who is to do all the running. But however this may be, and this is not the moment for its complete examination, there are yet some readers who will not turn their backs upon agreeable books. Men with theories are often not so completely in the right as they imagine, and it may be that readers will look for something besides scientific method in the fiction that is provided for them. As it is, this *Mariage Excentrique* will be found interesting. It belongs to the class of novels which includes fairy tales, while *Zola's* novels find their most formidable rivals in the criminal reports of a daily newspaper.

¹ *Un Mariage Excentrique*. Par *LUIGI GUALDO*. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: Schoenhof. 1879.

THE HUNT MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of the works of the late William Morris Hunt at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has, in addition to the rare artistic value of the display, the unique charm of autobiographical record. Mr. Hunt was a man of superior qualities, and a chapter from his life is sure to be full of interest. Those who were fortunate enough to know him as a friend; those to whom his works have, during his life, appealed in eloquent language; all, indeed, who have observed the influence he wielded over artistic feeling in this community, have found in the memorial exhibition an autobiography of the man as well as the history of the artist. It is, moreover, in more ways than one, a record of the rise and development of the present artistic movement in this country, — a line of progress with which Mr. Hunt was thoroughly identified.

Americans are reputed to have a dormant æsthetic sense. However well founded this reputation might once have been, it is now by no means just. We have always studied too much without absorbing enough through the pores, so to speak. It would be painful to review the condition of art in this country a generation ago. It is enough to know that our art students at the present day, following their inherited impulses, will accept nothing as a fact unless it be thoroughly proven to them. They are too intelligent to follow blindly the lead of a professor. The simple mechanical performance is to them of secondary importance; the meaning of the thing is of first account. They are stirred through their intellect alone. We have been long trained to reason in artistic matters much more than to feel. This is a natural condition in a community where intellectual asceticism is so highly honored.

Mr. Hunt found us with scarcely an atom of the leaven of artistic sentiment, fairly starved in art. The impulse, if there was any at all, was in the dry channel of the Dusseldorf traditions. His own experience taught him how necessary it was for Americans to assimilate some of the fervor and warmth of French art as the antidote for their birthright of Puritanism. He returned to this country at the close of his studies abroad so charged with the vitality of the French school that he swept along with him in his enthusiasm a host of converts to the doctrines he had accepted. The results of that conversion are seen to-day at every step. The ramifications of this influence cover a vast field. Enthusiasm is always contagious, and Mr. Hunt had no lack of it. His works were characterized by enough technical skill to secure their recognition elsewhere, and had also a certain intellectual quality that made them sure of acceptance here even before they were appreciated in their whole extent. Both by the arguments of his own performances and by his own vigorous speech he led his army of adherents along with him, *pari passu*, with never-flagging zeal and scarcely diminished energy, to the day of his death. He has left behind him the grandest decorations in the country; a great number of portraits, many of them types of historical interest; a score or more important pictures, and thousands of minor works. Some idea of the amount he produced during about thirty years spent in the pursuit of his profession may be gained from the fact that over two hundred charcoal sketches, beside nearly half that number of oil-paintings, were found in his studio after his death.

Mr. Hunt had the first qualification necessary to an artist, — susceptibility to impressions. The exhibition bears

ample testimony to this fact. When he first went to France, after a brief stay in Dusseldorf, he studied with Thomas Couture, then in the height of his renown. The method of this master seemed to satisfy the American student, so far as technique went, and he painted *The Prodigal Son*, *La Marguerite*, and *The Hurdy Gurdy Boy* under his influence. Each of these pictures suggest the master very strongly, not so much in their style as in their construction and color. Couture's art was always more or less artificial, and somewhat sensuous and material. He never painted a head with the exquisite *finesse* of that of the old man in the first of these three pictures. In the *Marguerite* also we find the firmness and solidity of Couture, and his peculiar flesh tints with the delicate greenish half tones. Instead of the sweet, womanly figure, Couture would have given us a buxom peasant. Diaz was a frequent visitor to the Couture *atelier*, and took an interest in the work of Mr. Hunt. It is said also that he did not spare his praises of the student's work, and compared it favorably with the master's own productions. Mr. Hunt, on his side, recognized in the paintings of Diaz an element of mystery that balanced the positiveness of Couture's methods. He was as strongly influenced, and quite as plainly directed, by this quality in Diaz as by the teachings of Couture. Proof of this is found in *The Fortune Teller*, where the arrangement of light and shade, the peculiar sunny tones, and the general aspect of the picture all suggest the former master. A little picture of two children is almost imitative in the strength of its resemblance to the figure pictures by Diaz, and a study of a female head has all the qualities of his color. Mr. Hunt's admiration for Diaz was but a spark in comparison with the flame kindled in him by the pictures of Millet, then a comparatively unknown painter. His appreciation of Millet amounted almost to worship. From his first acquaint-

ance with him we find his eyes so full of Millet's pictures that he sees nature only through the image of their beauties. It is a common experience of an artist, after looking at pictures which impress him strongly, to find himself so affected by their qualities that he sees them repeated in every group in the streets. This impression at times reaches the strength of an optical delusion, but is generally ephemeral. Mr. Hunt seems to have been so thoroughly stirred up by the incomparable charm of Millet's color and effects of light that, for years after, his own productions echoed the souvenirs of his chosen master. Various pictures in the exhibition show to what extent his association with Millet directed his own efforts. *Sheep Shearing at Barbison* is perhaps the nearest like a Millet of any work; but even this has strong resemblances, without being a copy. One of the most interesting things in the exhibition is the contrast between the two pictures of *La Marguerite*. The second one, painted in 1853, while he was with Millet, is on the lines of the first one, painted the year before with Couture. Less sculpturesque and less solid in aspect, the second has a compensating charm of sentiment and expression which is absent in the first picture from the very conditions of its execution. Couture insisted on the material, on the texture, on the tangibility, of the objects. Millet flooded the figure in a broad, mystifying light, removing it from the possibility of too close inspection, investing it with an intimacy, a retiring modesty, that befits the subject.

After following the artist through the different phases of his early development abroad, it is equally interesting to observe his struggles to express himself in his own language. He had been prattling — and a vigorous prattle it was, too — with the phrases of his French masters, and now he must use his own words. For a period he seemed to lose his first feeling for sculpturesque form, having

failed to catch the grand note of Millet's draughtsmanship, and occupied himself almost entirely with the manipulation of the color and the search after a sunny effect of light. For several years he painted with an almost feminine timidity, finishing the flesh to a high degree, but always presenting the broad effect of light and shade. The execution of the grand portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, painted for the Essex Bar Association in 1859, called out all his dormant energy, awoke afresh his sympathies with the sculptor's art, and created a new impulse in him. This portrait has certainly more noble qualities than any other ever painted by Mr. Hunt, and stands alone in this country in the portraiture of this generation. The dignity of the pose, the strong character of the head, the decorative arrangement of the figure and its accessories, and above all the intense humanity of the portrait make it healthy and vigorous as a work of art, and of inestimable value as immortalizing a type of the age and race in its true aspect. If the artist had painted but this single portrait, he might have put aside his palette with justifiable satisfaction. In *The Singers*, and a few pictures similar in treatment and painted about the same date as the Chief Justice Shaw, there is scarcely a trace of the vigor that found expression in the portrait. Dating from this grand work, we find his attention turned more than ever before to the character of the sitter as the first point of interest. He began the study of art as a sculptor, and a few examples of his modeling in the exhibition show that his success would have been great in this branch of art. Within ten years after his European student life he comes back to his first impulses with renewed devotion. Each successive portrait that he paints has more and more of the sculpturesque quality. For a while he appears wholly preoccupied with this element in his work, and his color is indifferent, weak, and often dis-

agreeable. Sometimes the flesh is full of green tones, and again full of brick-red hues. But the portraits gain all the time in character. His ladies always remain ladies, and his gentlemen preserve their distinction even in the disguise of bad coloring, for the best lines of their features and figure are on the canvas. When the artist did not satisfy himself in seizing the characteristic points of his sitter, he generally gave up the work, no matter how charming it might have been in any other direction but the one he concentrated his energy upon. Essentially a painter of moods, and of very violent moods, he subordinated everything to the one idea that urged him to action. His work was therefore uneven and uncertain. A trifle would spoil it; an hour of satisfactory painting would secure its completion.

Judging from the present exhibition, the period of the war was marked by few noteworthy productions, with the exception of the *Bugle Call* and the *Drummer Boy*. These indicate pretty clearly his state of mind during the excitement of war. They are unquestionably the most earnest and dignified of the mass of pictures inspired by the rebellion. The noble sentiment of patriotism tempted his brush, *not the details of the strife* nor the minor motives, which, once so important, we are now ready to lose sight of in the grand aspect of this chapter in our history. These two pictures are for all time and for all countries. But the painter devoted himself with characteristic zeal to another service during the war, a line of work no doubt very distasteful to him, but valuable beyond price to his patrons. He painted a great many portraits of dead soldiers from the meagre material in the possession of the relatives. Painting from photographs is, at the best, the most ungrateful task an artist can have, and Mr. Hunt, with his intense love for nature, sacrificed his choicest inclinations in this occupation. His patience and

consideration will not be forgotten by those he served in this way.

Among the scores of portraits in the collection, there are but few mediocre ones and many masterly examples. That of Mrs. Charles Francis Adams is dignified and lady-like and exceedingly refined, although sombre and even smoky in color. A study of a little girl's head has the charm of sweet expression and delicate color, — a matchless portrait of childhood. With what sympathy with maternal tenderness is painted the portrait of a lady holding her babe! It is reverential in its feeling. Master Gardner, former head-master of the Boston Latin School, sitting by a table in an attitude so well known to his friends, fairly lives in the portrait, so true is every shade of character caught. The personality of a sitter has rarely been more strongly given in a portrait than in the head of Mr. Allan Wardner. This stands quite alone among the rest in the manner of its execution, for it is unlike any except the most sketchy heads, and was apparently done with ease and confidence. Many other good character heads in the collection have especially strong points in them, but none have the peculiar technique of this one. It recalls Lenbach's best work, though it is less labored and much more freely touched. His own portrait is perhaps less satisfactory than most of the others. It has few of the strong accents of his face, and, although a strong resemblance, does not do justice to the original in point of picturesqueness.

It will be seen that his color grows more agreeable as he continues to paint portraits. The rise of a passionate mood for color may be traced with some accuracy. Certainly the beginning of this fever is fairly indicated by the study of a boy's head in the Rembrandt effect of light. Very rich and luminous in color, full of throbbing blood-vessels, the flesh almost quivers with life. As a piece of color it is the gem of the exhibition.

Several large studies and many minor sketches have the same intense appreciation of the beauty of rich flesh tones. They were all painted in the fever heat of excitement, when the palette was forgotten, and only the sitter and the rapidly-growing study were in the focus of the artist's mind and eye. An interesting comparison may be made between one or two of the small heads painted between 1850 and 1860 and the studies he made during the past three or four years. Several of the early ones are almost Gothic in their simplicity. The recent studies have no trace of this feeling, but show instead a strong sympathy with the activity and vigor of life.

The commission to execute the great decorations in the Capitol at Albany came just at the period when the artist was in his best mood for this kind of work. For two or three years previous he had been painting in a decided decorative way. The two immense panels gave him an opportunity to exercise his taste for decoration, and also afforded the space necessary to the execution of imaginative compositions, one of which, at least, had been long in his mind. The cartoons in the exhibition well illustrate how the idea of these compositions grew into being. As early as 1850 he painted a head of Sleep for *The Flight of Night*. The striking group of horses was a favorite picture for many years, and he executed it a score of times in various materials. The little series of pastel drawings, made to try the general effect of composition of line and color, form a progressive scale of development of the original conception, and disclose by what steps he reached the satisfactory arrangement. Notwithstanding the multitude of the studies for the mural paintings, no adequate idea can be formed from them of the superb decorations at Albany. It is sufficient to say that they are an appropriate monument to the genius of the artist.

An impulsive love for nature in all

her forms early led Mr. Hunt to study landscape. Many of his landscapes are peculiarly poetical; all of them are quite unconventional in treatment, and show qualities rare in the work of professed landscape painters. Several of the Florida scenes, for example, are almost as tender in color as Corot's pictures. When the wonderful study of Niagara strikes the eye, it carries a sure conviction of its truthfulness. In strength of color and luminous effect it is far ahead of any other landscape in the exhibition. The sublime scene has never had a finer interpretation. Below this roaring mass of waters hangs a little summer landscape with two lambs lying on the hillside. The energy and almost brutal strength developed in the execution of the Niagara are tempered in the small landscape into a feminine gentleness of touch and delicacy of feeling.

The collection of drawings is almost as interesting as the paintings. Mr. Hunt made constant use of charcoal as a rapid means of making notes. Its flexibility and the comparative ease with which it is employed made it more suitable to his methods of working than any other material. He was accustomed to use it in his notes of effect, of poses, and even in his preliminary studies of portraits. The drawings have therefore all the charm of first impressions, and

are the best interpretations of the artist's most intimate idea. Elaboration in color often destroyed a great deal of the vigor of the charcoal sketch. Sometimes a few scratches with the blunt end of a charcoal stick would serve the artist as a note of a characteristic point in some picturesque object or fleeting effect. These short-hand notes were made with wonderful accuracy. A few little sketches of donkeys show how valuable are spots of dark on white, if they are in their right places. This is exactly what Mr. Hunt aimed at in his painting, — putting the right spot in the right place at once. And this, too, is the end and object of all right methods.

It is evident that in a review of an exhibition so full of important works, scant justice can be done to most of the noteworthy pictures. A large proportion of them have been before the public, and are familiar through prints and photographs. It is safe to say that the extent and variety of Mr. Hunt's powers was never before comprehended, even by those who knew him best. The exhibition is a remarkable one from many points of view. Full of human interest, alive with personality, of astonishing range and comprehensiveness, it excites the imagination, stimulates the artistic sense, and makes it seem glorious to have lived and to have painted.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE number of holiday books does not seem to us so great as usual this year, but there is something of greater variety in them, and, as illustrated books go, of novelty. That is, there are fewer single poems made the subject of elaborate and superabundant illustration, and

more gift books of a general character, with fresh and distinct claims as literature.

Among the purely artistic publications we shall probably not go wrong in first naming Mr. Darley's studies from the *Scarlet Letter*,¹ which have been per-

¹ *Compositions in Outline from Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.* By F. O. C. DARLEY. Boston:

Houghton, Osgood & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1880.

fectly reproduced in heliotype, on a scale even more generous than his famous illustrations of Judd's *Margaret*. These *Scarlet Letter* pictures are in the same style of outline, severe, yet telling the story, especially in much of the detail, with great force. There are twelve of them, the first being *The Market Place*, where Hester is descending the prison steps with the babe in her arms, before mounting the pillory. Her face, always excepting the aquiline curve of the nose, which Mr. Darley has given her here and elsewhere, is very good, the haughty absent smile being most effectively suggested; whereas in Mrs. Hallock Foote's idea of Hester's expression, its rapt intensity was mistakable for blankness. The grouping is natural and vivid, and the variety of attitude and emotion in the spectators is a masterly characteristic of the piece. Mr. Darley succeeds here as strikingly as we think he fails in the next picture, where a too theatrical Hester is confronted in the prison cell with a conventional Chillingworth; the babe stretched on the low bed, however, is realistic and lovely. If we except this plate, and the unsatisfactory conception of Chillingworth and Dimmesdale as the Leech and his Patient, and also the thin characterization of Hester and Pearl by the *Sea-Shore*, we have named the only ones in which the imagination is not strongly appealed to. Even in the forest scene, where Dimmesdale lies with his head in Hester's lap, and her forehead shortened nun's face is bent ineffectively over him, the despair of the prone figure is deeply pathetic. In the other forest scene, where Hester, kneeling, stretches her arms coaxingly towards Pearl, who elfishly rejects her, with the demand that she shall restore the scarlet letter to her breast, the wavering hope and joy in the poor woman's face are delicately yet distinctly intimated; and the wildness of the landscape is sympathetically expressed.

But here the great defect is in Dimmesdale's face, which has been tending to commonplaceness, and is now downright Yankee. The most that can be done with this face is done in the two plates called *The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter*, in the first of which it shows its lax and hopeless profile, as Dimmesdale's drooping figure — beautifully *felt* and drawn — is supported up the scaffold steps on Hester's shoulder; and in the second, where, on the scaffold, he turns his dying eyes in accusal and forgiveness upon Chillingworth. The accessory figures here are all extremely good, though by far the best thing in the picture is the figure of Pearl standing a little apart on the scaffold, and touched with dawning consciousness; this is a great and subtle study, and a triumph of expression. In all the plates there are single figures which deserve particular praise, like that of the darkly frowning Puritan who listens while old Mistress Hibbins accuses Hester of going into the forest to meet the Black Man. There is a very admirable rendering of the scene in the governor's house, where the magnates of church and state discuss the project of taking Hester's child from her; and which should send the reader again to the passionate tragedy of Mrs. Hallock Foote's rendering of nearly the same passage. On the whole, we think the two most intense pictures of the series are the one in which Pearl, with clinging, childish persistence, presses her mother to tell her the meaning of the scarlet letter; and the other, in which Hester, stonily indifferent, passes through the group of reviling Puritan urchins, while Pearl stares round upon them in rage and defiance, and hurls back their taunts.

Messrs. Scribner and Welford this year follow their magnificent holiday works on *Spain*, *India*, and *Italy* with a companion book on *Venice*.¹ But this book,

¹ *Venice*. Its History, Art, Industries, and Modern Life. By CHARLES YRIARTE. With

Numerous Illustrations. New York: Scribner and Welford. 1880.

whatever its rank among other holiday publications, — and it must hold a high place, — is scarcely equal to those which have gone before it. Venice, as a subject, has as much unity as Spain; but it is extremely difficult, and the writer who wishes to be honest about it, and yet cannot quite trust himself to realism, and wholly break with the glamour that romance has cast over it, will hardly succeed in making a lively or original book. Mr. Yriarte knows his ground well, and he conceives the early Venetians admirably as the shrewd, practical, common-sense founders of an enduring prosperity and a powerful polity; but he does not boldly or strikingly present this type, nor the types of later Venetian character. There is want of freshness and want of force in it all. The old matters which must be gone over and over in every book on Venice are in no wise treated with novelty. Mr. Yriarte is well informed; he observes accurately and he speaks sincerely; but he is a feeble philosophizer, and he is not a graphic painter. The most valuable chapters are, as one would expect from the local contributor to *L'Art*, those on the art of Venice. They will remind the tourist very profitably of what he saw there, and they will faithfully report the facts about Venetian painting, sculpture, and architecture to the student; but they are not suggestive, and they are by no means subtle or original in their criticisms. If it was, as it may have been, Mr. Yriarte's purpose to appeal to the average intelligence in such things, he has succeeded; everything is simple, plain, and a little as if addressed to young persons. This is also the characteristic of those chapters relating to the modern life of Venice; they are soberly superficial and conscientiously commonplace, with what seems a conventional sensibility to the charm of the dramatic and picturesque spectacle. We are not saying, we hope, that the book is not meritorious. Our dissatisfaction is with the manner, not

the matter. It is a very complete and painstaking study of Venice; and no interesting point escapes the author.

The illustrations of the architecture are apparently engraved from photographs; they are extremely well chosen, and so are the famous pictures reproduced. Mr. Yriarte himself sketches very delightfully some scenes and types; and the passages on costumes and manners are agreeably illustrated from painters in whom Venice is very rich, but who are little known to the general reader, like the Longhis, Pietro, and Alessandro. Among the chapters of unusual interest and value, for their illustrations as well as their text, are those on Glass Mosaics, Printing, and Lace.

Mr. Waring's *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps*¹ is another holiday book which people can buy with the assurance that their pleasure in it will outlast the holiday season. It has not the novelty of adventure which formed the charm of his boat-voyage on the Moselle; but the Tyrol is still a comparatively unhackneyed region, and a journey through the Pinzgau, Ziller Thal, Innsbruck, across the Brenner, into the Grödner Thal, and so to the Italian side of the Dolomites, cannot lack picturesqueness and variety. The Tyrolese travel is supplemented by a very agreeably sketched tour of the Italian Alps from Cortina d'Ampezzo to the Vaudois Valleys, including a morning glimpse of Venice. All this mountaineering seems to have been undertaken upon the just theory of Mr. Taine that the greatest amount of pleasure is to be got out of mountain scenery at the lowest altitudes. Most of Mr. Waring's climbing is acceptably done in two-horse vehicles, or one-horse ones at the worst. He really makes but one thrilling ascent, — that of Monte Tofana, which he accomplishes with extreme personal fatigue, and such dislike of the whole tedious business that

¹ *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps*. By GEORGE E. WARING, JR. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

it casts a fresh charm over the book. He is, as all our readers know, an observer who unites the sympathetic and practical qualities; land and people, as well as landscape and sentiment, attract him, and make him a thoroughly companionable traveler. He is content to tell simply and plainly what he sees and hears, and he has the art of always seeing and hearing interesting things. There is no more effort to be humorous than to be poetic; one has the impression of sincerity and frankness throughout, which for most purposes are vastly better; and the English of the book is as manly as its spirit. The illustrations are, we believe, nearly all from photographs; but they are rescued, in the reproduction, from the photographic commonplace, and are agreeably abundant. There are a few pictures which are not from photographs, but are the more ambitious efforts of designers who have not seen, or have not felt, the things sketched. The feeblest of these is *Balcony Marketing in Venice*; the best is that of the *Lemon Garden at Lake Garda*, which might be a bit out of Doré's and Taine's *Pyrenees*.

There could be no pleasanter transition from the older to the younger holiday books than that afforded by the pretty volume of Elaine and Dora Goodale,¹ which has claims upon the liking of readers of all ages. These gifted children write of the wild flowers of their home woods with an affection which expresses itself in music as fluent as birds' singing; and though prolonged poetry about flowers is generally weariness to the spirit, from a lack of human interest in the subject, these lyrics have a sustaining charm. The charm is perhaps largely in one's sympathy with the fresh young hearts from which they spring. It is fit that they should celebrate these summer friends of theirs, and waiting the years and experience which shall

give them other themes one feels that these are the safest and sweetest promises they can utter for the future. The technique of these poet-sisters is admirably good; their reading shows here rather more than in earlier work of theirs: but there is little ambition to say more than they have themselves thought and felt, though there is here and there an alien largeness of expression which one hopes they will by and by think better of. This is not the occasion for exacting criticism, or indeed anything but interest and kindness for the children's charming achievement, which other children may know of with delight. We think that the verses on *Indian Pipe*, by Elaine Goodale, are of the finest imaginative effect of all; they convey a sense of the weird charm of that particularly unearthly flower, and they do this with an instinctive art which knows how to suggest as well as to express. The illustrations of the book seem to us worthy of very high praise; the flowers are sketched with realistic fidelity, and all their native grace is caught with a spirit whose happiness the engraver has apparently shared with the artist.

With each new Bodley book we wonder afresh at the skill with which Mr. Scudder continues to touch child-character, while he interests other children in the little people of his fancy. It is much more difficult to do both than those who do one or the other very well might suppose; but the young Bodleys are unfailingly real, and they are always set about something delightful. Not all of them are afoot, this time;² in fact, it is only Nathan who walks to Hartford with his cousin Ned, the other children going ahead with their mother by train, so as to surprise him at his journey's end by being at the judge's when he arrives; but they are all very active, nevertheless. The great sensation of the

¹ *In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers*. By ELAINE and DORA GOODALE. Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879-80.

² *The Bodleys Afoot*. By the Author of *The Bodleys on Wheels*, etc. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

book is Martin's marvelous brother Hen, who looms up at last from the other side of the world, choke-full of hair-breadth escapes and all manner of adventures by land and by sea. Few are the events in which Hen has had no part; few the birds and beasts he has not seen; few the queer and fascinating things he cannot do. He is quite the Hen we expected; but at last there is not enough of him, and we suggest that the next book be *The Bodleys Listening to Hen*. He remains at home with the other Bodleys when Nathan starts off upon his tramp in a sort of loose, exterior, barn-door connection with the family, and we lose sight of him too soon. We are consoled, however, by an account of all that Nathan sees and hears. What he hears is much more than what he sees, for at every interesting point of his journey somebody starts up with the story of the locality. It is, fortunately, nearly always an Indian story, and the colonial annals are thus turned over to charming purpose. Throughout the book, if any curious or remarkable thing is mentioned, as a song or an adventure of any kind, Mr. Scudder satisfies the excursive instinct of children by bringing it in, and once in it has its own fitness. He does this with entire boldness, and with an imaginable wink to the older reader, who if he has any humor will enjoy the appropriation. Mr. Scudder makes his Bodleys as interesting as anything they hear; and there is some very fresh material treated with uncommon cleverness in the sketches of those old-fashioned Hartford people, the kinfolk of the Bodleys, which we commend to all who like New England life. The judge and his wife are characters who bring down a softened and sweetened Puritanism almost to our own time. We like all the Bodleys so well that it is with something like grief we find so

exemplary a little person as Phippy saying, "I don't know *as* I would" for "I don't know *that* I would."

One of the very best children's books of the season comes from Cincinnati, — the admirable little study of *Insect Lives*, by Miss Ballard.¹ It is written with the most agreeable simplicity and good sense, which the young naturalist, a little oppressed by the weight and volume of adult scientific works, will gratefully appreciate. He will find in it excellent suggestions for observation, and a due amount of well-founded information, enlivened by a delightful enthusiasm for his pursuit. No book could be more acceptable to a boy with a taste for entomology, and the love for nature which must grow with such a taste. The volume is abundantly illustrated with well-engraved studies of insects in their different stages of transformation; and it is to be as cordially praised for these as for the graceful, unaffected, and interesting quality of its literature.

That the late war should be fought over again in books for our children is inevitable, but we may give thanks that some of the humane lessons of the war also find a place in children's literature. *Six Little Rebels*² has a somewhat truculent sound, but the reader will quickly discover that the rebels are so only by the accident of birth, and the story has the war only for a sketchy background, the real incident being in the fortunes of six or seven young people in Washington and at a Northern sea-side resort. There is no plot, but that is not necessary in a book for children; there is adventure and a desultory succession of entertaining scenes, while the gentle lessons of forbearance, charity, and unselfishness are impressed rather by the story than by any direct teaching of the writer. Perhaps the assumption that the book is

¹ *Insect Lives; or, Born in Prison*. By JULIA P. BALLARD. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1879.

² *Six Little Rebels*. By MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1879.

written by one of the company, a girl of fourteen, has something to do with this self-restraint and with the carelessness which frequently appears, as in the last sentence of the book; certainly, there is often a pretty *naïveté* in keeping with the assumption, and literary carelessness in a book for children is a venial sin. There is a realism about the book which betrays a ground-work of fact, and a wholesomeness of tone which allows one to commend it as above the average of books for the young.

*Room For One More*¹ is the title of a modest book for children which will commend itself to parents who are glad to find between the covers of a child's book a few simple scenes, truthfully presenting the limited world in which most children move. Here is a picture of family life, in which old and young really live together in proper relations; the parents and older people exacting obedience and respect, the children learning their lessons of self-restraint and mutual help in the best of schools. The incidents are not unusual, and the children are every-day children; the material of the book has all the appearance of being a part of the author's memory rather than of her imagination; but the salt which seasons these homely details is in the kind and wise lessons which are in the author's mind, and are gently insinuated in the story. There is no obtrusive moral, but the whole book is a moral. It is pleasant to see so unaffected, unpretentious, and wholesome a book for children.

*The Princess Idleways*² is called a fairy story, and there is a mild use made in it of an enchanted staff and a troublesome elf, but the rest of the fairy machinery is scarcely distinguishable from humanity. The story is a simple one of how a child, who has grown up

selfish and indolent under too much indulgence, is sent to the good fairy Industry, under the alias of Motherkin, and reformed to good habits. It does not seem to have been a very severe trial, and the matter-of-fact reader will ask why the indulgent mother was not sent to the fairy reform school instead. There is no special imaginative power shown in the story, which is conventional and careless.

To the list of good domestic stories must be added Mrs. Corbin's *Belle and the Boys*,³ a book of praiseworthy purpose and respectable fulfillment. Belle Cortelyou, a girl of sixteen, finds herself prematurely installed, during her mother's absence in Europe, as the head of a household consisting of her silent father and two restive younger brothers. Her experience and that of her young charges are recorded in this book, and the reader is shown the development of the girl in matronly ways, and the gradual ascendancy which she acquires over her brothers. Her patience, her ingenuity, her tact, and her general good sense are discovered, and at the end of the book the reader takes a genuine satisfaction in the result which has been reached, only indulging a further hope that the maiden who has had so much responsibility will now have a little more of that good time which one rightly feels belongs to young girls. There is a series of pictures of life in a Western town, which may relieve the anxiety of those who fear that young America is wholly given over to loudness, independence, and self-assertion. It is a pity that the good impression which the book leaves on the mind should not be created at the outset; but the author has chosen to introduce her characters by an incident which shows a needless desire on her part to be lively. The book is much

¹ *Room for One More*. By MARY THACHER HIGGINSON. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

² *The Princess Idleways*. A Fairy Story. By MRS. W. J. HAYS. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

³ *Belle and the Boys*. By MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1880.

better than the first chapter would lead one to suspect.

The Southern fondness for tourney and joust has been turned to good account, if we are to refer to it Mr. Sidney Lanier's enthusiasm for Froissart. He has made out of the famous chronicles a book for boys,¹ not using the work as material for new stories, but skillfully excerpting and arranging Johnes's translation, so as to make a continuous narrative, which follows the general divisions of the original, and, so far as is expedient, the separation by chapters. The great bulk of the selections is taken from the first two books, from the first half of the first book, and in the second from the adventures of Philip Van Arteveld. From the third book a few chapters only are taken, to show Froissart's personal adventures as a chronicler and to give a glimpse of the Gaston de Foix. From the fourth book a little more is given recounting the crusade against the Saracens. The selections include some notable passages, such as the Sea Fight between the king of England and the French before Sluys, the taking of Calais, the Battle of Poitiers, and the insurrection of Wat Tyler; we are sorry to miss the exploits of Bertrand du Guesclin and much of the details in the disturbances in Flanders, but we think the editor was judicious in giving large blocks of Froissart, rather than many isolated fragments. He has skillfully condensed his material still further by running his pen through superfluous passages, and quickening the flow of the narrative by this means and by the omission of episodes and trivial details. He has not troubled his boyish reader by notes and comments, wisely trusting the book to him for enjoyment, and concealing any school-master purpose he may have had. Our only doubt is if he has not given too much. Froissart is so very

leisurely and so indifferent to any complaint of dullness that only here and there would a young reader be found to march through his entire work. May it not be that even these four hundred or more pages will leave the reader too satisfied? We should like a boy to get up hungry from Froissart.

But in spite of these doubts, which perhaps are born of a spirit rendered depressed by a survey of the reading which is set before boys year by year, we welcome most heartily so sensible an addition to literature for the young. Especially is it a good thing that American boys should have the curtain lifted for them, and a glimpse given of a world so unlike their own in outward show, so like it in all the essentials of life. Here is scope for the imagination, and material upon which to build dreams that are less harmful than those excited visions of heroism in real life which are fed from the stories of impossible adventure that make up so much of our boys' reading. Under the guise of these romantic scenes lie lessons, too, of chivalry and courage and manly virtue which will not be overlooked by the generous boy. There is a time in the life of every girl when she dreams, and if she can have Fouqué, her dreams will be enchantments with no unwholesome waking; then is the time when her brother may well be set to reading Froissart and Walter Scott's romances. The illustrations by Kappes are well designed and add much to the attractiveness of the book. There is scholarship in them and genuine sympathy with the subject.

Somewhat akin to Mr. Lanier's book is the admirably arranged selection from Darwin's voyages, which the children owe to some unknown hand. It has been this very judicious editor's idea to tell stories of animals, men, localities, and nature in the language of the great

¹ *The Boys' Froissart*. Being Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of Adventure, Battle, and Custom in England, France, Spain, etc. Edited for boys,

with an Introduction, by SIDNEY LANIER. Illustrated by ALFRED KAPPES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

naturalist, and he has found that this addresses itself as clearly and charmingly to the young as to the old. What Mr. Darwin Saw¹ is a book of extracts from his Voyage round the World, and these are given with the least possible — and it is extremely little — modification or rearrangement. The accounts of wild animals fitly come first; those of wild men follow; and geography and abstracter natural history, meteorology, etc., are delightfully insinuated in their order. Some pages are added giving biographical sketches of the notable persons named in the extracts; there are good maps, and an abundance of excellent illustrations. We commend the book heartily for the wisdom of its conception, and its thorough acceptability. One could hardly choose a book for an intelligent boy which would more successfully appeal to his love of nature, or more pleasingly acquaint him with the great master in the literature of science.

Since a special literature for the young must be accepted, we welcome every book which has its origin in the great facts of history and science. It was an excellent scheme of Mr. Towle's to interest boys in the adventures of the heroic discoverers and travelers; and, after narrating the exploits of Vasco da Gama and Pizarro, he has undertaken to give the career of Magellan,² who began the first circumnavigation of the world, which was completed by his comrades after his own unhappy death. For the English reader, the material is to be found principally in a volume of the Hakluyt Society, edited by Lord Stanley, second baron of Alderley, which contains the accounts of Pigafetta, Gaspar Correa, and others, and chiefly from this material Mr. Towle has construct-

ed a connected story. The work is moderately well done. Somehow we fail to be very much stirred by the narrative, and the hand of the book-maker seems more conspicuous than that of one thoroughly conversant with the subject and imbued with the spirit of adventure. The account of Magellan's youth is adorned with a few slight sketches of Portuguese and Spanish life, and the dramatic parts are a little stagey. There was material in a skillful hand for a picturesque presentation, and a book for boys which is to supplant the melodramatic reading so popular with them cannot have too much real brilliancy. There is an indefiniteness also which seems unnecessary. The adventures among the Patagonians, for instance, are related, but the word Patagonia never occurs. The Isles of Thieves, visited by Magellan and so named by him, are known, we are told, "by that name to this day;" but the young reader would have to be told by some one else that these islands were what he knew in his geography as the Ladrone Islands. The whole route of Magellan is vaguely laid down. It is a pity that a good map had not been added. There was one at hand in the Hakluyt Society volume, which would have added greatly to the interest of the young reader. Nothing is said at the outset of the division of the New World between the Spanish and Portuguese by a Papal bull, as explaining some of the complications which gathered about Magellan's enterprise, and historic and geographic facts which might have been impressed on the mind are passed over slightly. On the whole, we think the conception of this volume better than the execution, and we are sorry that so good a chance has been so carelessly used.

¹ *What Mr. Darwin saw in his Voyage round the World in the Ship Beagle.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

² *Magellan: or the First Voyage round the World.* By GEORGE M. TOWLE, Author of Vasco da Gama, Pizarro, etc. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I WAS sitting, one winter's morning, in the office of the Blankenburg Salt Works, of which corporation I was then secretary. The Blankenburg salt business did not occupy me more than two or three hours every day, and I had checked the entries in my bank-book, had balanced my cash, and was sitting before the fire smoking a pipe, with my feet on the desk-lid near me, debating whether I should wait and see the "boss" of the mine where the Blankenburg Salt Works gets its supply of coal, and who usually dropped in about that hour of the morning, or whether I should get into my buggy and take myself off to another office where I should find another fire, another pipe, another bank-book, and another cash-book awaiting me.

While I was dividing the swift mind, the outer door of the office opened, presently a smart tap was heard on the inner door, and to me there entered a man who had the indelible impress of a vagabond. He was of middle age and of middle size, and was dressed in a very seedy and ill-fitting suit of clothes, which, though without a rent or a smear, looked as if they had been slept in for a long time. His face, raw with a recent application of the razor, was sodden, and his eyes were bleary and red. He leaned against the open door, and began in a high-pitched and monotonous voice:—

"Sir, I am a cigar-maker by profession. I have sought for work in this and the adjoining town, but without success. There appears to be a plethora of cigar-makers in this vicinity. I have seen better days. I formerly lived at No. 12 South Gaty Street, Baltimore, and was a man of wealth. I was possessed of the sum of \$80,000, \$60,000 of which I received from my father and \$20,000 with my wife. I am a man of the world. I have traveled in Europe, Asia Minor,

and Egypt. Yes, sir, I have ascended the Nile to the second cataract. 'I have been,' as the great poet says, 'where bells have knolled to church, and have sat at good men's feasts;' now, through my own careless and improvident habits, and indeed by actual dissipation, I am reduced to the menial occupation of making cheap cigars. Ay, sir, of wrapping and twisting leaves of native tobacco, and saturating them with an essence of most leprous distillment, and calling them Havanass. And further, sir, I am compelled by stern poverty to ask of you the loan of half a dollar to pay for a night's lodging." Having glibly made this harangue, he humbly cast his eyes upon the floor and awaited the result.

Being idly inclined for the moment, and perceiving a chance of some amusement, I told him to be seated. "Is it possible," said I, "that from the possession of wealth and position you are reduced to your present unfortunate plight?"

"It is, sir, a sad and solemn fact."

"Then you admit that dissipation was the cause of your ruin?"

"I do, sir, frankly. Hark ye, sir! I am so peculiarly constituted that I *cannot* lie; I *must* tell the truth. I claim no praise for it. It is no virtue in me. There are times when it would afford me great satisfaction to lie. But there is no such pleasure for me. Nature so formed me that it is impossible for me knowingly to tell a lie. Be kind enough to look carefully at my head. Peruse these lineaments, mark these features. If you are anything of a physiognomist you will at once perceive that truth is written there. It has been, perchance, a disadvantage to me all my life that I could not dissemble. I *must* tell the truth. It will come out. I cannot restrain it."

By this time I began to be very much

interested, and proceeded to question the Man of Truth quite closely. He did not attempt to make any excuses for himself. He freely admitted that he had been extravagant, dissipated, worthless, an annoyance to his friends and a disgrace to his relatives. His wife was dead long ago, and they had never had any children. I asked him what his plans were. He said he intended making his way on foot to Parkersburg, the nearest railroad station, where he hoped to beg or steal a ride to Baltimore. Once there, he should throw himself on the kindness of his relatives, turn over a new leaf, and be a man again.

"My friend," said I, "your story is a good one,—rather too well told, perhaps; but put yourself in my place. Suppose, for instance, that you were still in possession of your fortune, and were sitting in the parlor of No. 12 South Gaty Street, Baltimore, and I should enter the room looking as if I had an intimate acquaintance with haystacks and bar-room benches, and rather the worse, too, for drink, and should ask you for the loan of the price of a night's lodging; would you give it to me?"

"Sir," said he, "I would not give you one d—d cent." He smiled faintly. "You see, sir, I *cannot* tell a lie. I *must* tell the truth."

I was beginning by this time to think that I had had a half dollar's worth of amusement, but yet I hesitated.

"You say that you are trying to get to Baltimore, where you expect to reform, 'leave sack and live cleanly'?"

His eye twinkled at the quotation. "You are right, sir."

"Now I will give you half a dollar, on one condition."

"Name it."

"It is that when you reach Baltimore you will write me a line to let me know that my contribution was of use to you. I don't ask you to return the money, but your writing will have the effect of somewhat reëstablishing my faith in hu-

man nature, and the next man who asks for aid from me will meet with a warmer reception."

"A capital idea, sir, a capital idea! Not only benefit myself, but pass the benefit along to some other poor wretch, or, as Longfellow touchingly expresses it, 'some forlorn and shipwrecked brother.' Your address, sir, if you please."

He took my address and departed. A few minutes after, finding it was near lunch time and too late to expect the "mine boss," I locked my office, jumped into my buggy, and was quickly trotting over the stretch of road that lies between the Blankenburg Salt Works and the village. I soon saw the Man of Truth plodding ahead of me. There was a lion in the path, and I anxiously watched to see what he did. He has reached it, he has passed it! No, he has flung himself into its jaws! I whipped up my horses, and looking over the red curtain of a grocery window I saw the Man of Truth draining the last drops of a glass of whisky.

My half-dollar was gone, swallowed up; it would pay for no night's lodging, for that night the Man of Truth's lodging would be on the cold, cold ground, under the lee of some sheltering haystack.

About two years afterward I had occasion to go to my private office, which was near my house, quite early one morning, before breakfast. I was busy writing, when some one opened the door and came in. I merely glanced in his direction, and rather impatiently said, "Well, say on!"

"I am a cigar-maker by profession. I have tried to find work in this and the adjoining town, but without success. There appears to be a plethora of cigar-makers in this vicinity. I am making my way to Parkersburg, and have called to ask the loan of half a dollar to pay for a night's lodging. I have seen better days. I"—

"What!" said I, as I recognized the Man of Truth, dingier, seedier, and more

red-eyed than before. His story, however, was the same, fresh with perennial bloom. He was rather taken aback at my exclamation, but began his sing-song again, thinking perhaps that I had not heard him.

"I am a cigar-maker by profession. I have" —

"Where is that half-dollar that I lent you?" I thundered out.

He changed color slightly. "I don't understand you, sir."

"Where is that half-dollar I lent you two years ago to pay for a night's lodging on the road to Parkersburg!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir. I never saw you before. I was never in this town before."

"What!" said I, "the man that *could* n't lie! that *must* tell the truth, even to his own disadvantage, — the man that had truth written upon every feature!"

I burst out laughing as I recalled his words of two years before, so completely belied to-day. I laughed loud and long, but there was no answering smile on the face of the Man of Truth. Detected and abashed he stood, with a hopeless look in his eyes.

He turned to go, and muttered, "I suppose it is a good joke, sir, but there is no fun in it for me."

Here his lip quivered slightly. I laughed no more. I saw in his face the hopeless, baffled, despairing look of a degraded soul. "You poor devil," said I, "tell the truth for once! Your coppers are hot from last night's spree, and you want a drink."

"That's what's the matter!" he said, with an eager look that there was no mistaking.

"Take this quarter and get it, then, but don't try to spin that yarn to me again." He joyfully took the coin, with a nod and a wink, and he went on his way, and I saw him no more.

— Superstition has not been driven out entirely from this world of the nineteenth century. Its dwindled shade lingers

still, not only in the more unenlightened minds of the rural population, but in those of educated people, accustomed to exercise their reasoning faculties. I have found that almost every one of whom I have inquired as to the matter was willing to own that he or she cherished some one pet superstition. They rejected all others, but held to a faith in the truth of some favorite old saying, confessing, often with a laugh at themselves, that they habitually obeyed its warning or injunction, as the case might be. I know a sensible, middle-aged lady who, if she happen to put on a garment wrong side out, will not reverse it, for fear of changing luck. I know a young lady who will stoop in the muddiest street to pick up a pin; and one who at every change of habitation carries with her a horse-shoe to hang over her door. Some persons will never cut their hair except with the growing moon; others will not start on a journey, or attempt any particular undertaking, on a Friday. I read the other day of a clergyman of the English church, who died only lately, who firmly believed in the influence of the "evil eye," and who would not step within a "fairy ring." He was a remarkably eccentric and mediæval-minded man, however. One of the commonest of these superstitions is that about sitting thirteen at table. I have known many persons who would refuse to make one in a company of that number. I have no doubt that a great many more of these old sayings exist than I have ever heard of, and people everywhere who credit them. These confessions of faith have always amused me very much; and yet, since I cannot suppose myself to be of stronger intellect than so many of my otherwise rational-minded acquaintance, I conclude that I too must have my pet superstition, which I shall discover some day. As a testimony to a belief in the existence of more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in modern materialistic

philosophy, I am rather inclined to rejoice, while I laugh, at the appearance of this pallid ghost of superstition.

— The interesting paragraphs on Cincinnati Faience in a late number of the Contributors' Club suggest the mention of other work in this way which is being done among us. Mrs. N. B. Plimpton, of that city, is working out an original style of decoration in faience, whose effects are different from anything hitherto known.

The Sèvres porcelain gives us the most exquisite effects in color; the Haviland a bewildering depth of richness and of changeful iridescence; the old Meissen has its individual beauty, differing from all in its deep-modeled decorations in *alto-relievo*; but differing from these, or from any important type of decoration, is the method now being wrought out by Mrs. Plimpton. It is a decorative relief in different clays, so delicately blended and shaded that only the trained eye of the connoisseur would see that these exquisite blendings of color were not painted, but were worked in in the different clays, which, through the process of firing, retain their relative colors, — these colors being, of course, changed in the firing, but coming out with relative variations.

The finest example of this is shown in a vase of light-yellow clay ornamented with a butterfly in relief, of that large and curious variety known as the South American. The butterfly is shown in four shades of browns, — the rich sepia browns, — and white, and no one on first observing it would dream that not a brush had touched it with paint, but that each different shade of color is a different clay, or combination of clays. The insect is shown in as precise a portraiture of all the little anatomical details as a painting could give. The little antennæ, the "suckers" about the mouth and head, the all but invisible peculiarities of butterfly structure, are faithfully reproduced. The butterfly is

represented as soaring from some reeds and starry-flowered grasses. The little star-eyed flowers are in white, and the petals as distinct as in nature. This decoration is all modeled in the wet clays. After firing, the coat of glazing is added, — for it should be clearly understood that this is all under-glaze work, — and the last firing is given.

The superiority of Mrs. Plimpton's work lies in the fact that the different clays themselves are combined to form different colors in the relief, modeled as a sculptor models his figures. The colors, being in solid clay and under the glaze, can never change or fade, for the decorations are as solid as the article on which they are placed. There is nothing in the line of recent ceramic discovery that contains such possibilities and promises for the future as this work of Mrs. Plimpton. It marks an era in pottery manufacture, whose results are the development of a new style of decoration.

— In the preface to his *Marble Faun*, Hawthorne says: —

"Italy, as the site of his Romance, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily handled themes, either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers need ruin to make them grow."

It seems to me that Hawthorne is widely astray in the above extract. To

my way of thinking, America, or any other bustling young modern country, is the spot of all others for a dealer in the weird and the supernatural to work in. It is precisely because of that practical, work-a-day character of our daily life, complained of by Hawthorne, that this country affords the best field for the introduction of the supernatural element into fictitious literature.

What is the object of introducing the supernatural into literature at all? It is, as I understand it, to excite in us feelings of awe and surprised dread, — something of the sort we experienced at the ghost stories of our childhood, when we avoided dark corners, and hurried through long, gloomy halls. A novel dealing entirely with men and things of our every-day life may be profoundly interesting; it may be comic, or pathetic, or sentimental, or all three together; but it can never produce that feeling which makes a man feel “goose-fleshy,” and inclines him to look over his shoulder as he goes up-stairs at midnight to make sure that nothing queer is coming up the stairs after him. If the novelist would produce *this* effect, he must introduce the supernatural element into his work; and the question then is, How can he most effectively bring this element into play? To my mind, he can best accomplish this by introducing it among the scenes and characters with which we are most familiar, and to which supernatural personages and occurrences are most unfamiliar.

To most of us a ghost and a haunted tower are among the proper and requisite paraphernalia of a moldy Italian palace, or a moss-covered castle on the Rhine. To read of strange sounds heard and strange sights seen in their old banqueting halls and creaky corridors is perfectly in keeping with all the rest of the place. The whole thing is of a piece in its strangeness and unfamiliarity to us, — that is, to those among us who have not disenchanted ghost-land by visiting,

or taking up our residence among, ruinous castles and palaces.

On the other hand, put a ghost or anything ghostly among the creatures and circumstances of our every-day life, and the incongruity, the strangeness and horribleness, of the supernatural come home to us immediately and impressively. Let the novelist introduce us to Miss Whasername and Mr. Whasiname, and some half dozen other ladies and gentlemen, married and single, old and young, — just such people as we meet in our daily life; let him dispose of them as to place and circumstance in way and manner familiar to us all; and *then* let him infuse the smallest drop of supernaturalism, — nowhere else will it go so far, or produce so startling an effect. Our very familiarity with all the other details makes us stare and gasp at the intruder. We can without any exhausting effort of the imagination place ourselves *en rapport* with the persons and incidents of the tale, and can fancy the ghostly thing or person stealing on us, and chilling ourselves as it does the fictitious creatures of the novelist. Something of the same clammy horror which creeps over them by force of sympathy creeps over us, too. But when the scene is laid among persons and places quite unfamiliar to us, and associated in our minds with mediæval hobgoblins and diablerie, we easily accept the supernatural as a part of all the rest. A ghost racketing about in some Old World relic, banging rusty armor, running down corridors, lighting mysterious flames in moldy turrets, may be very interesting and pleasant to read about, but the supernatural element in him affects us no more than it does when the ghost in Hamlet stalks on the stage, or the figure of Mephistopheles pops up through the trap-door. But a very small and insignificant ghost on a New England farm, or in an American village, brings the awesomeness of the supernatural very much home to our own business and

bosoms. The supernatural element in Lytton's *Zanoni*, for instance, where the scene is laid in the Europe of a century ago, affects us scarcely at all. For my own part, I threw the book down half read, quite tired of it. Compared with some good specimen of the other class of supernatural fiction, how crude and unreal its overdrawn horrors and unnatural situations appear! Good specimens of the other class are, however, rare. Blackwood's seems to have almost a monopoly of them. A couple of short stories published in that magazine in the last year or two illustrate my meaning very well,—one entitled *The Secret Chamber*, the other *The Cottage by the River*. How long are we to wait for novelists to work the "spirits" and spiritual manifestations generally into fiction?

—This is a cry from the abyss. I have been reading eagerly the various experiences of authors as told in the Contributors' Club, hoping to see something which would throw some light upon a certain point which troubles me very much.

In every other art or trade there is a course of training through which all may, or must, pass, under competent instructors, until a degree of skill is attained which stamps their work as *marketable*. To whom shall the student of literature go for help, advice, or instruction? To that dreadful Juggernaut, "the editor"!

Among the thousands of manuscripts returned with that death-dealing printed slip, there must be a difference in *degree*, if not in *kind*. The sender may be an audacious, hopeless idiot, or he may possess more or less talent. An article may be faulty, yet have much merit. Yet the editor's millstones grind them all up together, relentlessly.

It is customary to laugh at the throes of "struggling genius." It is the wicked mirth of bad boys over the contortions of a vivisected frog. I positively believe that nothing short of the rejection

of an offer of his hand and heart by an ardent lover can equal the sickening pain caused by the return (with a printed slip!) of a manuscript over which one has passed sleepless nights and laborious days. Is there no remedy? From the awful recesses of the editorial chair comes the answer,—None! If I were an editor, I would have *three* printed formulæ. The first, *in effect*: "You are an ignorant, conceited donkey, without the slightest, remotest prospect of success. Go be a horse-car driver or a book agent."

The second: "If you wish to pursue literature as a *pastime*, we should say, Go ahead. You have talent, but not enough to warrant your making a profession of literature."

The third: "We think you should continue to write. *Study, think*, and don't get disheartened."

In such a delicious morsel of jelly the pill of rejection would slip down easily.

Mr. Editor, where shall a determined, ambitious writer, one who is morbidly conscious of his or her own defects, turn for aid or comfort?

—When I cease to be a divinity student, and acquire a parish and a parsonage, I shall have a *knowledge-corner*. It shall be the corner of my living-room, readiest of approach, nearest a window; where the curious and critical parish eye, making its journey around my room to the slow music of mental comment, shall most naturally pause for its first rest; where the wise and honest reader shall easiest turn his glance, as he looks up in the bewilderment of suddenly discovered ignorance from a quotation he cannot place, or a name he does not know. It shall be the Quaker armory of one who has beaten his plowshares into biblical commentaries. It shall be a part of the mental gymnasium, whose Indian clubs will be huge tomes of theological controversies. It shall be—what Sir Thomas Browne would have wished it—a "treasure-

house;" and its riches shall be "kings' treasures," as Ruskin hath it. It shall be furnished with an unpretentious stand and a wooden-seated chair. No superficialities of luxury shall tempt men into my knowledge-corner. No idle caller shall be invited by the easiness of that chair to seat himself in that intellectual angle, and lazily and purposelessly turn over the contents of that stand. There shall be no royal road to my knowledge-corner, and no royal throne to sit upon when you get there. It shall be for true lovers, unmindful of discomforts; for devout worshippers, who want no cushioned ottoman to kneel on.

The top of the stand shall be made to hold a dictionary,—a stout dictionary, for it will have to undergo innumerable handlings daily. And always open; for let us be Platonic, or nothing. The dictionary shall hold out a tempting invitation, though its surroundings do not; itself shall be the valued thing, not its dress. The bottom of the stand shall be a rack for atlases,—classical, scripture, modern; and a weather-beaten atlas from our school-days, if possible, to remind us of the horrors of geography made not means but end of study. And above the maps, all by itself, with solemn emphasis of loneliness, shall lie the *ignorance-book*. This shall be the peculiar gem of my knowledge-corner. Everybody has dictionaries and maps, and everybody makes books, more or less big, of elegant extracts, of things they know; but ignorance-books!—who has an ignorance-book? "Who would be wise, let him confess ignorance," teacheth the good Thomas à Kempis. "Who would increase in understanding, let him write his ignorance in a book," teacheth my knowledge-corner.

My ignorance-book shall be a big book,—suggestively and modestly big. To the queries shall be allotted the first quarter of the pages; and a number set against each shall indicate the paging of the answer. Every member of the fam-

ily shall help at the editing, both by the negative work of questions, and by the positive work of turning over libraries and interviewing friends to find out answers. Out of every book we read, out of every talk we have, the facts we know not shall go to fill the ignorance-book. And out of our own musings, out of all our odd corners of thinking, the metaphysical algebra, whose problems we cannot solve, shall go into these pages.

My ignorance-book shall be a missionary of sincerity and humility and truth. It shall be an ever apt suggester of talk, and shall drive the weather, the state of the popular health, and unhappy comments on the doings of our neighbors out of our conversation. It will help to teach us the secret of culture,—how to read; and one of the needs of society and life,—the "best of life" is Emerson's name for it,—how to talk.

The effect of an ignorance-book upon one's reading and thinking is wonderful. I go about as an act of social charity, trying to persuade my friends to start ignorance-books. In my parish I shall first try to do as Richard Baxter did,—get everybody to have family prayers; then I shall urge the imperative need and the undiluted delight of keeping family ignorance-books.

—I am strongly in favor of a reform in English spelling, and being so I am more pained than are the opponents of the reform by the antics cut by the radicals of the Spelling Reform Association. I believe, that is, in gradual change, so as not to shock and perplex our own public; and I deem ridiculous, and in all respects abominable, a change which would put us outside the pale of literary civilization. The adoption of an entirely new alphabet, or even of what the S. R. A. calls its "transision" alphabet, would place us, as regards Western Europe, in the position of the Russians, and would thus for a long period check the manifest destiny of the English language. The spelling reform that I want

is, first, the restoration to their original and proper spelling of such words as *rime* (French *rime*, German *reim*), which, as Mr. Kington Oliphant has shown, owes its *h* and *y* to the desire for improvement of ignorant printers. But I do not wish to change the spelling of Latin words (*honor*, for instance) because they happen to contain a silent letter, though I see no objection to the substitution of *f* for *ph* in Greek words (already adopted by several journals), for *f* represents *phi* as well as *ph* does. Those words to which we have added the barbarous French *ue* should at once be reformed in the interest of educational progress, if for no other reason. In learning a foreign language there is no means of acquiring a vocabulary so effective as having impressed upon your mind the resemblance between a foreign word and one of similar meaning in your own tongue. Now he who runs may read the likeness between *Tung* and *Zung* (*e*), while there is no apparent resemblance between the latter word and *tongue*. In general, the words to be subjected to serious change are the purely English words, above all the *ugh*s, against all of which Heaven help us!

— What is the reason that novelists so generally fail in depicting a clerical character? Of whatever religion the clergyman in a story may be, he is almost always, artistically speaking, a weak conception, or a figure drawn more from conventional models than from nature. Other professions are sometimes caricatured (whether consciously or not, only the writers can tell), but none so much or so often as that of the clergy. I know several books forming an exception to this rule, but the rank and file of story-tellers are remarkably awkward in handling the clerical character. They seem to forget that a clergyman is first a man, and only secondly a minister. Often, in endowing him with the supposed necessities of his official character, they forget to indicate the human

basis on which this is built up. In a word, he is a sort of automaton, bound to behave as an impersonal conception rather than as a human being, or introduced only as a foil to the manly characters in the story. No writer should attempt to deal with such a figure unless he has had experience of one or more suitable average models. Even the womanly or childish side of some ecclesiastics is not the flabby thing that often passes for a conventional clergyman's portrait. It has its roots in national customs, in the changes and habits of race, in social accidental circumstances, or in the individual history of a man whom a system has almost transformed into a tool. The prejudices of theological education, say among Calvinists of various types, do not so invariably dry up the natural sympathies and suppress the natural temperament of ministers as it is convenient to the novelist to represent. The conventional type is but a husk, sitting lightly on the individual himself; earnest men soon shun the phraseology which they cannot but see helps them little outside the small world of the faithful, though some retain outward distinctions of speech and of countenance through a mistaken sense of duty, feeling the disadvantage they entail, and looking upon this fettered style of warfare as a condition mysteriously ordained by God to show men that the spirit works through ways of its own, not subject to natural influences. Yet beneath such struggling, whose details are seldom accurately studied or minutely reproduced by fiction-writers, human nature is plainly visible, and its contrasts with the superimposed artificial life are sometimes tragically, sometimes grotesquely, evident. The relations between women and the clergy — I include all religions known in civilized countries — are often treated foolishly, and from a superficial point of view. There is much less sentimentality in these relations in real life than one would be led

to suppose from the accounts of novelists. Practically speaking, the essence of "confession" is common, in some shape or other, to every faith. Writers have invested it with an unreal romance, whereas in its noble forms — its trivial or perfunctory ones I leave out of sight — it generally has to do with the hardest realities of life. Even in the case of an unmarried clergy and comparatively ignorant women, this is the case. Some English novelists, Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, for instance, have hit upon the truthful and natural side of clerical life; Michelet, in *Le Maudit*, has given an excellent representation of a manly priest, such as the parochial clergy of France, largely recruited from peasant and lower middle-class life, can show; Eggleston, in *Roxy*, has shown us a man who shook off the "minister" when the real influence of his office was most needed, and so succeeded where a stiff religionist would have broken down; but, as a rule, I know of few truthful portraits of clergymen in current books of fiction. The bulk of men dislike the clergy for the very failings which the worst types of clergymen furnish to the observation of superficial writers. I do not deny that the failings exist, but there are so many modifications that escape observation, although materially altering the conventional type, that one cannot generalize from preconceived notions accidentally confirmed by what some people call experience. Almost every one can recall to his memory at least one manly clergyman, and often more, no matter to what faith he belongs. Let writers search their own memories rather than snatch at the popular, mistaken, sensational type, before they make a sketch of a minister.

— Mr. R. H. Horne, in his *Life and Letters of Mrs. Browning*, mentions one of his lady correspondents who excuses herself for the brevity of her notes on the ground that letter-writing is one of the lost arts. And Mr. Horne attrib-

utes this to "an impatient sense of the loss of time." But why this impatient sense of the loss of time he does not proceed to tell us. Doubtless this may be one of the occasions of the decline of the old-fashioned voluminous style of epistolary correspondence. But the cause, or one cause at least, lies deeper, and is found in the growing complexity of life. That there are far more demands upon our thoughts, feelings, and daily life than existed a hundred years ago for our more simple-lived ancestors is, I think, beyond question. The tendency of evolution in all branches and minute ramifications of life, belief, speculation, inquiry, in literature, in science, in all the arts, and in the daily environment of outward condition, is, as Herbert Spencer so well shows in his *First Principles*, constantly from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex. The habit and practice of letter-writing is crowded out into narrower spaces of time than formerly, because of the greater diversity of interests occupying the field of life.

But there are other causes for the decline of this art. A very evident one is the annihilation of distances by steam and telegraphy. There was no greater stimulus to letter-writing between friends a century ago than the sense of their remoteness from each other, and the difficulty and uncertainty as to their frequent meeting again in life. Into what channel but this could love and friendship pour out their overflowing waters? But now we all live as in one great city. Our friends out West are only in the suburbs; and those across the ocean are off on a summer vacation, or may return at any moment. The sense of nearness neutralizes the old incentives to regular and lengthy correspondence. How absurd for inmates of the same town or house, or for whom there is a probability of soon again meeting, to be all the time scribbling long folios of thoughts and sentiments to one another!

Then the newspaper dispensation has to a great extent covered this field. Once we used to draw much of our water from private wells and pumps. The newspaper is a great reservoir with pipes, and we have only to turn a faucet, and there is abundantly more than we can use. How large a part of the old letters was made up of narratives of events, or allusions to them, the like of which is useless nowadays, when everything is proclaimed from the house-tops! Our occupation is gone; the wind is taken out of our sails; our choice private narrations are swamped and swallowed up by public reporters. Even the newspaper can't afford to wait for news by regular correspondence, but must have it instantaneously in a long telegraphic dispatch. A newspaper correspondent who would send a letter to a daily paper, giving an account of any particularly interesting event, has no chance that way. The telegraph man is a day ahead of him.

Such are some of the modern conditions that explain why it so often happens that the best friends to-day gradually relinquish the habit of corresponding, though separated for years, and with oceans between them.

Then, again, some persons are so constituted that they can accept no such substitute as this for conversation. How hard to fill a sheet of paper with the essence of that liberty, that *abandon*, with which they could converse! Their best effort at epistolary communication seems to contract a formal and perfunctory style. A friend said to me the other day, "Letters seem to me like frozen conversation."

If letter-writing is to become one of the lost arts (which appears more than probable), we cannot but regret it deeply. It will take from literature one of its most charming forms of expression. For, however our modern surviving correspondents may gain in spontaneity, over the more staid and dignified style of our fathers and mothers, their slip-

shod utterance can never replace those carefully composed epistles of the old times, where the writer not only had a conscience about fit expression, but was all along conscious that his or her letters would be read and re-read by a circle of friends and relatives! They dared not write in dishabille in those days. To-day we consign our correspondents' manuscripts to the waste-basket or the fire. But then such writings were lovingly kept and guarded. Even some of us inherit the old instinct to save up almost every letter of interest till it has yellowed with age. A bad habit, I suppose, but very excusable, — at least from some points of view.

Of one thing I am sure, — that one result of the decline of interest in letter-writing is to fall into a slovenly, if not illegible, style of handwriting. And perhaps this is one reason why we burn up so many letters? When my friend writes to me as if he were in a hurry to catch the train, and all his words are blown about as by a wind, so that I have to call my wife to decipher them, how can I keep them locked up as my father used to lock up his letters? I don't expect a *neat* chirography of all my friends, but I *do* like it to be legible. There is a satisfaction *then* in keeping their epistles.

— Do those of your readers who live within reach of the Boston Public Library understand exactly what a blessing they enjoy? It is not only already a large library, but it is rapidly growing, and those who make suggestions in what way it should grow are looked upon by those in charge, not as presumptuous offerers of advice, but benefactors. Any one can recommend a book for purchase, and when it is bought he is notified of the fact, and the book is kept three days for him. I fancy that these things are vaguely known to every one, but whether they are put to practical use is not so certain. What the library needs is more active use. A num-

ber of people have a vague aversion to frequenting it. It is only too true that the accommodations for readers within its walls are very meagre, but there are liberal provisions for reading at home. This, to be sure, requires a certain slight amount of formality, which a number of people unnecessarily dread. It is very simple, and when it is once done it is done for all time. A European, an inhabitant of Germany, for instance, cannot get a package from the express office without more bother than this; yet we who are so unaccustomed to routine are as averse to taking this moderate amount of trouble as is the vast majority of the women of Massachusetts to be registered for a poll-tax. There is, however, one objection to the use of the library that many people find a serious one, and that is the amount of time required for getting a book. The library is vast in size; the hour that is convenient for one applicant is pretty sure to be the one chosen by a number of others; and economy demands that money be spent rather in buying books than in hiring supernumerary runners; the result is that, with no one to blame, it often takes fifteen or twenty minutes to ascertain that the book sought for is out. Those who can roam through the alcoves of the Athenæum and help themselves from its shelves revolt at this, and pass by the Public Library with as much indifference as if it were a large gas-meter. It is possible, however, by making use of what is called the Public Library Delivery Company, to order books and have them brought to one's door for the trifling sum of five cents. Here is a library which will provide any one with almost any book one may want, with conveniences like this for putting the books in the hands of readers; what more could be asked for? And it may be added that the more books one asks for, the more one is endeared to the obliging officials, who reverse all the laws hitherto known to mankind, and are grateful in direct

proportion to the amount of trouble that is inflicted upon them.

—Of the hundred thousand novels which enrich our libraries, I know but one in which it is intimated that the lover and the loved were not, from the stand-point of disinterested parties, well suited to each other. It is almost universally assumed that in women the one thing needful is beauty, in men strength. In this men have a decided advantage over women, because beauty is ever the same, while strength is manifold. In the Middle Ages, I suppose, and in the California of Mr. Harte, strength meant muscle, because upon a man's physical force eventually depended even the tenure of house and land. But in our society, skill in the acquirement of money is a far more valued test than was ever success in dismounting one's opponent in a tourney. So artificial, indeed, is our habit of life, so far are we removed from the state of nature, that a man armed with a good income, even when his possession of it is a mere accident, can face the world and womankind as boldly as a dwarf with a revolver could withstand a pair of navvies. Also, of course, to be considered is strength of character and purpose; but various as strength may be, the hero of a novel always possesses it in full measure.

But in real life there is not much of this artistic dovetailing of character and sympathy; marriage seems to bring together contrasts much more frequently than similars. I do not mean that tall women choose short husbands, or that widows sometimes marry boys, but that all shades of character seem to seek their opposites. If this were merely a reverence of the weaker for the stronger, — a preference, for instance, on the part of weak, indecisive women for strong, resolute men, — the fact would explain itself. But quite as often the brave and generous half, or the shrewd and quick, or the deep-thinking and deep-feeling, is not the man, but the woman. Still more

curious is it to see a woman, all of whose senses, acute by nature, have ripened under a favorable sun into the perfect flower of delicacy and refinement, living happily with a man who, if neither coarse nor stupid, is yet essentially second-rate; perhaps a loud, rollicking, superficial, thoroughly light-weight person, whose never-ceasing jollity and inability to regard things from other than a bourgeois stand-point would, one might think, drive such a woman mad.

Now, will not some woman write a novel which shall discover to us the workings of the feminine mind in these matters? It is not an answer to say to men, You are another, — are you not always making fools of yourselves, falling in love with a pretty face with nothing behind it, and committing other like absurdities? All this, if true, has nothing to do with the matter, for strength is not a man's criterion. Dorothea Brooke, it may be said, did just this thing in marrying Ladislav; but Dorothea had already sought and possessed herself of her ideal of strength, only to find that her doll was stuffed with sawdust. Ladislav was the consolation of weariness and disappointment, not the goal of hope and young endeavor.

— The number of manuscripts rejected by the leading periodicals during last year having largely exceeded that of any previous year, and as it is safe to suppose that many of these were "those aspiring pieces of egotism, first efforts," a chapter from the experience of a young writer may not be untimely. There are two, and only two, excuses which can be accepted as a sufficient justification for adding to the masses of existing literature. One is that you want money; the other, that you cannot help it. My excuse was the former. Reverses of fortune had rendered it necessary for me to earn a livelihood. Teaching was clearly out of the question, since what little knowledge I possessed had been gained mainly by desultory reading, — was not

catalogued and put away for future use in convenient fashion. True, I had studied French thoroughly, because it had pleased me to do so, and at first I had some hope of turning this accomplishment to account as a translator; but on writing for advice to a friend who was engaged in such work, I received the reply, "I think you would find translating very pleasant occupation, but original matter is the only thing that pays. The way is long and dusty at first, but it leads to shady groves and pleasant pastures." This was not encouraging to the success of my plan, but nevertheless I sent to Paris for the freshest novel, the one making the most sensation there at that time, in order to make the experiment. Meanwhile, a literary friend urged me to "try to write something original." "Do not give up," said he, "if your first articles are not accepted. Send them to the best magazines first; if they are refused, try the second-class ones; but when once you have won a name, there will always be a place for you." Some years ago, at an evening party, a young prig put the question to me, "What magazine do you write for?" I had no literary aspirations then, and the query only excited a smile; but now the fact that any one had ever thought me capable of writing anything worth reading afforded me some slight encouragement. I would write a story! How easy it seemed in prospect! What fine sentiments, what brilliant bits of conversation, floated about in a nebulous form in my imagination, and what a harmonious whole was presented whenever the story took shape before my mind's eye! I began to write. My plot and my characters were taken from real life. Thus far there was no difficulty; but where were all the fine sentiments, the witty conversations, now? How very tame and pointless they all seemed on paper, and how difficult a task was what had once appeared only a pleasant recreation! Discouraged at my want of suc-

cess, I became — I blush to confess it — very cross. My younger sister, the “*enfant terrible*” of the family, “hoped sister would not write another story very soon,” and revenged herself for my impatience with her by saying, when asked her opinion of it, after hearing it read in the family council, that she “had not expected it would be so entirely devoid of backbone as it was.” My dear mother’s criticism was much more favorable. She “could not see but that it was as good as any of the magazine stories.” I tried to make due allowance for a mother’s partiality, but I fear that her opinion, aided by a lurking suspicion that I was perhaps not capable of judging of my own efforts, and might be unjust to myself, produced an undue elation of spirits. The next thing was to find a publisher. I inclosed with my manuscript an elaborate epistle to the editor of one of the leading periodicals of the country, and launched it on its lonely voyage; one moment hoping that it might find a safe haven in the pages of the magazine, the next fearing that it would be tossed about by the breakers of unfriendly criticism, until it should again be forced to take refuge with its author. How that editor must have smiled at my simplicity — if indeed he read my note at all — in supposing that he could be influenced by a neatly turned compliment to his ability as a writer! I did not at all admire several of his books, — but that fact I carefully concealed, merely commending those of which I really did approve. What misplaced delicacy of feeling this seemed, when one morning, a short time afterward, as we were all at breakfast, the cry of “Mail!” and the thud of a heavy package as it fell through the open window to the floor, announced that my cherished story was returned! I fancied the letter-carrier had divined my secret, and had taken a malicious pleasure in treating the precious package so rudely, and I disliked him ever after. The

blood rushed into my cheeks, and I could have cried with mortification, especially when I felt, rather than saw, the half-pitying, half-quizzical glances of my brothers and sisters upon me. With trembling fingers I opened the packet, and beheld only those familiar pages and a printed notice (the editor had not even taken the trouble to write me a line), — a mere printed notice such as was sent to everybody, and which could have had no special reference to my contribution when it declared that “the return of an article did not necessarily imply a lack of literary merit.” How I hated the cover of that magazine for a long time afterward, and how I felicitated myself on my mental criticism of the editor’s writings! But though cast down, I was not utterly destroyed, and I determined to knock at the door of another first-class periodical. This time I was more discreet and merely wrote a line or two to the editor. No reply came for several months, but that did not trouble me; for had I not heard that a young man was surprised by a check for some articles three years after sending them to a magazine? Meanwhile I occupied my spare time in writing a story for one of the juvenile periodicals, which was also returned, it is true, but accompanied with a delightful note from the editor, which I still keep as the first word of encouragement I ever received. A few weeks after this came a kind note announcing the acceptance of my first story. My mother had always been able to read in the changes of my face every emotion of my heart, whether sad or joyous, but this time her quick ear detected rejoicing in my footstep, even before I had reached her presence. I already saw in that magical slip of paper “the shady groves and pleasant pastures” stretching out before me.

“To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill I’d give — but who can live life over.”